

Noted Musicians Assemble for Philadelphia Meeting

Philadelphia, Pa., July 30.—Philadelphia welcomed the delegates to the annual convention of the National Association of Musicians Sunday afternoon at the Dunbar theater with an inter-denominational choalfest before an audience that filled the building of 2,000 seats to capacity. Mrs. Carl Diton, president of the local branch, deserves great appreciation from the citizens of Philadelphia for the success with which she made this occasion, and the delegates are most appreciative.

Address of welcome were made by the following representatives of the various denominations: Bishop W. E. Hurd, on behalf of the A. M. E. churches; Rev. Robert H. Tabb, on behalf of the Episcopal churches, and Rev. George F. E. B. on behalf of the Presbyterian churches.

An address by Rabbi A. L. Mischkind of the Beth Esheth congregation, Wilmington, Dela., was one of the features of the afternoon. His subject was "Rhythm of International Peace." Rabbi Mischkind is an eloquent speaker and beautifully portrays situations and illustrations with delightful English. Among the fine points given were that the question of international peace had not been the concern of the masses of people, but mattered merely to the rulers, but unless peace becomes the thought of everybody, there will be no international peace. The keynote of his address and his advice to us as the National Association of Musicians, along with all other organized bodies in the world, was to develop the best that is in us, build up and not to destroy others, which is one of the great mistakes of the present day.

Mme. Martha B. Anderson of Chicago, vice president of the national association, presided in the absence of the president, R. Nathaniel Dett. She is a nationally known artist and a bachelor of music from the Chicago Musical College. Madame Anderson presented the following national officers to the audience: Mrs. Adelaide Herriot, St. Louis, Mo.; Lillian LeMon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Clara Hutchison, Chicago; Maude Roberts George, Chicago; Miss Lillian Carpenter, Bowling Green; Henry L. Grant, Washington, D. C.; J. Wesley Jones, Chicago; Carl Diton and Mrs. Carl Diton, president of the Philadelphia branch.

The following choirs rendered numbers of high musical merit and were thoroughly appreciated by the audience: Massed Baptist choirs, directed by Miss Eva Evans, George Newlin at the piano; massed Methodist choirs, directed by Van Whitted, Pearl Nicholson at the piano; massed Episcopal choirs, directed by Julia Adger, and massed Presbyterian choirs, Russell Johnson, director, and Helen Young Diamond at the piano.

Noted Soloists Appear

An interesting group of soloists appeared. Clara A. Ivory possesses a clear soprano voice and sang admirably, accompanied by Joseph Lockett. Viola Wise has a contralto voice of beauty and wide range and sings with musical feeling and interpretative ability. Carl Diton was her accompanist. Roswell Brown is a tenor whose voice is above the average in natural beauty and sang with musical intelligence. William Leonard King, accompanist, Malcolm P. Pindexter has a baritone voice of rare

quality, even throughout and diction which was delightful to hear. Russell Johnson accompanied.

The A. M. E. Zion bishop, Bishop Caldwell, was introduced, and after singing the doxology the benediction was pronounced by Rev. McCrory.

Although the formal opening of the business of the convention does not take place until Tuesday morning, yet a large number of delegates from over the country have arrived. Many were immediately assigned to appear at churches both morning and evening, which has done a great deal in stimulating the interest of Philadelphia and making them realize just how much they will miss if they do not attend the programs of the convention. Among those who sang or spoke at churches were Misses O'Neal and Messangill of Chicago, Mrs. Adelaide Herriot of St. Louis, Miss Camille Nickerson, New Orleans; Miss Gracia Corneal, Miss Angelina Harris, Terre Haute; Miss Mildred King, Indianapolis; Wallace Woodfolk, Indianapolis; Mrs. Grace Willis Thompson, Cleveland; Mrs. Lena Lewis, Indianapolis, and Mme. Clara Hutchison, Chicago. J. Wesley Jones spoke at a number of churches during the day and will preside at the Monday evening program and introduction of national officers and delegates.

The Boston delegates were Mrs. Estelle Anrum Torstor, Mr. James Byars and Mr. Byron R. Withers. Carl Diton of Philadelphia was elected president for the year 1926-27.

THE MUSIC CONVENTION

By Byron R. Withers

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 1926.—The 8th Annual Convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians, was held here during the week beginning July 25. The Convention was formally opened on Sunday afternoon, at the Dunbar Theatre, Broad and Lombard Streets, at which time a program of unusual merit was presented, under the supervision of Mrs. Martha B. Anderson, of Chicago. The program included Arias from Handel and Mendelssohn; Gloria from "Twelfth Mass" by Mozart; The Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah" by Handel and welcome addresses from the ministers representing the different denominations. All Monday was spent in the reading of reports by the different delegates representing the various branches.

On Tuesday morning, there was a continuation of the business procedure which began on Monday, after which Mr. George L. Lindsay, Director of the public school music for the City of Philadelphia gave a very fine address on "School Music." There was a Children's Matinee program in the afternoon at the Central High School.

Wednesday afternoon at the Varick A. M. E. Church, a program of new talent and new composition was given. Carl Diton presided.

Wednesday evening was Branch Night. The several branches contributing one or more numbers to the

program. Clarence Cameron White, formerly of Boston, presided.

The Convention picture was taken Thursday morning, after a series of short conferences, which proved to be very beneficial.

Friday was Wanamaker Day, the delegates being the guests of the Wanamaker Store. At ten o'clock there was a general inspection of the building, after which Dr. Charlton of New York gave an organ recital on the great Wanamaker organ, the largest in the world. In the afternoon at 2, the delegates motored out to St. Catherine's Convent, an institution devoted to the intellectual and spiritual development of negro and Indian youth. Here they were given a cordial welcome by the students and Sisters of the school. The day was ended with a reception at the Wanamaker Store, given in honor of the visiting delegates.

The Boston delegates were Mrs. Estelle Anrum Torstor, Mr. James Byars and Mr. Byron R. Withers. Carl Diton of Philadelphia was elected president for the year 1926-27.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION ELECTS DITON

PHILA.—The National Association of Musicians held a business session Thursday morning in the Varick A. M. E. Church, Nineteenth and Catherine streets, at which the officers for the coming year were elected.

All the candidates were elected unanimously. The new Carl Diton, president; Martha B. Anderson, vice president; Alice Garter Simmons, financial secretary; and Camille Nickerson, corresponding secretary.

Martha B. Mitchell and Ruth Perry Shaw were appointed as the board of directors. Grace Wills was appointed as chairman of the artists committee; Maude Roberts George, chairman of publicity, and J. Wesley Jones, chairman of the scholarship fund.

Harold Brown, a graduate of Fisk University, received a scholarship entitling him to study abroad. Harrison Ferrell also received a scholarship to Northwestern University.

Two scholarships were established at Fisk University and two at Hampton Institute.

Prominent artists from all parts of the country participated in a program of vocal and instrumental music presented at the Academy of Music Thursday night. The concert was in charge of the retiring president, R. Nathaniel Dett, composer. One of his compositions entitled "Somebody's Knocking At Your Door," was sung by Jacob Lowe, of Chicago.

Harriet Savoy sang, "My Heart Is At Thy Sweet Voice," "Valse Etude,"

welcome programme will be rendered at 8:30 P. M., at the Miller Memorial Baptist Church, Twenty-second street above Jefferson. On Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 a Children's Matinee programme will be given at the Central High School, Broad and Green streets, at which precocious musical and oratorical talent will be featured. In the evening a concert by Philadelphia artists, consisting of vocal and instrumental solos and ensembles will be given at Varick A. M. E. Zion Temple, Nineteenth and Catharine streets, at 8:30. On Wednesday morning at Varick Temple, 11:30 Daylight-Saving Time, George L. Lindsay, director of music, Philadelphia Public Schools, will speak on the subject of modern aspects of public school music. In the afternoon at Varick Temple, talent hitherto unknown to the association will be introduced and new manuscripts will be heard. In the evening a very brilliant concert will be given at Union Baptist Church, Fitzwater above Nineteenth street, to which the various branches of the association will contribute soloists.

On Thursday evening, July 29, at the Academy of Music, the finest concert of the series will be given, presenting Jessie Zackery, coloratura-soprano, who has studied in London; Harriet Savoy, Philadelphia contralto; Levitt Lyons, tenor, of Oakland, California; Jacob Lowe, Chicago, baritone; Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett, pianist, Hampton, Virginia; Eugene Martin, violinist, New York City; Leila Walker Jones, Philadelphia dramatic leader, and the Convention Chorus, which will sing "Hiawatha's Departure," by Coleridge-Taylor, directed by Alfred Johnson supervisor of music, Washington, D. C. public schools. On Friday morning an organ recital will be given at the Wanamaker Store at 11 o'clock, by Dr. Melville Charlton, organist, Union Theological Seminary and of the Jewish Synagogue, both of New York City.

PHILA. PA. EVE. LEDGER

JULY 3, 1926

The National Convention of Negro Musicians will hold its eighth annual session in Philadelphia from July 25 to 31, inclusive. There will be three evening concerts, including one on Thursday evening, July 29, in the Academy of Music, to which the public may secure tickets.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., an organization which was formed to quicken the development of the interpretative and creative talent of the negro race and which has among its membership practically all of the prominent negro musicians opens today at 3:30 P. M., at the Dunbar Theatre, Broad and Lombard streets.

The religious denominations to be represented are the Baptist, Methodist (all branches); Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Each denomination will contribute to the programme as a group which will consist of a brief word of welcome by one of its prominent clergymen in behalf of its membership throughout the city, one of the leading vocal soloists of the denomination, and a large representation of massed choirs of that denomination will sing a well-known anthem.

Through the instrumentality of the Speakers Bureau on International Affairs, Rabbi (L. A.) Mischkind, of Beth Esheth Congregation, Wilmington, Delaware, will deliver a short address: "Rhythm of International Peace." At both the morning and evening church services musical sermons will be delivered, out-of-town soloists will appear, and special music will be rendered by the choirs, notably at the St. Paul Baptist Church, Tenth and Wallace streets. Arthur Bowie, choirmaster and organist.

The convention will continue throughout the week. On Monday evening a

Negro Musicians Convene With Concert Features

Leaders in Song and Musical Art in a Succession
of Events, Most of Which Are Announced
as Free to the Public.

THE eighth annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., opens today at 8:30 at the Dunbar Theatre. The religious denominations to be represented are the Baptist, Methodist (all branches), Episcopal and Presbyterian. Each denomination will contribute to the program as a group which will consist of a brief word of welcome by one of its prominent clergymen in behalf of its membership throughout the city, one of the leading vocal soloists of the denomination, and a large representation of massed choirs of that denomination will sing an anthem. Rabbi Mischkind, of Beth Eneth Congregation, Wilmington, Del., will deliver a short address, "Rhythm of International Peace." At both morning and evening church services musical sermons will be delivered, out-of-town soloists will appear and special music will be rendered by choirs, notably at the St. Paul Baptist Church, Tenth and Wallace streets, Arthur Bowie, choirmaster and organist.

The convention will continue throughout the week. Tomorrow evening a welcome program will be rendered at 8:30 at the Miller Memorial Church, Twenty-second street above Jefferson. On Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 a children's matinee program will be given at the Central High School, Broad and Green streets, at which precocious musical and oratorical talent will be a feature. In the evening a concert by Philadelphia artists, consisting of vocal and instrumental solos and ensembles, will be given at Varick A. M. E. Zion Temple, Nineteenth and Catharine streets. On Wednesday morning at Varick Temple, 11:30, George L. Lindsay, Director of Music, Philadelphia Public Schools, will speak on the subject, "Modern Aspects of Public School Music." In the afternoon at Varick Temple talent hitherto unknown to the association will be introduced and new manuscripts will be heard. In the evening a concert will be given at Union Baptist Church, Fitzwater street above Nineteenth, to which various branches of the association will contribute soloists.

On Thursday evening at the Academy of Music the main concert of the series will be given, presenting Jessie Zackery, coloratura soprano, who has studied in London; Harriet Savoy, Philadelphia contralto; Leviticus Lyons, tenor, Oakland, Calif.; Jacob Lowe, Chicago, baritone; Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett, pianist, Hampton, Va.; Eugene Martin, violinist, New York city; Lela Walker Jones, Philadelphia dramatic reader, and the Convention Chorus, which will sing "Hiawatha's Departure," by Coleridge-Taylor, directed by Alfred Johnson, supervisor of music, Washington, D. C. public schools.

On Friday morning an organ recital

will be given at the Wanamaker store at 11 o'clock by Dr. Melville Charlton, organist, Union Theological Seminary, and of the Jewish Synagogue, both of New York city. All the concerts will be free to the public except the Academy of Music, for which tickets will be on sale at Gimbel Brothers. The program for this afternoon's event is as follows:

Invocation.
Rev. W. H. R. Powell, Shiloh Baptist Church.
Aria, "O, Had I Jubal's Lyre" (from "Joshua") Handel
Clara A. Ivory, soprano.
Member First African Baptist Choir
Joseph Lockett at piano.

Organist, Mt. Carmel Baptist Church.
Gloria (from Twelfth Mass) Mozart
Massed Baptist Choirs
Organized and directed by Eva Evans, director
First African Baptist Church Choir.
George Newlin at the piano
Organist and Choirmaster Mt. Zion Baptist
Church, Germantown.
Welcome in behalf of the Methodists of Philadelphia.
Bishop W. H. Heard, A. M. E. Church.
"Abide With Me" Middle
Viola Wise, contralto, member Zoar Methodist
Episcopal Choir

Carl Diton at the piano
Organist and Choirmaster Zoar Methodist
Episcopal Church
Hallelujah Chorus Handel
Massed Methodist Choirs
Organized and directed by Van Whittet, organist and Choirmaster, Varick A. M. E. Zion Temple

Pearl Nicholson at the piano
Organist and Choirmaster Holsey Colored
Methodist Episcopal Church
Address, "Rhythm of International Peace,"
Rabbi L. A. Mischkind
Welcome in behalf of the Episcopalians of Philadelphia.
Rev. Robert H. Tabb, D. D., rector, Crucifixion
Protestant Episcopal Church.

Aria, "Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth,"
(from "Elijah") Mendelssohn
Roswell Brown, tenor
Member Crucifixion Protestant Episcopal Choir
William Leonard King at the piano
Organist and Choirmaster Crucifixion Protestant
Episcopal Church
Gloria (Mass in B Flat) Farmer

Massed Episcopalian Choirs
Julian Adger, Organist and Choirmaster, St. Simon Protestant Episcopal Church
Chairman
Introduction of Mrs. Carl Diton, president
Philadelphia Branch, National Association of
Negro Musicians, Inc.

Presentation of John T. Gibson, proprietor
Dunbar Theatre
Mrs. Carl Diton
Welcome in behalf of the Presbyterians of Philadelphia.

Rev. George F. Ellison, moderator, local council, Eastern Association Presbyterian Ministers.
"Arm! Arm! Ye Brave" (from "Judas Maccaebaeus") Handel
Malcolm P. Pindexter, baritone
Member First African Presbyterian Choir
Russell Johnson at the piano
Organist and Choirmaster First African

Presbyterian Church
"Great Is the Lord and Marvelous" Deggis
Massed Presbyterian Choirs
Organized and directed by Russell Johnson, organist and choirmaster First African Presbyterian Church, chairman.

Helen Young Hammond at the piano
Organist and choirmaster Central Presbyterian
Church
Announcements
"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow,"
Choirs and Audience
Benediction Rev. H. McGroarty, Jr.
Pastor Central Presbyterian Church.

WANAMAKER IS BENEFACITOR TO RACE ARTISTS

Gives Musical Society
Large Prize Fund

Lillian LeMon, Adelaide Heriot, Clara Hutchison, Attorney Godman and Mrs. Maude Roberts George. At Tuesday morning's formal opening of the convention the president, R. Nathaniel Dett, delivered his address and in the afternoon was held the children's matinee at Central high school. Tuesday evening's program was given by members of the Philadelphia branch, with Mrs. Carl Diton presiding.

MUSICIANS' CONVENTION BEGINS JULY 25

Philadelphia, Pa., July 22.—(By A. N. P.)—The National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., with a membership of over two thousand, which includes nearly all the more prominent musicians of the race, will hold its session in the City of Brotherly Love, beginning July 25, continuing throughout the week. The association presents the latest movement in the development of Negro music both artistically and economically.

The association offers scholarships—the first scholarship award having been made to Marian Anderson, the celebrated contralto in 1925, who, as is known was the winner of the Stadium Contest Prize in New York City. Works of Clarence Cameron White, violinist-composer, and a piano and violin sonata by the Philadelphia composer, J. Harvey Hebron, presented by the Manuscript Society, have been some of the features of the association.

The welcome night program was held at Miller Memorial church with an address of welcome by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Jones. The meeting was called to order by J. Wesley Jones. Van Whittet, organist, rendered "Toccata" from Fifth Symphony by Widor. The representatives of Philadelphia who appeared were Isabel Crews, a pupil of Marion Anderson, accompanied by Carl Diton; Alyse Anderson, Lela Carter and Ethel Anderson, singing a trio; Hattie Brown, contralto, and Dr. Sterling Rex. The Miller Memorial Baptist choir, under direction of John Tallaferro, rendered two selections.

Present Officers

The members of the national board and officers were then introduced. R. Nathaniel Dett, president; Martha B. Anderson, vice president; Henry L. Grant, executive secretary; Alice Carter Simmons, secretary-treasurer; Lillian Carpenter, assistant secretary; Camille Nickerson, Clarence Cameron White.

Negroes and Artists

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Langston Hughes, defending racial art in America, forgets that the Negro masses he describes are no different from the white masses we are all familiar with. Both "watch the lazy world go round" and "have their nip of gin on Saturday nights" (love of strong liquors is supposed to be a Nordic characteristic). If there is anything "racial" about the spirituals and the blues, then there should be immediate ability to catch the intricate rhythm on the part of Negroes from Jamaica, Zanzibar, and Sierra Leone. Such is not the case, and we must conclude that they are the products of a certain American environment: the South. They are American folk-songs, built around Anglo-Saxon religious concepts. *7-14-26*

An artist, it seems to me, is one who, able to see life about him, and, struck by its quick interchange of comedy, drama, and tragedy, attempts to portray it or interpret it in music, poetry, or prose, on canvas or in stone. He can only use the equipment furnished him by education and environment. Consequently his creation will be French, British, German, Russian, Zulu, or Chinese, depending on where he lives. The work of the artist raised and educated in this country ~~must~~ necessarily be American.

It is the Aframerican masses who consume several millions' worth of hair-straightener and skin-whitener per annum in an effort to reach the American standard in pigmentation and hair-texture. This does not look as if they did not care whether they were like white folks or not. Negro propaganda-art, even when glorifying the "primitiveness" of the American Negro masses, is hardly more than a protest against a feeling of inferiority, and such a psychology seldom produces art.

Atlanta, Georgia, June 21

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Escaping Seventh Street

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No person with an innate love of justice can fail to be greatly heartened by the thought that the colored race is producing men like Langston Hughes.

But isn't Mr. Hughes a bit impatient with the growing intelligentsia of his race? After all, what is racial experience but the expanded spiritual history of the individual? For a man to deny his own soul and try to mold himself after the pattern of someone else is pathetic, of course, but, oh, how human and understandable!

Mr. Hughes revels in the colorful and inspirational aspects which the Seventh Streets (the colored ghettos, so to speak) present to the artist. But he must not forget that the Seventh Streeters are filling the schools and universities with their children. When these youngsters emerge from the crucible of

education, would Mr. Hughes have them go back to Seventh Street? It wouldn't be human of them, would it, not to want to move away from Seventh Street, in order to build new worlds for their wider horizons?

Washington, D. C., June 25

DOROTHY FOX

Brown-Skinned Nordics

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is encouraging to read Mr. Langston Hughes's article in *The Nation* of June 23. He has manfully tackled a subject which hitherto could be discussed only within closed doors.

I can quite well remember the distressful reaction manifested by one member of a theater party, comprising young Negroes, a few years ago, when it became known that tickets had been secured for a Negro Broadway play. Imagine any one going to see Negro artists perform! And so this pale, emotionally repressed caste, too proud to breathe the rhythm of life and too childish not to warm themselves at its glowing spontaneity, lives daily under a yellow mask of illusion.

Mr. Hughes would have us believe that Negro art would be possible if this brown-skinned Nordic could be eliminated; but he fails to see that in our present environment the development of any true Negro art remains an utter impossibility. Where is the motif, where are the symbols, where is the sympathetic background upon which every true art develops? I am constrained to agree with Mr. George S. Schuyler that Negro art "made in America" is only a myth. All this noise is strongly charged with commercialism. Negro art is not possible on a soil alien and entirely unsympathetic to its germination and development.

Yet the budding Negro artist must struggle on despite the handicaps and the mushroom minds within his group, for the struggle is more joyous and more pregnant with real life than its abandonment. He must never tire to bellow and write and laugh the brown-skinned Nordics from a place of recognition.

New York, June 28

HEADLEY E. BAILEY

Where the Battle is Fought

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How in the name of Hank Ford can a Negro or a Jew or a Chinaman or even an Irishman escape his environment? Especially when that environment is the most insistent the world has ever known; pounding like an obsession at the ears and nerves and brain—America the gigantic?

The Negroes are not quite as isolated in America as were the Jews in Russia. And yet, even before the Revolution, the younger Jews were Russianized, were quite different from German Jews or American Jews. Even our old orthodox Jews, prisoners of ghettos, were differentiated when they came from Salonika or from London or Prague. Environment had changed them even in the ghettos.

If Negroes think they can build up some special racial culture in this huge America, they are either optimists or are blinded by race patriotism. It can't be done.

I have known little Chinese flappers in San Francisco, one generation removed from the joss-house, who rouge, wear silk stockings, read *Snappy Stories*, and do the Charleston. One

sees hundreds of them on the streets there. If the young Chinese-Americans develop a poet, would it be proper for him to go back to Confucius and forget America? He would be as futile and reactionary if he did as some of our white poets who try to escape their age by sentimentalizing among the tombs. We Negroes, Jews, Germans, Chinese, Anglo-Saxons are all part of America, for better or worse. We are citizens of a new age, bloodier yet more hopeful than all the ages of the past.

The only real division is that of economic classes. Negro bosses will exploit and oppress Negro workers just as Jewish bosses at present exploit and beat up (with Irish police clubs) their racial brothers who happen to be poor and on strike.

But what does this young crop of Negro intellectuals know or care about the great mass of peasants and factory workers of their race? Nothing. Almost nothing. Mr. Hughes believes with the white dandies that jazz and the cabaret are the ultimate flower of his people. I wish he would go out to Passaic and see a few black heroes on the picket-line, some of them captains over the white workers, the two races working as brothers in a non-racial problem—that of poverty and American culture. If the Negro intellectuals really care for their race they will forget the cabarets and colleges for a while, and go down into the life of their own people. It will make them better Negroes and better artists.

There are Negro themes, enough for a lifetime of creative activity. But white men have handled them more effectively thus far than the Negroes themselves. Eugene O'Neill has written the best play of miscegenation and Vachel Lindsay the best poetical rendering of the African primitive strain. Black men may do better some day, not because they are black, but because they are artists. Meanwhile, the field is not closed; it is open to everyone, as the Jewish life has been.

And the black race will play a great role in American history, not because it is black, but because ten million black workers will join the white workers in the unending battle for a free, civilized, and socialized America, against the black and white money-grabbers.

The Negro intellectuals can do a fine thing for their race. They can leave the cabarets of the jaded dandies and the colleges of the middle-class strivers, and help the mass of their brothers in the economic fight. The cultural future of the Negro soul resides in this battle, Brother Hughes, and not in Africa, Harvard, or the bootleg cabarets.

A last thought. In this battle, as I have observed him, the black worker thinks, feels, and acts very much the same as the white, yellow, or red worker the world over. Only he uses the Southern dialect.

New York, June 27

MICHAEL GOLD

CULTURE AND ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEGRO

(From the 16th Annual Report of the N.A.A.C.P.)

"One of the most significant changes that has taken place regarding the Negro in this country is the recent change of attitude, we might say, national change of attitude, toward Negro culture and art. American Negro culture and art have attained a tremendous ~~value~~ ^{value}. Today the most important periodicals in the country are open to Negro writers. The greatest publishing houses bring out ~~books of Negro~~ ^{books} authors. Negro musicians and singers fill the finest concert halls in the country. Colored soloists are with some of the most famous orchestras.

The recognition of the Negro as a creative artist and a contribution to American culture might strike the casual observer as a sudden happening of the last two or three years; but in fact, it has taken a number of years to lay the foundation for it. In the development and recognition of the Negro as an artist the N.A.A.C.P. has been one of the most powerful influences. A vital influence has been the annual reward of the Spingarn Medal. Eleven awards have been made and gradually these awards have grown to the point where they make a definite impression upon American public opinion. The medal is now recognized in a national sense, as one of the highest badges of merit. The winners of the medal are listed in books that print and preserve such records. The award of the Spingarn Medal was the first established means of calling the country's attention that there were such things as Negro art and Negro artists and Negro achievement in the field on "noble endeavour." It still remains the most important means of accomplishing these ends.

Another factor in the Amy Springham Prize Awards, given through the Crisis.

In the awakening and recognition of Negro cultural achievement the national executive staff has also paid an important role. Within the past two years there have been published

seven books by Negro writers that have widely affected national public opinion and been counted as achievements in the Negro "Literary Renaissance". Their titles are: "Cain" by Jean Toomer.

SPOKANE WASH REVIEW
MAY 5, 1926

Recognize Negro as Creative Artist

One of the most significant changes regarding the negro in the United States in recent years has been the change of attitude on the part of the American public toward negro culture and art. That is the conclusion of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in its annual report recently issued.

Today the most important periodicals in the country are open to negro writers. The greatest publishing houses are readily bringing forth worthy books of negro authors. Negro musicians and singers are filling the finest concert halls in the country and negro singers are appearing as soloists with our most famous orchestras.

An important factor in this changing attitude is believed to be the annual award of the Spingarn medal for the most distinguished achievement of some American of African descent. It is interesting to note that this medal has been awarded to two negro artists, both of whom have been seen and heard in Spokane. One was Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, and the other was Charles Gilpin, star of "The Emperor Jones," the Eugene O'Neill masterpiece.

Other negroes to receive this recognition have been Professor George W. Carver, soil and agricultural chemist of Tuskegee, and James Weldon Johnson, author of "The Book of American Spirituals." Paul Robeson, a noted actor as well as a singer, has not yet attained that honor, although his art is recognized and applauded in the highest artistic circles of the land.

Art and culture know no race, creed or color. Where the American qualifies as a creative artist and contributor to the national culture, it matters not if his skin be black, yellow

The Negro-Art Hokum

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

NEGRO art "made in America" is as non-existent as the widely advertised profundity of Cal Coolidge, the "seven years of progress" of Mayor Hylan, or the reported sophistication of New Yorkers. Negro art there has been, is, and will be among the numerous black nations of Africa; but to suggest the possibility of any such development among the ten million colored people in this republic is self-evident foolishness. Eager apostles from Greenwich Village, Harlem, and environs proclaimed a great renaissance of Negro art just around the corner waiting to be ushered on the scene by those whose hobby is taking races, nations, peoples, and movements under their wing. New art forms expressing the "peculiar" psychology of the Negro were about to flood the market. In short, the art of *Homo Africatus* was about to electrify the waiting world. Skeptics patiently waited. They still wait.

True, from dark-skinned sources have come those slave songs based on Protestant hymns and Biblical texts known as the spirituals, work songs and secular songs of sorrow and tough luck known as the blues, that outgrowth of rag-time known as jazz (in the development of which whites have assisted), and the Charleston, an eccentric dance invented by the gamins around the public market-place in Charleston, S. C. No one can or does deny this. But these are contributions of a caste in a certain section of the country. They are foreign to Northern Negroes, West Indian Negroes, and African Negroes. They are no more expressive or characteristic of the Negro race than the music and dancing of the Appalachian highlanders or the Dalmatian peasantry are expressive or characteristic of the Caucasian race. If one wishes to speak of the musical contributions of the peasantry of the South, very well. Any group under similar circumstances would have produced something similar. It is merely a coincidence that this peasant class happens to be of a darker hue than the other inhabitants of the land. One recalls the remarkable likeness of the minor strains of the Russian mujiks to those of the Southern Negro.

As for the literature, painting, and sculpture of Afr Americans—such as there is—it is identical in kind with the literature, painting, and sculpture of white Americans; that is, it shows more or less evidence of European influence. In the field of drama little of any merit has been written by and about Negroes that could not have been written by whites. The dean of the Aframerican literature is W. E. B. Du Bois, a product of Harvard and German universities; the foremost Aframerican sculptor is Meta Warwick Fuller, a graduate of leading American art schools and former student of Rodin; while the most noted Aframerican painter, Henry Ossawa Tanner, is dean of Ameri

can painters in Paris and has been decorated by the French Government. Now the work of these artists is no more expressive of the Negro soul—as the gushers put it—than are the scribblings of Octavus Cohen or Hugh Wiley. This, of course, is easily understood if one stops to realize that the Aframerican is merely a lampblacked Anglo-Saxon. If the European immigrant after two or three generations of exposure to our schools, politics, advertising, moral crusades, and restaurants becomes indistinguishable from the mass of Americans of the older stock (despite the influence of the foreign-language press), how much truer must it be of the sons of Ham who have been subjected to what the upholders call Americanism for the last three hundred years. Aside from his color, which ranges from very dark brown to pink, your American Negro is just plain American. Negroes and whites from the same localities in this country talk, think, and act about the same. Because a few writers with a paucity of themes have seized upon imbecilities of the Negro rustics and clowns and valmed them off as authentic and characteristic Aframerican behavior, the common notion that the black Ameri

degree of perfection; when he reads the same Bible and belongs to the Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or Catholic church; when his fraternal affiliations also include the Elks, Masons, and Knights of Pythias; when he gets the same or similar schooling, lives in the same kind of houses, owns the same makes of cars (or rides in them), and nightly sees the same Hollywood version of life on the screen; when he smokes the same brands of tobacco and avidly peruses the same puerile periodicals; in short, when he responds to the same political, social, moral, and economic stimuli in precisely the same manner as his white neighbor, it is sheer nonsense to talk about "racial differences" as between the American black man and the American white man. Glance over a Negro newspaper (it is printed in good Americanese) and you will find the usual quota of crime news, scandal, personals, and uplift to be found in the average white newspaper—which, by the way, is more widely read by the Negroes than is the Negro press. In order to satisfy the cravings of an inferiority complex engendered by the colorphobia of the mob, the readers of the Negro newspapers are given a slight dash of racialistic seasoning. In the homes of the black and white Americans of the same cultural and economic level one finds similar furniture, literature, and conversation. How, then, can the black American be expected to produce art and literature dissimilar to that of the white American?

Consider Coleridge-Taylor, Edward Wilmot Blyden, and Claude McKay, the Englishmen; Pushkin, the Russian; Bridgewater, the Pole; Antar, the Arabian; Latino, the Spaniard; Dumas, *père* and *filz*, the Frenchmen; and Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnut, and James Weldon Johnson, the Americans. All Negroes; yet their work shows the impress of nationality rather than race. They all reveal the psychology and culture of their environment—their color is incidental. Why should Negro artists of America vary from the national artistic norm when Negro artists in other countries have not done so? If we can foresee what kind of white citizens will inhabit this neck of the woods in the next generation by studying the sort of education and environment the children are exposed to now, it should not be difficult to reason that the adults of today are what they are because of the education and environment they were exposed to a generation ago. And that education and environment were about the same for blacks and whites. One contemplates the popularity of the Negro-art hokum and murmurs, "How come?"

This nonsense is probably the last stand of the old myth palmed off by Negrophobists for all these many years, and recently rehashed by the sainted Harding, that there are "fundamental, eternal, and inescapable differences" between white and black Americans. That there are Negroes who will lend this myth a helping hand need occasion no surprise. It has been broadcast all over the world by the vociferous scions of slaveholders, "scientists" like Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard, and the patriots who flood the treasury of the Ku Klux Klan; and is believed, even today, by the majority of free, white citizens. On this baseless premise, so flattering to the white mob, that the blackamoor is inferior and fundamentally different, is

erected the postulate that he must needs be peculiar; and when he attempts to portray life through the medium of art, it must of necessity be a peculiar art. While such reasoning may seem conclusive to the majority of Americans, it must be rejected with a loud guffaw by intelligent people.

[An opposing view on the subject of Negro art will be presented by Lanston Hughes in next week's issue.]

N. Y. WORLD

DEC 17 1928

LUCKY ROBERTS AUTOGRAH SONGS FOR THE PRINCE

Rodman Wanamaker Takes
Fine Collection of New Hits
Abroad as Gift to Wales

BLACK BOTTOM TAKING PLACE OF THE CHARLESTON

Old-Time Southern Dance Is
Fast Becoming the Rage
Among Socially Prominent

By Lester A. Walton

When Rodman Wanamaker sailed for Europe Saturday, Oct. 9, he took to the Prince of Wales as gifts piano copies of the latest Broadway hits and phonograph records of enlivening dance music warranted to put even royalty in a mood for doing the Black Bottom and the Charleston.

To Lucky Roberts, popular Negro society entertainer, Mr. Wanamaker entrusted the important mission of choosing the musical selections. Roberts was further honored by being permitted to autograph for the Prince a set of songs which he wrote with Alex Rogers, lyricist.

Interest is Keen

The Prince of Wales displayed a keen interest in the Charleston on his last visit here, and at the home of Clarence Mackay and other noted New Yorkers was more than a mere success in Earl Carroll's Vanities.

onlooker, occasionally, according to Lucky, who played the piano, sang and danced at private affairs given for the next heir to Great Britain's throne.

"Will the songs and dance records awaken within the Prince of Wales the urge to do the Black Bottom and other native American dances of the moment?" is a query now propounded.

Members of the smarter set are not as enthusiastic over the Charleston as six months ago, having transferred their chief concern to the Black Bottom in vogue, says Lucky Roberts, and he ought to know. It was he and Paul Bass who became recognized instructors of the Char-

ton at Palm Beach last season for dames of austere mein, middle-aged men of great wealth and station and the younger folk. But now the Black Bottom is the thing.

The etymology of the Black Bottom, the Charleston and other dances now in favor is most interesting. In South Nashville, Tenn., is a Negro section known as "Black Bottom." It was there roustabouts on boats plying the Cumberland River were wont to congregate for a good and boisterous time, and it was in this environment the Black Bottom was first danced. Some years later it was taken up by Atlanta Negroes living on Decatur Street in the section called "Darktown."

The Black Bottom is described by Perry Bradford in song as, you:

Hop down front and then doodle back,
Mooch to the left and then you mooch
to the right;
Your hands on your hips and do the
messin' around,
Break a leg un'l you're near the
ground.

So far as known, the first time the Black Bottom was put on at a New York theatre was in 1928, by Ethel Ridley in a colored musical comedy at the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem. Alberta Hunter, a well-known Negro singer of the blues, claims the distinction of having done the dance before the first white audience at one of the New York vaudeville houses in 1925. She says she has it copyrighted.

Miss Pennington's Hit

It was not until Anne Pennington last spring made a hit in the Black Bottom in George White's Scandals that it aroused general attention and gave every indication of dethroning the Charleston in popularity. Now Bernice Spears is introducing it with

Judging from the number of performers learning the dance at Billy Pierce's school of instruction in 46th Street, musical comedy and vaudeville patrons are to be satisfied with the Black Bottom for months to come.

These Negro dances invariably become the rage with white people months and sometimes years after colored people have waxed enthusiastic over them. When the Charleston became a fad with the white public, colored folk were hoofing the Black Bottom. Now, when the Gay White Way, Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive and Long Island are turning to the Black Bottom, Negroes from coast to coast are going wild over the latest dance known as Messin' Around.

The transition of these Negro dances, born on the levees in the Southland, from one extreme to the other—from the honky-tonk to amusement palaces along the Rialto and into the homes of the Four Hundred and the bourgeoisie, hardly could be more pronounced. Yet the dances themselves undergo no metamorphosis. The only marked difference is the environment in which they are brought to thrive.

Aside from looking with friendly eye at the Charleston and the Black Bottom, members of prominent New York families are taking lessons in syncopation, Lucky Roberts relates. Some of his pupils receiving instructions at the piano are Mrs. William Goadby Loew, Mrs. Lewis I. Preston, Mrs. J. H. R. Cromwell, Mrs. Bradford Norman, Louis G. Kaufman Jr., and the three children of George F. Baker Jr.

Among society people for whom Lucky has offered as an entertainer are Harold W. Carhart, Jerome C. Cuppia, Joseph Cudahy, Charles S. Cutting, Philip Doubleday, Mrs. Howard Drummond, Edgar Eyre Jr., Mrs. Charles Frick, J. P. Gillespie, W. R. Grace, Mrs. Edwin S. Harkness, A. L. Haskell, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Clarence E. Jones, H. G. M. Kelleher, Mrs. Sara Jewett King, Mrs. William Goadby Loew, Mrs. Frances H. McAdoo, Ed M. McIlvain, Malcolm H. Meacham, Mrs. Manton B. Metcalf, Mrs. Arthur Minton Mitchell, Henry C. Phipps, Jerome Preston, Percy Rivington Pyne, John Sanford, William Robinson Simonds, Charles Schwartz, William Rhinelander Stewart, Leonard M. Thomas, Harrison Tweed, Mrs. Kenneth B. Van Riper, Mrs. C. Edmund Van Vleck, Harry Payne Whitney, George D. Widener Jr., Richard S. Aldrich, Mrs. Henry Batterman, Mrs. Frederick Brown, Mayor James Walker, Mrs. Paul Abbot, Charles C. Auchincloss, Mrs. George F. Baker Jr., W. M. J. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Harold Bolster, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Breese, Mr. and Mrs. Jay F. Carlisle.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Gifford A. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, John Cheever Cowell, Harold A. Content,

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Corden, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Curtis, J. H. R. Cromwell, Mrs. William K. Dick, Charles B. Dillingham, Thomas C. Eastman, John Farr, Mrs. Quentin Field Feitner, Mrs. Fred Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Ernest Gagne, John W. Hanes, Countess Salm Von Haagstraeten, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hutton, Mrs. Louis G. Kaufman, Whitney Kerno-chan, John Dryden Kuser, D. Denny Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., Mr. and Mrs. David McCullough, Capt. Allister McIntosh, Charles Marshall, Howard W. Maxwell, Eugene Moore, Mrs. Paul Moore, Mrs. Gurnee Munh, Julius W. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, Schuyler Parsons, John S. Phipps, Lewis T. Preston, William T. Preston, Herbert Pulitzer, Leonard Replagle, Mrs. Charles D. Sabin, Mortimer Schiff, Mrs. Reeve Schley, Mrs. Edw. Shearson, Mrs. Horatio Seymour Shonnard, Paris Singer, Ernest Stauffen Jr., Mrs. Malcolm Stevenson, Miss Dorothy Stokes, Harold Vanderbilt, Dr. John Vietor Rodman Wanamaker, Major and Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Miss Mary Brown Warburton and L. Stuart Wing.

NEW YORK TIMES

NOV 11 1926

NEGRO SPIRITUALS IN PARIS.

Fisk Jubilee Singers Win Large Audience in Salle Gaveau.

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PARIS, Nov. 10.—Before a distinguished audience which filled to the topmost gallery the Salle Gaveau, the Fisk Jubilee Singers scored a notable success tonight with an appealing program of spirituals.

The five negro vocalists from Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., are leaving immediately for a five weeks' tour of Spain, and this was their only Paris concert. It wouldn't take many more concerts like tonight's to start a Parisian vogue for the plaintive religious songs of the negro, for while there was a large number of Americans present, fully three-fourths of the hall was filled with French folk, all of whom were demonstrative in their appreciation.

"Deep River," "Wish I'se in Heaven" and "I Want to Die Easy" were among the selections which brought forth long applause, and "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny" and "Swanee River" had a happily familiar ring even for the French.

TELEGRAM

Columbus - Neb

OCT 11 1926

Radio Creates Desire to See and Hear Colored Performers

The radio has brought the crooning songs of the Sunny South, the quaint sayings of the colored race, and the peppy jazzy music to the homes of the country at large and now the demand has been to see and hear the colored people in person.

Never before has there been such a demand to see and hear the colored people, and a number of all colored shows have been sent out on the road to bring the south to the north, east and west, the greatest of all of them being "Shufflin' Sam From Alabam'" which comes to the North Wednesday night only.

The music, sayings, songs and dances and the jazzy music in "Shufflin' Sam From Alabam'" takes one through the Sunny South, the home of the happy, care-free colored man, on to Broadway, and into the very homes and hearts of the individual. The radio has utilized the services of the colored artists for the past two years because the public demand was for their particular kind of music, their sayings and rich harmony of the southern songs. Not satisfied to "listen in," they now demand the colored artists in person, and to satisfy this demand "Shufflin' Sam From Alabam'" has been organized and will be brought to this city just as it appeared in the east for the past year and a half.

Critic of Great New York Times Discusses Artists and Spirituals

Rosamond Johnson who for many seasons played on the Keith time as conductor of a band presented in vaudeville, and who, in fact holds the record for continuous bookings on the big time having done six consecutive years without loss of a week, has abandoned his place of entertainment for the more lucrative and more dignified concert platform. The subject of lengthy discussion in the columns of the New York Times last week.

W. J. Henderson makes a very exhaustive review of the spirituals with Johnson as the special vehicle of this harmony under consideration. Mr. Henderson said, in part, to the 700,000 readers of the Times:

Rosamond Johnson

Swinging the lantern through the shadows of the past few days one discovers that the outstanding personality is Rosamond Johnson. Of course Taylor Gordon occupies a place in the light, but somehow that crouching figure at the piano and that low, faint, sepulchral voice charm the thought. This writer knows no other artist who can equal Rosamond Johnson in his particular accomplishment, which is not easy to define.

He is too young to have known slavery days and conditions. He is an educated man and a trained musician. Yet he sings and plays accompaniments for spirituals as if he had lived through a whole library of Uncle Tom's cabins. But always behind everything he does, no matter how realistic, and in some moments even seemingly elemental, there lurks the spirit of the artist. Yes, Rosamond Johnson was the foremost personality of the past few days and together with Gordon Taylor he has revitalized the spiritual, which was pretty nearly drowned under the flood of sophistication.

After all, the spirituals demands more consideration because it can bear sophistication without losing its quality. "Deep River," sung with the utmost perfection of tone production, intonation and nuance by the lieder singer, is still a characteristic folk song. But when he is sung by Gordon and Johnson it is the proclamation of a faith.

A permanent folk song is the product of a combination of race, period and conditions. Given the Negro with strong though rude musical proclivities, living under the conditions of slavery in a period which made slavery an outstanding factor in a nation's life, and you have the causes certain to cooperate in creating a folk song.

The Pilgrims of blessed memory lacked the musical bent. To this day their descendants lack it. This does not mean that music is unpopular in New England, nor even that there is no folk song there, since every one knows that there is; but singing and playing are not inseparably woven with the expression of the New England soul. The lasting expressions of the New England spirit are to be found in literature, not in music.

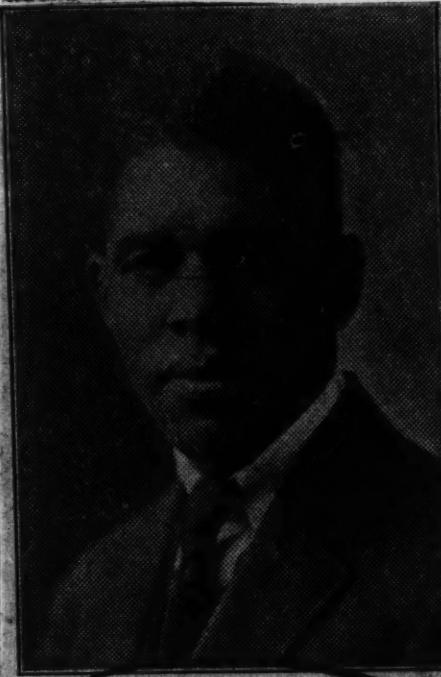
Agony of a Race

One seeks in vain for names of composers to set beside the literary immortals, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, this, too, is doubtless due to the triumphant individuality of the Puritan fathers. Bancroft dwells upon it with eloquence. The Puritans' religion rested partly upon a splendid pride. He was not one to humble himself before priesthood, nor to bow his head in silent confession of unworthiness. He looked heaven in the eye and knew himself to be one of the chosen. He had defied and beaten oppression and was clothed in the glory of independence.

From such a soul the agencies of cures for succor could not come. The Puritan hymn was a hymn, an office of the church, and it was something to be done properly. David Gamut was not the only one to teach psalmody to the youth of New England. From such singings as these influences brought forth the spirit of true group singing was conspicuously absent. But the Negro lyrics were all made for group singing, and their furthest flight of musical sophistication was in exotic harmonies, known to the rabid as the barber shop chord.

This was an eagerly sought effect. The real Negro harmony was something to be felt rather than thought. And the basic feeling underlying all the slave songs as passionate yearning for the help that could not be got from man. It was not at random that Rosamond Johnson chose for the first spiritual in his collection "Go Down,

Moses," "Way down in Egypt Land, Tell ole Pharaoh to let my people go." That is the cry of a people, the agony of a race.



ROLAND HAYES.

A BIT OF HISTORY

FROM OBSCURITY TO UNIVERSAL RENOWN

Roland Hayes spent his boyhood in Curryville, Georgia, on the small farm of his mother, an ex-slave. Despite poverty, he succeeded in educating himself, and attended Fisk University, at Nashville. He further managed to equip himself with a musical training. His tentative recitals met with so much encouragement that he resolved to try his fortune in Europe.

Reaching London in 1920, he had barely enough money to announce a recital. But that recital proved the turning-point in his career. It was followed by fifteen others to packed audiences and a summons from King George V to sing at Buckingham Palace.

Then followed an invitation from Gabriel Pierne to appear as soloist with the Colonne Orchestra, which led to a number of recitals and set all Paris talking about the remarkable and newly-found tenor.

When Vienna and Berlin heard him incredulity changed to admiration. As Paris had particularly praised his

dictation and command of style in French songs, these capitals judged him in the German lieder as a model for their own singers.

Each city was at a loss to describe Roland Hayes' silken, ethereal tones, which were not quite like anything they had ever heard before. And in the Negro Spirituals he laid a strange and wonderful treasury before them.

Then came his tour of America in 1923-1924, which put the seal on his greatness. In his second tour, last season, Roland Hayes could scarcely heighten his fame, but he extended it, singing from coast to coast and from and from Canada through our Southern States.

Last spring, another notable debut, as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Madrid, brought an invitation for a special audience before Dona Maria Cristin, the Queen Mother of Spain.

But the esteem of Europe for Roland Hayes does not, indeed it could not, exceed that of his own country. Overflowing audiences and demonstrations have been the rule at his recitals and when he has appeared with our principal symphony orchestras. His singing has brought numberless critical and editorial eulogies, magazine articles, and honors such as the Spingarn Medal for 1924.

Roland Hayes' peculiar mastery of his art is now familiar to America. It remains a thing which to wonder.

W. C. HERALD

JANUARY 28, 1926

Capacity Crowd Hears Hayes in His Third Recital

Negro Soloist Is Warmly Applauded; Beloussoff and Landowska Appear in Concert at Aeolian Hall

While the auditorium and stage of Carnegie Hall were densely populated last night by the hearers of Roland Hayes, Eusei Beloussoff and Wanda Landowska found a large audience in Aeolian Hall waxing enthusiastic over their program of cello and harpsichord

music by Bach. The applause for this held nothing to suggest that it was being dispensed from a sense of duty.

This was Mr. Hayes's third and last New York recital this season—he will appear once more, as soloist with the New York Symphony, February 7—but his two earlier appearances obviously had not come near satiating the local demand to hear the Negro tenor, who met an audience which seemed even larger than before.

With William Lawrence, accompanist as usual, he began with two German groups, the first Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich" and "Mit einem gamal ten Band" and J. W. Franck's "Sei nur still," and the next of Brahms' numbers.

Judging by a limited hearing, Mr. Hayes's voice was displaying its familiar marked merits and also its previously noted limitations—this last the changed and less pleasing timbre his tone is apt to acquire if pushed. The merits need no repeated description, or enlargement on the warmth and beauty of Mr. Hayes's tone at its best and the feeling and style in his singing. His performance of the third number, by which time he seemed thoroughly to have warmed to his work, augured a good recital. An old English song, arranged by Roger Quilter, "Over the Mountains," songs by Slominsky, Henry Cowell and Santoliquido, and the usual group of spirituals completed the set program.

The Aeolian Hall recital was the third and last in the series given by Mr. Beloussoff, who played two sonatas for cello and harpsichord, the G major and D major, with Mme. Landowska, and the G major suite by himself. Mme. Landowska also had a solo, the "Concerto in Gusto Italiano," which is more familiarly known to pianists of many grades of ability as the "Italian Concerto."

Mr. Beloussoff, a most musically and accomplished cellist, was in excellent form last night, producing an unusually smooth and polished tone, free, in what we heard, from roughness, wiriness or scrape, in a technically skilled, artistically phrased performance. The only suggestion that might have been made in the closing D major sonata was a slightly larger volume of sound. In this respect Mr. Beloussoff's laudable playing seemed a little too reserved.

Mme. Landowska, the high priestess of the harpsichord, played with her familiar and notable merit, which has been much and deservedly appreciated in the past, and could be again on this occasion. There was no classical calm in the lusty and prolonged applause that greeted her after the Italian concerto, while warm plaudits also Mr. Beloussoff's portion. The recital suggested that Bach might be considered a popular composer.

ROLAND HAYES SINGS TO A VAST THRON

Carnegie Hall Audience Pays
Tribute to American Negro
Tenor's High Artistry.

Roland Hayes sang his third and last recital in Carnegie Hall last night to one of the greatest audiences in any New York concert hall this season, where for every one of his own race present there were a half dozen of the more accustomed music patrons, eager to see and hear the now world-famous American negro tenor. The last of the crowd were filing across the proscenium steps to seats on the stage when the whole house burst into applause on the appearance of the singer, modestly bowing, and his accompanist, William Lawrence. In the tense silence that followed there was a tribute to combined natural powers and high artistic cultivation, a mute but eloquent sign of public recognition such as few artists command.

Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich" began the recital with a simplicity of style befitting the little masterpiece of melody, and with a diction that had passed muster in Vienna and Berlin. A group from Brahms contained, by request, the "Botschaft" and "Waldesinsamkeit." J. W. Franck's "Sei nur still" was among the German pieces, and Henry Cowell's "Fairy Fountain" among those in English that followed, with various others of Roger Quilter, Slonimsky and Santoliquido.

Negro "spirituals" arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson were the awaited climax and conclusion. The four last evening, in a list much revised, were "I'm Troubled in Mind," "Hallelujah," "What Yo' Gwine to Do When de Lamp Burn Down?" and "O Gambler, Git Up Off-a Yo' Knees." There were insistent demands for encores. One farewell appearance before another European tour was announced for Feb. 7 with the New York Symphony.

"The Weary Blues"

A Review by Ormond A. Forte

Langston Hughes' first book of poems, named after the prize-winning poem in Opportunity's first literary contest, "The Weary Blues," has just seen the light. Hughes is a young poet of amazing promise whom Cleveland delights to call her own, because of the knowledge that during the rambles of his twenty-three summers he sojourned here, attending Central High school, of which he is a graduate.

The first impression of the book is its exquisite unusualness. From the

paper jacket—a vigorous study of a jazz hound at the piano with parted lips, tremulous with daring "doing a lazy sway by the dull pallor of an old gas light"—to the quaintness of its paper binding, the book is expertly singular.

In the preface by Carl Van Vetchen vivid snatches of the young poet's nomadic life are given—doubtless to prepare the reader of the poems that follow for the incredible maturity of the youth's sensitive reaction to the vagaries of life. "Rich in experience as a fruit-cake is full of raisins" sums up Mr. Van Vetchen in his characterization of Hughes, and this in the short span of twenty-three years!

There were days in Mexico—and in Spain, where the swish of the fan-dango and the click of castanets must have quickened the warm roving blood of young Hughes—and slow journeys along the African West Coast—in Dakar—and days in "Gay Paree"—and of beachcombing!

Most arresting of all the poems in the book are the shorter ones with their strangely quickening interest—poems that seemed to have been written with a sudden fury of eagerness that leaped boldly from one subject to another.

SEA CALM

How still
How strangely still
The water is today.
It is not good
For water
To be still that way.

And then there is audaciousness and utter frankness in the poems too:

CARIBBEAN SUNSET

God having a hemorrhage,
Blood coughed across the sky
Staining the dark sea red.
That is sunset in the Caribbean.

And note how Mr. Hughes throws conventionality to the winds and sings of this forbidden thing:

CROSS

My old man's a white old man,
And my old mother's black.
If ever I cursed my white old man
I take my curses back.

If ever I cursed by black old mother
And wished she were in hell,
I'm sorry for that evil wish,
And now I wish her well.

My old man died in a fine big house
My ma died in a shack.
I wonder where I'm gonna die
Being neither white nor black.

Then varying his moods like the kaleidoscopic scenes of his far-blown wanderings, Mr. Hughes shows the enthusiasm of his art in this poem

We have tomorrow
Bright before us
Like a flame.

And dawn today—
Broad arch above the road we came!

The book, published by Alfred Knopf, New York, should interest all lovers of poetry at least for the primitive audaciousness of Mr. Hughes' poetic lines.

NEW YORK CITY POST
JANUARY 8, 1926

Elkins Negro Ensemble

The Elkins Negro Ensemble, composed of voices selected from female choruses and the Dextra Male Chorus, will give a concert of negro spirituals and secular music in Town Hall tomorrow. There will be a group of negro spirituals for male voices, arranged by William C. Elkins, and another for mixed voices by Burleigh, Johnson and Diton. The secular music will consist of a group by Sullivan, Storch, Johnson and Sprague for male voices and "O Southland" and "A Southern Lullaby" by Harry T. Burleigh and "My Lady's Lips and "Swing Along" by Will Marion Cook.

NEW YORK CITY POST
FEBRUARY 8, 1926

Roland Hayes and New York Symphony

Hanging from the chandeliers, lined some twenty-three rows deep along the walls, jammed into every available bit of space, the "Deep River"ians appeared in full force at Mecca Auditorium yesterday to hear Roland Hayes in three negro spirituals under the benevolent auspices of Mr. Otto Klemperer and the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Sad it must make Mr. Hayes, or perhaps amused, to note that such perfect artistry as he imparted to the singing of Mozart's air, "Si Mostra la Sorte," was received by this tremendous audience with merely ordinary enthusiasm, while the cheers and ovation were reserved for "Deep River" and "All God's Chillun." Mr. Hayes, it is generally admitted by now, is not a spiritual singer. His voice is too polished, his manner too precise, his sensitivity too delicate for songs of rather proletarian emotionalism and fervor. Yet he must continue to crowd auditoriums by singing to the end of his days, one supposed negro spirituals.

Mr. Klemperer's contribution to the afternoon was a repetition of works he had conducted during the previous week—the Beethoven "Pastoral" Symphony, the Stravinsky "Pulcinella Suite," and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

NEW YORK CITY POST
FEBRUARY 10, 1926

SPIRITUALS IN DANGER OF "JAZZ" POPULARITY

Singer of Negro Hymns Fears They
May Lose Their Original
Significance

ASSAILED USE IN CABARETS

Loving the negro spirituals for her understanding of their pathos and spiritual note of freedom, Miss Marguerite Cartwright of Huntsville, Ala., has come forward to defend them from the music hall popularity that may make of them what supper clubs have made of the Charleston.

"The spirituals are expressions of the tragedy, the suffering and the grief of the negro when he was in slavery. Essentially he was a freedom loving person, almost as emotional as his primitive forbears. God endowed him with a voice and a sense of rhythm and music that is never stilled. Vocal religion was the outlet for this emotionalism, the only outlet that he had in the days when he was bound in slavery. Out of that has come the spirituals, and they should be preserved as such, as the self-expression of a race."

Miss Cartwright, who is now living in New York, sings the spirituals under the auspices of the Board of Education. Learning them in childhood from her negro "Mammy," she studied them later for a better understanding of their meaning. She attended "camp meetings," church services, listening to the singing of "chain gangs" and understood that with singing, the negro finds pleasure in labor.

"To the negroes they are sacred," Miss Cartwright says. "And for that reason they should not be jazzed and sung lightly in cabarets. I do not object to the singing of the spirituals in theatres. I sing them there myself, but I would like them to be sung as any other hymns of any other race would be sung."

"In their inception the spirituals were sung by men and women who could not read or write. They were taken from the Bible and sung in the cotton fields and church meeting. There is in all of them a strain of pathos, of suffering that characterizes them. There is nothing like that can be compared with folk songs of other races."

Often they are sung without words, hummed that takes on volume with the strain of pathos, of suffering that characterizes them. There is nothing like that can be compared with folk songs of other races."

Miss Cartwright is not afraid that the spiritual has "seen its day," as so many people believe, with the education of the negro and his consequent opportunity to study other music.

A LIE NEVER HELPED ANY CAUSE

(From The Atlanta Independent, December 24, 1925)

Below we take a clipping from the editorial page of the Chicago Defender which reached Atlanta, Georgia, Friday morning before Roland Hayes sang Friday night. The editorial must have been written and mailed in Chicago Wednesday in order to be in Atlanta Friday morning. What we wish to call the public's attention to, is the falsehood and misrepresentation willfully and deliberately entered into by the Editor of the Chicago Defender. He could not have based his editorial upon a dispatch sent by an irresponsible reporter, for the reason that Mr. Hayes had not sung at the time the Defender reached Atlanta and the editorial to have reached Atlanta when it did must have been written three days before Mr. Hayes appeared at the Auditorium. It is all right to boost your section of the country, but it is never right to do so at the expense of another section. The truth is always justifiable, whether it hurts or helps. A lie willfully and deliberately propagated is never justifiable and recoils to hurt the man or men who promote it. We take the editorial below ad libitatem verbatim as follows:

1-2-26

ROLAND HAYES, ART AND RACE PREJUDICE

Race and color were forgotten Monday night when all races crowded into Orchestra Hall to listen, enrapt, to the singing of Roland Hayes and to pay him homage. There certainly could have been no thoughts of prejudice in the minds of white people who shook hands with Hindus, Chinese, Filipinos and their American brothers, while their faces looked up as one to catch the beautiful fleeting tones that fell from the bronzed throat of the singer. It was an ideal setting for an American theater.

Contrast that setting with the one in Atlanta when Mr. Hayes sang in the city auditorium there the latter part of this week. There we had the white people occupying the main floor seats and boxes and our people sitting in corners of the balcony and gallery.

In Chicago the price alone determined the seat—in Atlanta the seats were governed by the color of the applicant. Yet, Roland Hayes was the same color in Atlanta that he was here. His voice was fundamentally the same. The only real difference between that recital and the one in Chicago was the attitude of those listening. In the galleries there must have been real enjoyment—but tempered with a smouldering resentment toward those sitting so smugly on the main floor. Downstairs, self-satisfied whites must have smirked and applauded with their superior, patronizing airs. And they probably went away thinking that they had taken in all that the program had to offer. But did they?

And we follow the editorial with a report of the concert as it appeared in the Atlanta Constitution Saturday morning following Mr. Hayes' appearance Friday night.

FAMOUS NEGRO TENOR GIVEN OVATION BY BIG AUDIENCE

Roland Hayes, formerly of Rome, Ga., the son of an ex-slave, who has risen to fame in the musical world by reason of a superb tenor voice and his mastery of technique, enthralled a large and attentive audience at the auditorium Friday night with a variety of selections ranging from eighteenth century songs from Mozart to Negro spirituals. It was his first appearance in public in his native state and the recognition accorded him was largely in the nature of an ovation.

The auditorium had been divided into sections, one for whites and the other for Negroes. Some of Atlanta's most representative citizens, numbering the leaders among lovers of grand opera were in attendance.

The very walls of the auditorium reverberated from the applause

accorded the tenor following his rendition of "Le Reve" (from "Manon") by Massenet, and after responding to three calls, the singer rendered an encore.

The first of his selections was an aria by Mozart, "Talia e contiene," and "When I Am Laid to Rest" (Dido and Aeneas), by Purcell. With each succeeding selection it seemed that the applause, following each number increased.

He next scored in a number of German "lieder" songs by Schubert and Wolf, and a group of English and French songs. "The Dreamy Lake," by Griffith, which was rendered just prior to the concluding Negro spiritual numbers, brought hearty applause, and the singer, forced to an encore, sang two Negro spiritual songs, "Didn't It Rain?" and "The Water Boy."

Among the Negro spirituals, each of which held the audience's rapt attention, were "Wade in De Water," "Every Time I Feel De Spirit," "Deep River" and "Lit'l David, Play on Yo' Harp."

The piano accompaniments by William Lawrence were ideal.

The arrangement of the guests in the house was just the opposite of what the Defender said. The Auditorium is a large assembly hall, seating 8,000 people. The house was comfortably filled and the division of seats were as follows: Everybody entering the front door at the Main Entrance; the colored patrons turning to the left and occupying all the seats and boxes on the main floor and the balconies; white people turning to the right and occupying all the seats and boxes on the right hand side of the house. Negro ushers served both races, showing them to their seats and offering them the usual courtesies akin to such occasions. The house was equally divided among the races and there was no friction; the white people leading in the cheering and the encores; Mr. Hayes appearing at his best and the Defender's story to the contrary, notwithstanding. The only difference in the Chicago house and the Atlanta house, was the Negro did not sit mixed up with the white people as the Negro did in Chicago, but we had equal accommodation, equal service and hardly think we would have cared to swap the conditions at the Hayes Concert in Atlanta for the conditions of the Hayes Concert in Chicago.

We have attended theaters and movie-houses in Chicago and the Negro patrons are segregated there as nearly as it can be done without violating the law. On one occasion we were in the Illinois Theater and there were nine Negroes all on one row and we did not see a Negro anywhere else in the house that could be distinguished by his color from a white man. The rule in the North at the box, when one Negro buys a seat, they segregate so many other seats in the neighborhood of the first seat sold, and every Negro thereafter who applies for a seat is sold a seat in that neighborhood. But the one thing we wish to call the public's attention to is the misrepresentation and falsehood propagated by the Defender for no other purpose than to stir up racial strife both in the North and in the South. Racial dissension is spreading country-wide. In Chicago Negro residences and Churches are being bombed. Race riots have prevailed in the past in Chicago just as they have in Atlanta. Segregation is rampant in Chicago and other northern and western cities just as it is in the South. Race prejudice is no longer a local evil, but a national evil, and the Chicago Defender will not help the situation by willful and malicious false representations.

The Truth always helps, but a lie or falsehood never has, and never will help any cause.

Racial strife is bad enough in this country without aggravating or intensifying conditions—there is nothing to gain by falsehood. The truth, like honesty, is always the best policy.

It may be all right, Brother Abbott, to live in the North and misrepresent the South, but it doesn't help his race down here. The mischief-making white man will seize upon the Defender's blunder to punish those of us who no more stand for the Defender's propaganda than they do. Let us all be honest and tell the truth and be free.

ROLAND HAYES GIVEN OVATION AT AUDITORIUM

Roland Hayes, Negro tenor soloist, who appeared at the new auditorium last Tuesday night, was accorded an ovation by an audience of 3,500 white and colored music lovers and curiosity seekers. He proved himself an artist of high rank, with occasional dramatic expression that revealed hidden fire.

His voice is sweeter possibly and more mellow than on his previous appearances here, when there was a tendency to rudeness, which he has overcome. He revealed golden tones in the Springtime song and inanon's "Reve" that are unusual on the concert stage. His technique was displayed in the rendition of an aria from Mozart.

Negro spirituals, as sung, were his most popular numbers, but not until the encores in his final numbers did he reveal the best natural art in his possession and sing spirituals as they should be sung. His first efforts, with three songs, were entirely too much like the efforts of a white man to display technique without a single nuance of feeling. "Crucifixion" at the last was sung as only a Negro could sing it.

ROLAND W. HAYES SINGS TO LARGE MIXED AUDIENCE

Roland Hayes, internationally famed tenor, whose singing before an audience in Atlanta, Ga., in which the audience was separated on account of color, caused a national furor, would make no statement Tuesday night after his recital at the Washington Auditorium, regarding his attitude toward appearing in concert in places

where his race was segregated or Jim-crowed.

1-9-26
Mr. Hayes, who was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Milton A. Francis, 2109 Pennsylvania Avenue, Northwest, promised an interview and a concert appearance here. When a Tribune reporter presented himself, Mr. Hayes feigned fatigue. He stated that he was too tired to make any statement; in fact, that he had said all he could in his singing. He referred the reporter to his secretary without results.

It was originally planned here to restrict colored people to the balcony. As soon as this plan became known, the colored press, Neval H. Thomas, and the Ministerial Alliance of this city began a crusade against the proposed segregation. Then the concert management sought a compromise by offering the Atlanta, Ga., plan, which was to divide the house into two parts, one part to be occupied by colored and the other part by white. The same forces, which began the fight, expressed their contempt for any such arrangement. When it became apparent from the advance sale of seats that the concert was about to fail, Mrs. Wilson-Greene, the promoter, announced that there would be no segregation. In order to assure this, a group of ministers headed by the Rev. W. H. Jernagin, Rev. H. J. Medford, and G. O. Bullock purchased \$110 worth of seats scattered over the auditorium.

After this purchase, however, the selling of tickets was so adroitly done, that colored people were generally seated in groups and in but few instances were white and colored persons sitting side by side. The whites mainly occupied the center aisles of the orchestra with the colored on the right and left.

Hayes in Baltimore

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 6.—Roland Hayes upon his arrival here today for his concert appearance Thursday night would not make known his attitude on singing before audiences in which his race was segregated.

Mrs. Wilson-Greene, who had charge of his concert arrangements in Washington, is also in charge here, and unless there is an eleventh hour change, those colored persons who attend will be segregated.

Number For Symphony Orchestra Composed By Clarence White

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 6.—A composition for full symphony orchestra, written by Clarence White, has been selected to grace the Charleston Symphony Orchestra in their concert this week. Mr. White is a violinist of international fame and is director of the West Virginia Collegiate Institute.

was requested by the conductor of the Charleston Symphony Orchestra to compose the number and has been working on it all summer.

Several seasons ago, the Boston Symphony Orchestra at one of its popular concerts played one of Mr. White's compositions. Samuel Coleridge Taylor is the only other composer of colored blood whose works are often done by leading symphony orchestras. Mr. Taylor, incidentally, was Mr. White's teacher in Composition while the latter studied in Europe.

NEW YORK CITY WORKS
JANUARY 10, 1926

NEGRO IS RIDING INTO PROMINENCE BY THE SPIRITUAL

Whites Display Great Interest in Hearing the Melodies, but Few Essay to Sing Them

By Lester A. Walton

Negro music has established itself as one of the season's unique forms of entertainment. Never before has the spiritual attracted such widespread and favorable attention. But it is being more generally heard than sung. Hundreds sing its praise, but do not sing it.

Some think this music sooner or later will attain the same degree of popularity as selections in current musical attractions, or arias from operas and oratorios. Others are inclined to believe the spiritual is destined to find its place among our favorite religious melodies.

On the wave of kindly concern for the spiritual the Negro is riding into prominence in the concert field. Buds of promise and musicians of ripe experience are using Negro music as a key to unlock the door of opportunity previously closed against them. They are now able to get a hearing in theaters on Broadway, concert halls and on the radio.

Spirituals on Programs

Roland Hayes always includes spirituals on his program. Paul Robeson, recently returned from London, where he appeared in "The Emperor

Jones," has taken up concert work. Assisted by Lawrence Brown, he is giving what is advertised as a "soul-stirring program of Negro music" in the larger cities. J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon, who have been entertaining large Sunday night audiences downtown with Negro spirituals, are en tour.

Julius Bledsoe, young baritone; Will Marion Cook, whose Negro songs were sung on Broadway more than a quarter of a century ago, and the Elkins Negro Ensemble, under William Elkins, formerly choral director of the Williams and Walker company, have been among those to bid for public favor as artists.

Harry T. Burleigh, the first in recent years to reach exceptional fame among music lovers for the Negro spiritual by his arrangements, is conspicuously absent from the concert stage. Some months ago at Town Hall he rendered a cycle of spirituals, assisted by the St. George's Choir, composed of white singers.

Hitherto white soloists occasionally have used the Negro spiritual in recital, but the leading exponents of this brand of music this season have been colored. Often the Negro creates and presents something in dance and song which is later taken up by the white American and exploited in such manner as to reap both fame and large financial remuneration.

It was so with ragtime introduced years ago by Ernest Hogan and other Negro musicians. It has been so with dance steps, the present Charleston craze being the most recent example. Among the few creations the Negro managed to retain as undeniably his own was the cakewalk. Somehow white folk just could not improve on this. Somehow they seem to get more enjoyment out of hearing Negroes sing spirituals than singing it themselves.

Several influences have contributed to Negro music's new-found popularity. The singing over the radio of selections by the Link, Tuskegee and Hampton quartets and quintets has been one factor. The publication of books on the spiritual, edited by James Weldon Johnson and R. Emmet Kennedy, has materially quickened interest. And the publicity given by the press and magazines in reviewing these works has played no small part in the awakening of a higher and more deserved appreciation in what Mr. Johnson in "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" characterizes as "America's only folk music, and up to this time the finest distinctive artistic contribution she has to offer the world."

An Ardent Admirer

Charles Foster Peabody, philanthropist of New York City and Saratoga Springs, is one of the most enthusiastic admirers and champions of Negro music, both the spiritual and folk song. For years he has spent time and money in an effort to bring about a larger interest in this Negro

contribution. He was associated with the late Natalie Curtis Burlin in the study and publication of "Negro Folk Songs" and has given numerous talks, particularly in the South, advising Negroes to value highly the music they have given to America if they expect others to do so.

Negro musicians differ as to whether the spiritual should be sung by soloists or in ensemble. Certainly there can be no discounting of the effectiveness of the former method in view of the successes scored this winter. Yet it is worth a trip to Tuskegee, Alabama, to hear 2,000 students inspiring sing in unison "Go Down Moses" or "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Well do I remember the thrill given me by several hundred youngsters who stirringly chanted Negro spirituals during my visit in 1922 to the Fort Valley High and Industrial School, Fort Valley, Ga.

HAYES SINGS BEFORE MANY IN NEW YORK

Hundreds Hear Gifted Artist in Recital at Carnegie Hall

THEATRE IS PACKED

Brilliant Tenor Thrills the Manhattan Patrons in Recital

(By Preston News Service.)

New York, Feb. 5.—Roland Hayes, the brilliant tenor who has joined that small group of the popular select who can be counted on Carnegie Hall, gave his third and last concert of the season there last Wednesday night. He seemed to be in fine voice and aroused an audience which almost crowded him off the stage to applause that would have been highly gratifying to the high class features on Sunday night's broadcast.

Mr. Hayes' talents and capabilities are well known to the music public of New York, for twice this season he has already proven the fine lyric quality of his voice, his admirable presence, his

thorough grounding in the art of music, and too, the occasional nasalities and curious tightness that keep his voice from true greatness. He is ever an extraordinarily interesting performer.

On his program that night appeared several Beethoven songs, a group of charming lieder by Brahms, Quilter's "Over the Mountains," Henry Cowell's "The Fairy Fountain" and a group of spirituals. He was forced to give frequent encores.

NEW YORK CITY CELEBRATES NEGRO MUSIC

New York, N. Y.—During the past month New York City has quite done its bit in perpetuating the rhythm and soul of Negro music. Following an open musical forum at the Hotel Plaza, at which J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon sang Negro spirituals, a concert of Negro music in aid of the Negro Art School was given in the Ambassador Theatre under the direction of Will Marion Cook.

Besides numbers by Harry Burleigh, James Bland, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and other noted Negro composers, Cook's famous "Mammy" sung by Miss Abbie Mitchell, and "Swing Along" were faultlessly rendered to a packed house.

JUBILEE SONGS BROADCASTED

Hundreds of thousands of people listened in on the special program broadcasted from WSM at eight o'clock Sunday night of this week when they sang Jubilee Melodies and Folk Songs. The National Jubilee Melody seems, according to information to be all the rage, and the program, judging from information reaching this city, was one of high class features on Sunday night's broadcast.

One of the daily papers in Chicago this week contained the following news item:

Songs of the South, which comprise today the principal folk songs of America, will be given by the Fisk University Sextet over WSM at 8 o'clock tonight. Many of these Negro spirituals have never been written, but have been handed down through generations. The concert will be the third of a series by Fisk students this year. Nashville has something to offer in the way of spirituals.

Papers Call On Hayes To Give Up Spingarn Medal

Roland Hayes And His Mixed Audiences

Editorial—Washington Eagle

To sing or not to sing—that is the question which will be put squarely up to Roland Hayes January 5th when he appears as soloist at Washington Auditorium. If he finds that the gallery or the balcony has been set aside for Negroes as pariahs and outcasts, what will he do? Will he do what Nathaniel Dett and Hallie Q. Brown, and other Negro singers of the District of Columbia did last year? Or will he taunt and rebuke the anti-segregationists now being made in Washington by colored citizens?

He has a precedent of recent date here, aside from colored precedents, in the case of Challapin, who refused to appear at the auditorium when arrangements were not such as to suit his temperament. If Hayes can accommodate his temperament to singing to a box office that sends Negroes up in the loft, the question arises in Hayes the man to wear the Spingarn medal of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People?

Certainly if Hayes appears on the program he will have put colored Washingtonians sixty years back into slavery times in their fight against segregation. If Hayes appears on the program at the auditorium which is "tabu" as far as Negroes are concerned, and has been so for many months, then we rise to remark, and our language is plain, that Ernest Just, James Weldon Johnson, W. E. B. DuBois and all other Negroes who have been awarded the Spingarn medal, should demand that Hayes be called on to return the medal, or they themselves should return theirs to the association.

For Hayes to sing where Negroes are segregated will be such an outrage as should compel Negro restaurants and Y. W. C. A. Cafeterias to refuse him service when he wants to eat. As we see it, Hayes should be compelled to eat in Mrs. Wilson-Greene's kitchen, or in Oliver Kuhn's garage, if he sings before any audience where the box office directs Negroes to the gallery.

Roland Hayes has become one of the world's most famous and outstanding tenors. Musical stars are among the fewest in the heavens. There are millions of musicians, and to none reach the heights "he have men sought and won." Delibes and Caruso group of songsters always has but a few of the real stars in it. Roland Hayes happens to be in the group at this time. He got into it by hard study and sacrifice and labor. And he is not white nor near white. He is black. More, Mr. Hayes is just as sensitive about his reputation and things which affect it as white artists are famous for being.

When he appears in the North and West there is never any question about where members of his race who want to hear him shall sit. They sit where they wish and are able to pay for the privilege. That is as it should be. He does not expect that the color line shall be drawn on his audiences in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and the like. It goes as a matter of fact that persons will pay for what they want and sit where they pay to sit. That is as it should be.

When Mr. Hayes has sung in the South during the present and the past year, there has been more or less friction on account of drawing the color line, or attempting to draw it, at his recitals. The latest case was in Washington, and those concerned had to hustle to keep down trouble and break the color bar arrangements. Naturally the great artist could not be at his best in recital after a hot fight to prevent himself and race from being discriminated against and humiliated at the artist's own recital. The case would be precisely the same if a Jewish, or French, or Polish artist should be asked to appear in recital when he knew that members of his race would be discriminated against and humiliated in the seating, and none of those artists with any race pride whatsoever would tolerate any such discrimination. Why expect Roland Hayes to do so simply because he is black. It is stupid, it is idiotic, to do so.

When the social equality bugaboo is carried into civil and economic service and accommodation it shows that it is not only unwise but maliciously foolish.

Roland Hayes Arrives Here For Jim Crow Concert At The Lyric Theatre

Singer Shows Effect of reverse tide of public opinion. Refused to sing in Washington until segregation was banned. Pastors here protest Jim Crow

Roland Hayes, celebrated tenor, arrived in Baltimore Wednesday for his concert Thursday evening at the Lyric Theatre.

With him as accompanist, Wm. D. Francis, and his secretary, They were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Edward J. Whalley, 1230 Druid Hill Avenue.

The tenor showed the strain of bombardment he has received from all sections of the country for singing in an Atlanta, Ga., music hall where his own race occupied Jim crow seats.

From ~~the~~ ~~overseas~~, acclaimed because of his European and American success, Mr. Hayes became overnight an outcast and betrayed his race for gold.

Fight In D. C.

In Washington where the tenor sang Tuesday evening, the city was aroused as never before thru announcements that Hayes would sing at the auditorium with colored persons Jim crowed in the balcony and first floor.

Led by the ministers, the press, the N. A. A. C. P., and the Equal Rights League, Hayes was called on to have his management change seating arrangements or call off his concert.

Newspaper editorials called upon Hayes to turn in his Spingarn medal or the N. A. A. C. P. would be asked to demand its return. Examples of Nathaniel Dett and Hampton singers who refused to sing in the Washington auditorium when colored people were Jim crowed were cited.

Belabored and harassed, Hayes called up Mrs. Wilson Green, booking agent, and refused to sing unless the Jim crow seating arrangements were done away with.

The Wilson Green Agency, which is handling also the Baltimore concert told the AFRO today that colored people are being seated in the balcony mainly and on the left side of the first floor. This is the same arrangement which prevailed at the Atlanta Ga. concert.

A delegation, headed by Rev. C. H. Stepleau, Dr. Ernest Lyon, Wm.

with Mr. Hayes upon his arrival in L. Fitzgerald, sought an interview Baltimore.

Both Dr. Lyon and Dr. Stepleau from their pulpits Sunday condemned the Jim crow arrangements at the Lyric and declared no self-respecting colored person would pay to be Jim crowed.

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In Washington where the tenor sang Tuesday evening, the city was aroused as never before thru an interview after the concert tonight. After the concert he claimed that he was to be interviewed and that he could do all he could in his singing.

The selling of tickets was no adroitly done that colored people were seated in groups and there was little contact between the races.

A group of ministers headed by

Reverend W. H. Jernagin purchased one hundred ten dollars worth of tickets to insure against segregation but auditorium is so large that it had little effect in preventing the grouping of colored persons. The whites mainly occupied the center aisles of the orchestra with the colored on the right and left. There were few colored scattered throughout.

Colored newspapers, Neval H. Thomas and ministers led in fight against segregation.

Hayes was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Milton A. Francis, 2108 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., while here.

—4-20

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Washington, (Tuesday)—AFRO

Roland Hayes, most talked of man in the community during the week, following the boycott that was put upon his appearance at the Washington Auditorium by colored music lovers, which was only lifted when concrete evidence was given that there would be no segregation at the recital—has come and gone. Metropolitan dailies have accorded him a wholesome measure of praise. Certainly at the auditorium Tuesday night he was all things to all men. To Mrs. Wilson-Green, promoter, he was a successful box office. She thought at first that, to get a white audience she would have to send Negroes to the gallery. When Negroes changed her mind, she thought she had lost her white audience by admitting Negroes indiscriminately. And finally she discovered that mixing races for such a concert was a good business proposition.

To the colored Washingtonian, the occasion was a revelation of innate power of intelligently directed effort. Told that he was to be segregated, if he appeared as in Atlanta, the Washington Negro, with natural cockiness said that he would occupy the identical seats that the whites occupied, and he did. There was no complaint, and no disturbance. No white people walked out, and all colored folk stayed in.

To the white theatre-goer, there was a new understanding of a cultured Negro audience. To the colored theatre-goer there was a suggestion that evening dress is in order in the evening.

And lastly, to Roland Hayes, himself, he was the inimitable. How well we remember the late lamented George Walker, just before he lost his mind, as he posed before his life-sized mirror and exclaimed, "I am the greatest living comedian," until they took him to the psychiatrist. We could not refrain from imagining, and the idea came often, that Hayes posed Tuesday night to gaze into the crystal darkly, and thumbed his suspenders, while he said to his likeness in the glass, "I am the greatest living tenor."

ROLAND HAYES THE ARTIST, NOT THE MAN

It would be well for Mr. Hayes' critics in discussing his public conduct, not to forget that he is a character with a dual personality—the man and the artist; and the public is only interested in him as an artist and not as a man. Further than to know that Roland Hayes is a gentleman of good moral habits, the public is not concerned.

His value as an asset to the race, as well as his contribution to society, is measured by his worth as an artist.

If the public does not differentiate so finely, the newspaper men should see the point and use common sense in their criticisms, and discuss the artist and not the man. We editors, in common with the public, should come to ourselves—come down out of the air and discuss every day problem in a practical way—quit debating the superficial and discuss the real.

Roland Hayes is not a race leader and makes no pretension as such, and as a man, he is not to be taken any more serious than any first-class shoemaker, lawyer, doctor or any other scientist or mechanic of industry and good habits.

The effort to stage a tempest in a teapot because he gives concerts in the south and other sections of our country where the race is jimmied and segregated, will perish of its own silliness, and possibly, admonish his critics, that common sense, like every day honesty, is the best policy, and that they have made a lot of noise about nothing.

Mr. Hayes, like Booker T. Washington, Major Moton or Henry Lincoln Johnson, in his line is demonstrating the inherent possibilities of the race—and his worth must be read in the light of race capacity and not as a race leader.

John McCormick portrays what a white man can do as a leading tenor singer, and Roland Hayes has proven what a black man can do as a world tenor. Whether he proves his worth in Jimcrow Baltimore or in classic Boston, is immaterial. What the world wants, is the delivery of the goods, and it does not care whether Hayes or McCormick sings before the Royalty of Europe or in a segregated playhouse in Washington, D. C. It is not where you sing but how well you sing. It is the art and the science that counts in the making.

Mr. Hayes' critics would find the application of the Golden Rule very helpful in the solution of their problem, if they would apply its spirit in their discussions. The Golden Rule has solved many vexatious personal questions by the application of its principles.

Let his critics put themselves in his position and ask themselves, What would they do if their places were reversed?

Many of Roland Hayes' critics have goods to sell. Mr. Hayes' stock and trade is talent. Must he refuse to sell his goods to an anxious and waiting world because some parts of the world elect to arrange the personnel of the market places? Have the critics and newspaper men who condemn the world's greatest tenor built first-class theaters or auditoriums for the race's artists to display their talent in? Have they rate pride and loyalty enough to support our men and women of letters, art and song? Mr. Hayes must have a market for his goods, and if the race cannot furnish it, he must, in self-defense, find a market and sell to the people who are able to buy, or go out of business, as ninety percent of all our race enterprises do for the lack of race support.

It is about time the Negro was coming to himself and looking conditions squarely in the face. Stop theorizing—stop seeming, and be. Let us find ourselves—act within our means and opportunity until such time as our means and opportunity will enlarge our field of activity.

Roland Hayes is not great because he is a Negro. There are two vital elements that enter into his greatness—his native genius and the white man's O. K. Without either of these essentials, he would not be the world's greatest tenor of today. With all of his talent, he could not have gotten very far without money to develop it and the opportunity to advertise his voice and talent to the world. Possibly, a white man discovered the investment value of his talent and gave the world the opportunity to bow at his feet and applaud his genius.

White men fix the worth of men, their talent and production in the marts of the world, and unless black men can come up to the standard set by them, they do not get very far in the world of mind and matter.

Those who criticize Mr. Hayes do not believe in his greatness of their own knowledge of the science of music and song; but applaud his genius because the white man says he is great. Some of his critics have suggested that in consequence of the fact that he has disgraced himself by singing in auditoriums where the races are segregated, that he ought to return the Spingarn Medal to the N. A. A. C. P. The suggestion is silly and shows the character of the fellow who suggested it. Let us submit that Roland Hayes has never been helped nor hurt by the award. It added nothing to his fame nor took anything from it and if it is returned on demand or otherwise, the Association will be the loser and not Mr. Hayes. If there was any honor in the award in the first instance, the Association received it and not Roland Hayes. Roland Hayes has made his contribution, not only to Negro life, but to the world's greatness, and his critics cannot obliterate it. His fame

is imperishable, and he has written his name by his voice, among the "Immortals." And until those who abuse him, have built some play houses for the cultivation and development of Negro talent and furnished audiences that pay for and appreciate the talent of Negro artists, let them learn in silence that wisdom keeps a still tongue and silliness makes a loud noise.

Roland Hayes is not an orator, but a singer—not a leader, but a white man's stock argument, "The Negro is inferior." He is helping to make a place for his race in the world among the races who do things—that create wealth, respectability and character; and he can do his job as well in the segregated south as he can in the realm of "social equality," if his critics leave found such a place on earth out of his way and entered the vineyard, and when he got in, he looked back and soliloquized:

"A great big mouth,
A hell of a noise,
And nothing done."

SPIRITUAL REAL SURVIVAL OF AFRICAN MUSIC IN U. S.

Ballanta, African Music Crit'c, Says Songs Of South Are Identical To The Tunes Sung In His Country

NEW YORK, Sept. 22. — (Special Release) — Nicholas George Julius Ballanta, a full-blooded Negro, has the unique position of being the investigator of music in Africa. This student of music who has penetrated the reluctant hinterland of the dark continent's western coast and brought out some secrets of its native music, who has sought traces of it in the United States from Maine to Florida, declared in one of his writings recently that the Negro spirituals of this country is the real survival of African music brought to this country by the slaves.

Africans Are Musicians

In his Article Ballanta stated:

The foreigner thinks of African music as little more than the monotonous beating of the tom-tom; but as a master of art, the chief's musicians have instruments with as many as twenty-one strings and play them elaborately. The art is taken seriously, learned by diligent application, and exhibited with pride. He who would become a musician to the chief enters when a child the hut that serves as the music institute of the village, and remains for many years devoting himself entirely to the mastery of drum or flute. The teachers work full time training these boys in the technique of their instruments, imparting to them all the age-old tunes and signals they must know and teaching students of various instruments in play in collective harmony.

A System of Its Own

African music. Ballanta found is not the hit-or-miss expression of noise-loving savages, but a definite painstakingly developed system rooted in centuries of what might be called a species of culture. From it jazz need not be ashamed to be sprung. Ballanta, however, is not prepared to claim jazz as African. It is essentially Western in everything except its basic principle—rhythm—which he feels is unmistakably African.

Suppose an American jazz orchestra, in a Nigerian forest clearing, produced saxophones and trap drums and struck up some tune that broadway loves. Wooly heads would be

sure to pop out of huts; and, if their owners were not too astonished or frightened at the visiting apparition, black feet would soon be beating in time with the measures. In other words, the natives would respond to jazz strains and the effect would have much in common with an American dance floor; the one-step and the fox trot are seen in Africa and the Charleston, or something so like it that Ballanta could not tell the difference, he asserts, is Africa's own. The African, catching enough of the spirit to go ahead, would yet feel that there was something wrong with the music, something he could not explain. Likewise, says the man from Sierra Leone, if some black chief's band were suddenly transported to the platform of a New York dance hall and bidden to give forth their best, the dancers would continue stepping; but they would have a similar feeling that something had gone wrong.

"If African music had never come to this country," says Ballanta, "there would be no jazz. The rhythm is the fundamental thing and that is African. Over and over again, all along the Western coast, you hear it wherever the natives dance. But the rhythm is the only African thing about jazz. The synchronization, the harmony and so on are purely Western. The two forms do not go together.

"American jazz is built on a simple rhythm; African dance music starts out the same way, but soon becomes more and more complete. The musicians begin, hardly noticeable at first, to introduce another rhythm, then another. The dancer, starting out to keep time with his feet to the first, uses his body to keep time with the second, his head with the third. When feet go in one-two rhythm, body in triple and

head in quintuple, you have something different. American jazz never goes that far. It presumes that you have but two things to dance with, your two feet; and the rhythm remains simple.

Rhythm Only Likeness

"In everything but that basic rhythm American music is different and struck up some tune that Broadway loves. Your music has been developed so scientifically that it is most difficult

to understand. Ours has a scientific basis, but it is altogether more natural. An African dance tune, for instance, speaks not only to the African but also to any human being and prompts him to dance. But jazz has done this for you; it has developed the American sense of rhythm. You seem to have much more of the feeling for rhythm than was evident when I first came to America.

"In America everything is individual; in Africa it is communal. Our music is developed in the group. You always have a director to stand up in front of your orchestra; but although we have a band leader, giving directions through the beat of the drum, the audience is not aware of him. In singing, you have tenor, bass and so on; but in Africa no one sings just one part. He may drop from tenor to bass on successive notes, just because he feels that such and such a note is lacking in the whole. He takes it upon himself to supply what others do not. We know nothing of your 'do, re, me,' but sing all around the scale. Again, Western music requires balance and form. But African music makes no such demands; it knows nothing of chord progressions and the like, but proceeds in the way the musician judges best.

"The place where you may look for the real survival of African music in America is not in jazz—that has grown up too much in the Western way—but in the 'songs' of the South. Many of the 'spirituals' still heard in the South, too, may also be heard—the identical melody in Africa.

FROM *musical America*

NEW YORK CITY
Aug 31/26

African Music Studied by
Investigator

LONDON, July 16.—A study of the music of West Africa is being made by N. J. Ballanta-Taylor, a native of Freetown, Sierra Leone, who recently visited London on his way to America. In New York he will report on his past two years' work to George Foster Peabody, Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, Dr. R. R. Moton, Booker Washington's successor at Tuskegee, and other members of the committee of Negro and White people, who are interested in African problems, and who have made themselves responsible for the support of his investigations. Mr. Ballanta-Taylor studied at the New York Institute of Musical Art under Dr. Damrosch. He hopes to be able to proceed with

his plans for the making of a piano with seventeen notes to an octave, so that African music can be accurately rendered.

POST
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOV 21 1926

CONCERT WILL BEGIN GALA CLASSIC WEEK FOR NEGRO GROUPS

Mme. Evanti, Coloratura Soprano, Will Be at Belasco Theater Tonight.

HOWARD U. STADIUM DEDICATED THURSDAY

Dinners, Dances and Receptions to Mark Annual Game With Lincoln U.

Celebration of "classic week" by colored citizenry of the National Capital, centering principally about the annual gridiron contest between Howard and Lincoln varsity teams on Thanksgiving afternoon will be ushered in tonight with the appearance in concert of Mme. Lillian Evanti, coloratura soprano, at the Belasco theater. Marian Anderson, contralto, and Roland Hayes, lyric tenor, are also on the week's program of events, which is interspersed with unusual social festivities.

While the dedication of the new stadium at Howard and the clash with her keenest rival will attract thousands of colored visitors, music lovers have been provided with the foremost colored artists in America for their delectation, all of whom will appear in programs of classic type, including arias from the principal operas and the loftier type of negro spirituals by Burleigh and Will Cook.

Singer From Monte Carlo.

Lillian Evanti, product of this city, who has during the two winters past sung in leading operatic roles in Paris and Nice and Monte Carlo, and who has just completed an American concert tour, will be presented tonight. She will return to France next week, following a New York engagement. There she has a long-term contract for appearances in operatic roles.

Miss Marian Anderson, contralto, of

Philadelphia, who has delighted audiences here, and who has recently completed a successful American tour, will appear in recital Tuesday night at the Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal church, as a benefit for the Lincoln Temple Congregational church. Miss Anderson came into prominence last year when she won the College of the City of New York stadium musical contest over 300 entrants.

At the Washington auditorium Roland Hayes, negro tenor of international fame, will appear Saturday evening, with William Lawrence as accompanist. While all of these appearances will prove of interest to music lovers, the climax of the week will be the unusual celebration at Howard university on Thanksgiving day, culminating in the annual clash between the "Bisons" and the "Lions."

Madden Will Be Speaker.

The Thanksgiving game has been played here usually at the Griffith stadium. Dedication of the new Howard stadium with Representative B. Madden as the principal speaker, immediately preceding the Thanksgiving game, has been the cause of organization of "homecoming week" festivities by the university authorities. More than 20,000 are expected to attend the game and ceremonies incident.

Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard university, will start observance of the Thanksgiving day by preaching in the Rankin chapel. He will be the host to a large delegation of citizens of Charleston, W. Va., where he was pastor for many years before coming here. Prominent visitors, philanthropically interested in university development, are expected here to witness the game.

Incidental to the week's program for the general colored public have been arranged breakfast dances, dinner dances and formal receptions. Among these the most brilliant will include the informal dance of the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity at the Lincoln colonnade on Wednesday evening, while at the same time the Chi Delta Mu medical fraternity will hold its formal reception at the Murray casino. Dr. Johnson will greet Howard alumni on the campus on the same date.

Fraternity to Give Dance.

The day of the game has been left free for private social affairs. The Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity will give an interfraternal dance in the Dunbar High school auditorium on Friday afternoon, while at the same time the junior matrons entertain at the Lincoln colonnade. Largest of all the formal receptions of the week will be the bachelor-benedict assembly at the Murray casino on Friday night. At the same time the Phi Beta Sigma fraternity will receive formally at the Whitehall. Social festivities of the week will close with the Omega Psi Phi fraternity dance on Saturday afternoon at the Murray casino.

Coordination of social activities, in so far as Howard university is related to them, as well as the handling of arrangements for the Thursday game, have been in charge of Dr. Bennett J. Scott, secretary-treasurer.

SPIRITUALS" AND "JAZZ."

the Editor of *The New York Times*:

I wish to take exception to one or two statements in the article in Sunday *Times* lauding George White and his scandals. Among other accomplishments Mr. White is credited with the creation of the "Charleston" and "Black Bottom" dances.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. White, his genius as an organizer and producer of reviews; but why do an injustice to the black folk of America by taking from them the credit of creating new and characteristic dances?

From "Old Jim Crow" to "Black Bottom," the negro dances came from the Cotton Belt, the levee, the Mississippi River, and are African in inspiration. The American negro, in search of outlet for emotional expression, recreates and broadens these dances. Either in their crude state, or revised form, in St. Louis, Chicago or New York the dance is discovered (?) by white theatrical producers and sold to the public as an original creation.

The "Charleston" has been done in the South, especially in the little islands lying off Charleston, S. C., for more than forty years to my knowledge. The dance reached New York five years ago. In Harlem any evening a group of negro children could be seen "Doin' the Charleston" and collecting pennies. This dance was first staged in a real production by Frank Montgomery in "How Come." Leonard Harper, a colored man, used a few steps of the dance.

The first music with this fascinating rhythm was the "Charleston Strut," written by Tommy Morris and published by Jack Mills, Inc., about four years ago.

Jimmy Johnson, a negro song writer, first conceived the idea of a Charleston songs, and in his score of "Runnin' Wild," for Miller and Lyles, wrote the famous "Charleston," which was staged by Elida Webb, and the craze was on.

It is doubtful if Mr. White even saw a "Charleston" until he attended the final rehearsals of "Runnin' Wild."

Similarly, for many years, the "Black Bottom" has been evolving in the South. Irvin Miller first produced the dance about three years ago in New York at Lafayette Theatre. Two years ago Louis Douglass, famous in Europe, thrilled all Paris as he and Josephine Baker "Black Bottomed" at the Champs-Elysées Theatre.

Messrs. White et al. are great men and great producers. Why, with their immense flocks of dramatic and musical sheep, should they wish to reach out and grab our little ewe lamb of originality?

WILL MARION COOK.

New York, Dec. 19, 1926

Queen Hears Negro Songs.

The Queen of Spain attended the concert of the Fisk Jubilee Singers in Madrid. She was greatly pleased with their program of American negro songs. A community recital will be given at the Spanish court during Christmas week.

ROLAND HAYES WARMLY WELCOMED ON RETURN

Negro Tenor Sings 'Spirituals' and Songs of Griffes With Electrifying Emotional Power.

Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, whose artistry during a half dozen years has won highest recognition in London and Paris, Vienna and Berlin, returned again last evening to Carnegie Hall to such greeting as New York gives to few. The house of classic symphonies was sold out to the doors. It was a welcome by his own countrymen, as annually before, and in part by his own race, as has more remarkably been the case in cities of the old South, where the singer's mother was an ex-slave in Georgia.

From the start of his program to the hushed finish in those "spirituals" that he sings with his own conviction the artist again made his audience forget the singer in the song. He did so notably in Beethoven's "Adelaide," added as an encore in English. The limpid syllables, carrying a message of profound feeling, a lonely tribute to Beethoven, in the language of present-day hearers, were as pearl-like in their vocalization as had been the earlier Italian airs of Caldara and Galuppi and one from Handel's "Amadis in Gaul."

Perhaps the combination of a natural voice of range and beauty, with the capabilities of extraordinary delicacy and with electrifying emotional powers, such as orators show, may be fairly the secret of Roland Hayes's popularity as well as artistic appeal. With William Lawrence again his accompanist, he gave exemplary German Lieder of Schubert and Brahms. Just before the "spirituals," most of which were his own musical settings in the true vein of their humbly devotional originals, he also introduced last night an entire group of songs of musical and poetic value by the late American composer, Charles T. Griffes, too little heard today.

NEWS INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

NOV 27 1926

Colored Musicians at Anderson.

[Special to The Indianapolis News] ANDERSON, Ind., November 27.—The Indiana Association of Negro Musicians was to conclude the program of its first convention here today. The sessions are being held at the A. M. E. church. Tonight the last of the program will be held at the First M. E. church. Ninety visitors are from Indianapolis, fifty-five from Muncie, and smaller numbers from several other cities. Ellen V. Thomas, of Indianapolis, chairman of the executive committee, is presiding.

OFF TO PARIS



—Defender Photo.
MISS MABLE SANFORD LEWIS

Went down Chicago recently who attended the Fisk Jubilee Singers on the S. S. Rochambeau, where she will study for her master's degree in one of the leading Paris conservatories of music. Her 4-year-old daughter accompanied her on the trip.

Miss Lewis for the past six years has had an enviable record in the musical world. She is a graduate of the Wendell Phillips high school and has received her senior and graduate diplomas from the Chicago Musical college. She received her Mus.B. degree from that institution in 1924 and is winner of the "Gold Medal of Merit." Miss Lewis is a member of the Zeta Phi Beta sorority and served as organist at the Ebenezer Baptist church for the past year.

Mrs. Florence Talbert

Succeeding In Italy

In a letter to Dr. Harry T. Burleigh, Mme. Florence Cole Talbert writes that during the past year, under tutorage from a Chilean teacher, her voice has been developed into a real dramatic soprano, and that she has been prepared specially to sing "Aida" and "L'Africana".

Through her teacher, arrangements are under way for her early presentation with an Italian company. She has been granted auditions by several impresarios who have been favorably impressed with her voice and have made tentative propositions to her.

After a year and a half in Rome, Mme. Talbert writes that she feels very much at home. She lives quietly with an Italian family at Via Besenta, 57 and on Thanksgiving Day she prepared a real American turkey dinner which all of them enjoyed.

Where the Jazz begins

The World's Noise Record

BOARD a train creeping across the monotonous African veldt, I was approached by a little brown beggar girl. She shuffled her feet, wriggled her tummy, rolled her eyes, opened and closed her greedy little claws and wailed her blues, punctuating them with "Sheelin', meesus, sheelin'."

For a fleeting instant, until the first demand for a "sheelin'", I thought I was back home. Suddenly I was seized with a violent attack of homesickness.

One evening about three months after I had returned, someone brought me to the Harlem station of Broadway. In one of the black-and-white dens of dance a singing high yaller came up to our table. She shuffled her feet, wriggled her tummy, rolled her eyes, opened and closed her greedy little claws, wailed her blues.

And suddenly, in the tropical stuffiness of that chamber in the black man's Broadway, a pang of homesickness swept over me and I was seized with a violent attack of nostalgia for Africa.

Sisters under their skins, indeed, are the priestesses of jazz in Africa and America.

Jazz, as we know it, is unmistakably American. But it is derived directly and indirectly from the music of Africa. If you could hear the native music makers and watch their dances, you would easily recognize the strange lyric bond that links the Dark Continent with the New World.

From early morning, throughout the day and well into the night, the African makes music. From Capetown, across the lower strip of the continent, through to Portuguese East Africa are native tribes distinctly different in racial appearance and type from the American

Negro. But start the natives singing or dancing and the ensuing scene is one that might be enjoyed at the old market in Montgomery, Ala., the levees at New Orleans or in darktown anywhere.

To the American it is the one authentic touch of "back home." Inevitably comes the realization: why, this is jazz! This is the land of jazz! This is the birthplace of jazz!

There is a quality in jazz, a let-go prankishness, a wildness and a certain plaintive wistfulness of which the Negro is creator and master. From the cakewalk to the Charleston it would seem that the black man has proved his title to the body and soul of jazz.

IN AFRICA I heard on all sides lilt and swing and twanging that seemed to yearn for some friendly hand which would set to it "banana" and "mammy" feet, the original shimmy, bunny hug, and wailed her blues, punctuating

lyrics. And I saw everywhere the strain has affected not only our dance music, but our whole body of religious tunes. Our Negro minstrelsy and spirituals are more developed, more intense than any tunes evolved from the natives in Africa. This possibly can be explained by the sufferings of the Negroes, their emotional conversion to Christianity and the more intimate influence of white over black in the United States.

Music in Africa had its origin not as an independent art but as an accompanying chant to poetry and dancing according to Professor Kirby of the Witwatersrand University of Johannesburg. From the start this chant held hint of music, for rhythm and melody are as old as man.

We know little of the earliest evolution

of native music in Africa. From that continent, however, we do know that it traveled to Spain by

way of the Moorish occupation.

Here it left its stamp in the barbaric

abandon of the Spanish dances and in the Spanish music, where there are long stretches without tune or melody—only the rhythmic tum-te-ta sufficient to dance to.

In the heyday of Spanish maritime supremacy Afro-Spanish music spread widely, but entrenched itself most firmly in South America, especially in the Argentine. Thence its subtle influence and appeal reached up to North America, to Mexico and the coast cities of the South.

On other continents African music was sugared and dressed so that it became well-nigh unrecognizable. But here in America we had more than the indirect influence of the native music. We had the added weight of the direct effect of the importation of Gold Coast West African natives as slaves.

This slave strain has affected not only our dance music, but our whole body of religious tunes. Our Negro minstrelsy and spirituals are more developed, more intense than any tunes evolved from the natives in Africa. This possibly can be explained by the sufferings of the Negroes, their emotional conversion to Christianity and the more intimate influence of white over black in the United States.

More even than it is a land of flamboyant flowers and riotous color, Africa is a land of music. Music is everywhere, and you cannot escape it. Every native has some musical instrument,

bought perhaps from slender wages, but more likely fashioned out of any material close at hand—from hundred-gallon oil containers to sun-dried calabashes.

Not even the missionaries can dampen this penchant for joyous noise. On the contrary, indeed, the natives and their music tend to liven up the missionaries. At one mission I watched a rotund little father, perched precariously on a rickety stool, conducting the daily hymns. A roomful of Christianized blacks shuffled and swayed and sent forth hymns that fairly rocked the little structure.

When moonlight floods the crooked, tangled back streets of Capetown yellow girls lean over honey-suckle-bedecked fences and croon softly to

the accompaniment of stringed instruments. In Zululand great swarthy black fellows and brawny women stalk through fields of mealies and sing and play upon instruments of unique construction.

In Natal, on the southeast coast, all the little barefoot house boys save their "tickies" and sixpences to buy cheap in-

struments from England, from Germany and from America. After a wearying stretch of work from dawn until well past dark, they strum until bedtime.

At Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, sunset time sees tired stevedores climbing on barges. Some fish, some loaf, but all sing and some skillfully run deft fingers across spiked boards that bring forth sounds which rival the strains produced by a balalaika orchestra. Elsewhere the new moon lures forth tall, slim, brown music makers rubbed with oil and coated with gleaming red clay.

But it is in Johannesburg, at a compound where are housed natives who work in the mines, that native music bursts forth in all its glory. The noise is record-breaking, stupendous, when the natives assemble for war dance, sing-song or band concert.

And whether it's made by black man or white man, jazz is the same music—music which has come winging down the years from its obscure origin in the jungles of the Dark Continent.

The body and soul of jazz—its prankishness, wildness, plaintive wistfulness—come from the Negro, its creator and master



Wide World

Handy Denies He Was Copyright Witness

In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post, which is running a series of articles on "Jazz" by Paul Whiteman, there was a statement concerning Wm. C. Handy, whose article on the origin and development of blues composition has marked the way for all later-day composers but expresses doubt that which Mr. Handy declares to be no only false, but a reflection on his intelligence.

Whiteman, in his article, said that Mr. Handy was called as a witness in a dispute over blues copyright and that when asked as to the difference between jazz and blues, was "plumb amazed at the question." Then Whiteman quotes as to Handy's answer. Why any fool knows that jazz is jazz and blues is blues.

Mr. Handy declares that he was never a witness in a copyright suit, as Whiteman says, and defends his ability to define the difference between jazz and blues by calling atten-

tion to his forthcoming book, "Blues," which is an anthology of Negro music from the early Negro folk songs to modern music, to be issued from the press of Albert and Charles Boni, Fifth avenue, New York City. It is to have an introduction by E. A.

Niles, with many characteristic illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias.

In the meantime, Mr. Handy has offered the Saturday Evening Post an article on the origin and development of both jazz and blues music which Mr. Handy declares to be no cation will accept the



Cowling, from Galloway

ps The royal drummer can beat the news wires, jazzing in code

NEGRO ORGANIZERS OF OPERA BODY PLAN PROGRAMS

With the organization here recently of the Southern Grand Opera association, Atlanta negroes are arranging a series of programs which will bring leading singers and players of the race to this city.

The initial program of the association will be presented in the city auditorium, May 18, and personnel will be composed principally of local and southern talent.

The best negro musicians and singers of the United States will appear, and the program will be featured by plantation melodies, negro spirituals and the latest selections from the authors of plays and songs.

NEGRO SONGS LAY A SPELL ON AMERICA

By HOLLISTER NOBLE

THE poignant melodies of the negro spiritual are heard in the land. For many years they have been sung by the glee clubs of Southern schools and now they have emerged from their scholastic regimen and become the popular music of everyday life, along with the work songs and the folk ballads of the old South.

Today the appeal of the spirituals seems universal. They have blossomed forth on symphony orchestra programs. They are to be heard in John Alden Carpenter's new ballet, "Skyscraper," at the Metropolitan Opera House. A colored artist has sung them before thousands in Atlanta. Composers have incorporated their themes in rhapsodies and tone poems, and there is every sign that they will be employed in still larger art forms. In less than two years they have achieved commercial exploitation and captured the concert halls of the country.

The body of skilled interpreters who have revitalized these songs of an oppressed people includes such artists as Roland Hayen, Paul Robeson and Marion Anderson. Five hundred of the songs have been collected. In this city Harry Burleigh, the colored musician and composer, has been the patron saint of spirituals for years, zealously arranging, editing and publishing them.

Fisk University, at Nashville, Tenn., is the true home of the spiritual. Jubilee Hall, at that institution, was erected as a monument to a band of Argonauts who, a generation ago, sang these songs for three years in Europe.

Spirituals and Folk Ballads of the South of Slavery Days

Sweep the Land in an Amazing Renaissance

and America. In 1871 a group of emancipated slaves, thirteen in all, calling themselves the Jubilee Singers, left Nashville with the object of obtaining \$20,000 to help their struggling institution. After three years they returned with over \$100,000. This intrepid band of pilgrims set out upon an uncharted sea of social terrors and sang in every Eastern community of importance. In this city they sang in the old Steinway Hall. In Brooklyn they won the patronage of Henry Ward Beecher.

They crossed the ocean, sang before Queen Victoria and breakfasted with her Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone. They visited the German Emperor, traveled over Europe and returned to Nashville in triumph. Thus Fisk University has long been a nursery for negro spirituals. They have been fostered also by Tuskegee, Hampton, Atlanta, Calhoun and other schools.

Side by side with the spirituals have arisen the secular songs, which, of course, rank below their religious brethren in genius and inspiration. Northern song writers and musical carpetbaggers found the South a valuable source of supply. Led by such pioneers as Stephen C. Foster and Louis Gottschalk, they listened to roustabouts rolling cotton bales aboard the Mississippi River flots; they saw the lurid glow of turpentine stills and heard the songs of the tappers. They imbibed some of the atmosphere of old bayous and waterfronts, of pillared porches and rambling mansions, and they caught the chantey of blacks working West

India vessels in Charleston and Savannah harbors.

Few of their compositions have survived. It is impossible, however, to overestimate the debt which the modern popular music owes to these early songs and tunes. In the "fiddle songs," "coon songs," "jig tunes,"

Jim Crow songs and "shout songs" were contained the seeds of all the sentiment and spirit expressed in the faster-paced music of today. All of the rush and brilliance of jazz is based on the inimitable rhythms of the music nurtured for years in the South.

Ragtime rhythms and barber-shop chords beat their way North from deep in Dixie. The Blues, born in Beale Avenue, Memphis, have moaned their fascinating way across the world. Upon these foundations

seen reared the towering tin structures of Tin Pan Alley. The stream of melodic inspiration from the Southland has been augmented by the talent of Manhattan.

A Picture of Negro Life

The wave of popularity on which the spiritual is riding promises to revive many of the genuine work songs, ballads, plantation melodies and other secular songs of the South. This music has a color, a flavor, a richness of its own. Here are songs redolent of box cars, railroad ties and levees. They have been wrung from the sweat of construction crews and chain gangs. Some of them are the product of painful imprisonment, hard labor and crushing conditions of existence. Others shout of simple joys, homely blessings, racy humors and lusty, red-blooded vulgarities. One group mirrors scenes of milder hue, singing of the soft languor of Southern nights, the chatter of pickaninnies and cotton pickers, the distant strains from the "quarters," the heatless heat of Summer days and the magic of cool waters gleaming in the glare of blazing pine knots or reflecting the flaring stacks of river flots.

Every aspect of the negro's life is touched upon. The negro celebrates all things in song. He is always exhorting singers to repent—and shouting with joy when some young ne'er outwits the sheriff. He sings of religion, mules, railroads—always railroads—convict bosses, his Lulu Lee, the harsh "Jedge," "pay day," "creepers," "rounders," "eastmen," split

shoes, railroad ties, amatory adventures, the detailed discomforts of domestic life and the final day of recompense and glory.

He Abhors the Prosaic

Inimitable humor and imagery distinguish these secular songs from the folk music of other lands. The negro approaches his object at an oblique angle. He abhors prosaic expression. Instead of a blunt, "Get thee behind me, Satan," he advises, "Ef you want to see old Satan run, jes' fire off dat Gospel gun." Instead of "Repent ye," the congregation cries,

She's nearing now the station.

*O sinner, don't be vain,
But come an' get your ticket*

And be ready for the train.

In his parlance a man's deathbed is a "coolin'-board," a pistol is a "special" and a hearse is a "hoodoo wagon." Instead of uttering a crude threat, the insulted brother sings:

*Don't you remember one mornin'
In June, about eight o'clock,*

My pardner fell sprawlin'

Dey carried him to his grave—

I ain't goin' to say how he died.

And in "Little David Play on Yo' Harp" there is the subtle suggestion, "I tells you once, I tells you twice, dere's sinners in hell for shootin' dice." Instead of duly stating that his Cross-Eyed Sally is exceptionally dark he remarks: "Didn't know she was so black till I took a fire coal one mornin' and made a white mark on her face."

His favorite characters are hard-fighting, fast-moving, two-fisted. In his songs reside the shades of Frank and Jesse James, Joseph Mica, the matchless Stagolice, Wild Nigger Bill, John Henry, Brady, Lilly, Bad-Lan' Stone and Desperado Bill. He is always celebrating heroes of the track. There is "Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill, he never work and he never will. Well, it's that be-a-a-a-d Railroad Bill." Inordinately fond of everything pertaining to railroads, the negro addresses one of his "holers" to his favorite Georgia line in

"Railroad, here come de heifer!"—a tribute to the only beast able to derail the Savannah local.

The origins of many of these ballads and work songs were often absurdly simple. A negro had only to look at a hobo and sing, "O Look Down Dat Lonesome Road an' Cry." Let a bored section gang on a railroad catch sight of a weary, woe-bone knight of the rails, and while they bolt a new fishplate a ballad is born. "Hilkin' Jerry" originated in this way. Sympathizers sing of Jerry's lonely life, the brakeman who threw him off the rods, his lack of food, his sore feet and torn shoes, probably winding up with a dying mammy expiring at a candle-

eted cottage window far, far away. Above these social songs and all their swift modern progeny sweep the spirituals, dwelling on a far more exalted plane. They are of fine fiber and sublimated spirit. In these melodies which have enchain'd anew the popular imagination are reflected the religious longings and the inexplicable poetic spirit of simple natures who found in the Church a solace for their suffering and a promise for their future.

Beautiful Sonorous Titles

In the light of campfires, in the swarming shadows of outdoor revival meetings, in the fervor of religious conversions, in the emotional experiences shared under common bonds and burdens, and, less frequently, in the solitary meditations of quiet Summer evenings, these songs were born.

They are hopeful and sometimes exuberant. Curiously, there are few references to the harshness of specific realities. There is no mention of retribution. Even the sonority of their titles resounds with suggestive beauty. There is magic in the very sound of "Deep River," "Go Down, Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Charlot," "Singin' wid a Sword in Ma Han'" and "Roll, Jordan, Roll." There is humorous suggestiveness in "O Gambler, Git Up Off Yo' Knees," "Keep Along Like a Pore Inch Worm," "Oh, Didn't It Rain!" and "De Ole Ark a-Moverin'." And there is imagery in other songs.

How did it happen that a race

literate and only a generation or two removed from the primitive could bring forth a body of songs containing such a wealth of melody, poetic fire, profound feeling and poignant appeal? Slavery, of course, with the sorrow of the Southern blacks. Singing was their solace, religion their refuge. These spirituals offer evidence that the finest folk music of the world is the product of pain and suffering. The result, under conditions obtaining in this country, according to James Weldon Johnson, was "a body of songs voicing all the cardinal virtues of Christianity—patience, forbearance, love, faith and hope—through a necessarily modified form of primitive African music."

Beneath their burden of complaint is a surge of buoyant rhythm and sweeping vitality, which often rises in a resistless flood of emotional exaltation. Vachel Lindsay caught the spirit of their barbaric abandon in his poem, "The Congo."

*A good old negro
in the slums of
the town
Preached at a sis-
ter for her vel-
vet down,
Howled at a
brother for his
low-down ways,
His prowling, guz-
zling, sneakin'-
thief days,
Beat on the Bible
till he wore it
out*

*Starting the jubilee
revival shout.*

*And some had vis-
ions, as they
stood on chairs,
And sang of Jacob
and the golden
stairs,*

*And they all re-
pentied, a thou-
sand strong.*

*From their stupor
and savagery
and sin and
wrong,*

*And they slammed
with their hymn
books till they
shook the room
With "glory,
glory, glory,"
And "boom, boom,
BOOM."*

Paul Robeson

believes the work songs to be as significant in their field as the spirituals are in another realm. He maintains that in "Water Boy" and the famous "Hammer Song" there are the same powerful rhythms and effective forces that are found in the Volga Boat Song and other great Russian folk music. The "Hammer Song" is music of the utmost simplicity, wrung from the crushing monotony of a laborer in the chain gang, pounding eternally at rock and stone.

One may ask why these primitive rhythms and the subtle charms of their rich harmonies have become so infectious within the last year or two. Some of their popularity is due, no doubt, to the increasing skill and artistic stature of their interpreters. Then, too, the renaissance of the spiritual is only one phase of a new sense of social consciousness on the part of the negro.

But perhaps, amid the distractions of an increasingly complex age, there is also a growing response to the simple utterance of emotions unspoiled by sophistication. Perhaps they sound a common note because they voice the elemental hopes and fears and joys of the human heart. At all events, here is music stamped with distinctive genius and glowing with fire struck from the inner granite of the soul.

GIVE NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon Sing With Fervor in Town Hall.

J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon gave a program of negro spirituals and secular songs at Town Hall yesterday afternoon. They have become specialists in this field, which belongs more closely to the emotionalism of the religious revival than to the art of singing, perhaps.

Messrs. Johnson and Taylor both possess wide voices which serve them faithfully and well; they sing with a fervor which carries conviction to the hearer, but it is not to the voices that one listens; it is to the words—to the words of the preacher exhorting a camp-meeting. The women, one at the piano, the other standing, put their whole strength and soul into their petitions; no wonder the audience asked for encores.

Most of the songs had been heard before, but "I Want God's Health to Be Mine" received its first public performance.



Songs of the Old South Are Heard Again.

NEW YORK CITY UNREST
FEBRUARY 21, 1926

Four new board members were elected at the annual meeting of the Long Island State Society, Daughters of the Revolution, held last Wednesday at the Hotel Bonsert. The new members are Mrs. Alexander E. Dunbar, Mrs. Howard T. Langworthy, Mrs. George L. Miner and Miss N. Ruth Murphy. One hundred and fifty women attended the luncheon held in connection with the annual meeting.

The guests of honor included Mrs. Charles A. Latham of New Jersey, President General of the Daughters of the Revolution; Miss Adelaide Sterling of Manhattan, Registrar General, and Mrs. William L. Cunningham of Manhattan. Mrs. John Franklin Berry, President, presided. The Rev. Dr. Charles William Roeder, chaplain of the society, gave the invocation. Mrs. Lois Pette sang a group of Dutch, classical and Negro spiritual songs. Community singing was led by Howard Kinsey.

NEW YORK CITY UNREST
FEBRUARY 21, 1926

A concert which should appeal to all lovers of Negro spirituals will be given at the Town Hall on Sunday afternoons.

Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon will be the soloists. The former is a Negro woman who has been singing Negro spirituals for many years. She has a powerful voice and a strong personality. The latter is a Negro man who has been singing Negro spirituals for many years. He has a powerful voice and a strong personality.

J. Rosamond Johnson is an educated man and a talented musician. He is too young to have known the days of slavery, yet in his interpretation he is true to the tradition of those of his forebears who were slaves and who made their songs out of the conditions in which they lived and worked, and out of simple hearts filled with a strong faith.

Taylor Gordon brings to his singing that spirit of those other Negroes who sang as they worked, husbanding their

strength for their toil, but finding their emotional and spiritual expression in improvisations superbly well.

HOUSTON PIANIST WON NEW LAURELS IN LOCAL RECITAL

The Houston Musical Association, a group of music lovers and musicians, presented to the public Miss Ernestine Jessie Covington, piano recital last Friday night at Antioch Baptist Church. The spacious auditorium was comfortably filled with an audience of Houston's most cultured citizens, of both races, and from the first number, Beethoven's Sonata Opus III No. 2 (allegro-maestoso), the accomplished artist had every person present in an enraptured dream, in which they hoped not to be aroused. As Miss Covington interpreted the works of the old masters, along with renditions of the younger generation of composers, the auditors sat as silent as sphinxes, to burst into thunderous applause at the conclusion of each number.

Every number (and there were ten on her program) received a full share of applause, but "Shepherd's Hey," by Grainger, and "Rigoletto" (paraphrase), by Listz, appeared to have been the most popular numbers. She was compelled to respond to an encore after her final number.

Miss Covington, whom the Houston public considers as its own product, was the recipient of numerous floral designs, presented by her personal friends as well as friends of the family; among which may be mentioned designs presented by Francis Harper Court of Calanthe, Bethel Baptist Church, Coleridge-Taylor Choral Club, the Junior Dett Musical Association and Harris County Medical Association. At the conclusion of the program the young artist was almost hidden in a perfect bower of the most exquisite flowers nature has produced.

Mrs. M. E. B. Robertson gave two readings and Dr. C. B. Johnson rendered a tenor solo, both artists being well received.

Much credit is due Mesdames P. O. Smith, M. W. D. Sledge and the other ladies for their indefatigable efforts towards the success of the program. Through the courtesy of Kearney Piano Co., the Knabe grand piano was used by this musical luminary.

— JAMES WELDON JOHNSON —

WHEN I wrote an es-
say on the Negro's
Creative Genius as a

preface to "The Book of
American Negro Poetry,"

I made what was, per-
haps, a startling statement

1-1-2-1

the creator
of the only

thing art-
istic that

have yet
sprung from the

soil and
been uni-

J. W. JOHNSON.

versally acknowledged as
distinctive American prod-
ucts. That was five years

ago. Today the statement

would not appear so start-
ling, for since it was made

the acknowledgment has

widened with surprising

rapidity that as a creator

have omitted to make the

of American folk-art the exclusive Negro origin of

Negro stands unapproached.

These folk contributions

of the Negro may be

grouped under four heads: day upon the Negro to es-

religious songs, folk tales, establish his title as their

dancing, and secular music. sole creator. The planta-

To these might be added

the stories were collected

Negro humor, for the hu-and set down by a South-

nor of the Negro has not even white man who, had he

only permeated his folk failed to tell "specifically

tales, his dancing and secu-

where he got the tales and

music, but constitutes a

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can life, an influence that is as an original and imagina-

felt especially on the stagative author, influenced by

and, to some degree, even Negro life. The record in

in literature. It has fur-

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catch words and phrases is now written and fully

that have been seized upon established.

and made current. Cur-

ious it is to note the vary-

ing degrees in which recog-

nition of these contributions

not been so lucky. Danc-

to our common culture has

been accorded to the Negro art in America, has been

For more than a century the Negro had been singing his Spirituals before their beauty and significance were recognized. For a still longer period the "ole folks" had been telling the plantation stories to the children of the South, both black and white, before Joel Chandler Harris collected the tales under the title of "Uncle Remus Stories" and made them a permanent part of American literature. The Negro was extremely fortunate in having as his amanuenses persons who, in addition to their other qualifications, were honest. The Spirituals were first collected and set down by white Northerners who came in contact with the Negroes of the South during or immediately after the Civil War.

These collectors might

have omitted to make the

the songs a part of the

Negro dances did not stop

to explain the fact, nor

could they reasonably be

expected to do so. I know

of but one exception, Mr.

Vernon Castle, perhaps the

most noted, and, by the

way, an Englishman, who

never danced except to the

music of a colored band

and never failed to state

to his audiences that most

of his dances had long been

done by "your colored

people," as he put it. And

so the Negro has received

only scant credit for his

contribution of dancing;

indeed, in great part, the

credit has been deliberately

taken from him. Note that

dominated almost absolutely by Negro influence. For tors" of the world-circling generations "buck and "Charleston."

Something of the same thing has happened with regard to Negro secular music. The early black-face minstrels simply took such Negro songs as they wished and used them. The first of the so-called Ragtime songs to be published were set down by white men who affixed their own names as the composers. In fact, before the Negro succeeded in fully establishing his title as creator of his secular music the form was taken away from him and made national instead of racial.

It has been developed into the distinct musical idiom by which America expresses itself popularly and by which it is best known. For a while it was absolutely divorced from the Negro; and there was much publicity discussion as to which of the white jazz band leaders was entitled to the credit of originating the instrumental form. But the tide has set in the other way. The record with regard to Negro secular music is now being written, and may some day be as firmly established as it is in the case of the Spirituals and the plantation stories.

and several other varieties that started the modern dance craze. The "tango," which quickly followed and became so popular, was originated by the Negroes of Cuba and later transplanted to South America. But professional exponents who exploited or drew upon

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plantation stories.

the blues as music. It is fortunate, too, that he was brought located in the region along the lower Mississippi, where the blues had their origin and when they began to be widely sung. In 1912 Mr. Handy published the famous "Memphis Blues," started a musical mode in Tinpan Alley and on Broadway. He con-
firms at collecting and ap-
ppling the words of these. And now comes a most valuable collection with together some fifty-odd ex-
amples and music edited by W. C. Handy and an intro-
duction written by Abbe Niles. In this volume Mr. Handy has taken the first well as Mr. Handy. He is a capable musician, and the music what has been very first to recognize the significance of done quite fully for the ognize the significance of articles on

Regarding his other contributions the Negro has number of white vaudeville performers and teachers of dancing and music what has been accorded to the Negro art in America, has been

tinued writing down his lines from his memory of how Negroes had sung them; he revised the original words (for in many instances they could not be used), or adapted new words, and published a series of blues of every denomination. The arrangements in the present volume are well done. They represent as closely, perhaps, as our present system of notation permits, the characteristic quality of the blues. These arrangements will offer some difficulties to the mediocre pianist, but they ought to prove exceedingly interesting to the musician. Besides the arrangements by Mr. Handy, there are included those by several other Negro musicians. There are also excerpts from music done in the "blue" mode by John Alden Carpenter, George Gershwin and Jerome Kern. The songs in the volume lie close to the folk music and folk lines, but it is to be regretted that there are not more examples of the true, undiluted folk blues, and that it was not possible to include the "Memphis Blues."

Mr. Niles has written an interesting and informing introduction under six heads: The Folk-Blues as Verse, The Folk-Blues as Music, The Modern Blues, Adoption and Influence of the Blues, The Pioneers, and a Sketch of W. C. Handy. Mr. Niles devotes considerable space to technical discussion of the music and the form. The original folk-blues, however, interesting as they are musically, are still more interesting as verse. Mr. Niles sagely observes, "What has caught the attention of white song writers who were indifferent to the musical devices by which it was expressed—is an unconscious philosophy

between the lines of making a little mirth of one's troubles while one dwells on them; of choosing, as the reaction to disaster, laughter instead of tears." Again Mr. Niles says, "A Spiritual is a matter for choral treatment; a blues was a one-man affair." In this rather awkward phrase Mr. Niles gets down to the essence of the blues, to their *raison d'être*. The blues are primarily the philosophical expression of the individual contemplating his situation in relation to the conditions surrounding him. Most often they are the lament of a lover who is feeling "blue." Many of the lines contain real flashes of primitive poetry. It is for these reasons that the blues are interesting and valuable as verse.

For example, the line:

My man's got teeth like a lighthouse by de sea.

The same thought, slightly sophisticated, is found in the following stanza of Handy's "St. Louis Blues":

You ought to see dat stove-pipe brown of mine,
Lake he owns de Di'mon
Joseph line.

He'd make a cross-eyed woman go stone blin'
Blacker dan midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest man in de whole of St. Louis,
Blacker de berry—sweeter is de juice.

Or note the wisdom in the following lines:

You can always tell when yo' gal is treatin' you mean

You can always tell when yo' gal is treatin' you mean

Yo' meals ain't regular—yo' house ain't clean.

Mr. Niles says that the whole philosophy of the "blues" poetry is summed up in the line:

Got de blues, but too

dam' mean to cry.

Despite any shortcomings, the book is a valuable contribution to the literature of American folk-lore and folk music. The publishers deserve praise for the manner in which the book is printed and bound. The beautiful illustrations of Miguel Covarrubias alone make the book worth the price.

COMING SINGER.



MR. B. LEON JOHNSON

Mr. B. Leon Johnson, Kentucky boy, but recently of Chicago and Detroit, is spending his vacation with his people at Anchorage.

Mr. Johnson is attending the Juilliard Conservatory of Music in Chicago. He has made quite a reputation as a Lyric singer and has appeared in recitals in churches out in the States. Plans are being made to present Mr. Johnson to local audiences in at least two churches at an early date.

Ralph Banks Here Nov. 15th

An announcement of pleasing interest to Pittsburghers is the concert debut here of Ralph Banks, baritone, in Carnegie Music Hall, November 15. Mr. Banks has been studying under the best artists of New York City and his splendid training and natural ability place him among the leading baritones of

the concert stage. Being a native of Pittsburgh, his appearance will be marked by a cordiality and warmth seldom accorded a vocalist.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J. PRESS

JULY 2, 1926

A. Johnson Holsey, noted tenor of Chicago, Ill., will give a recital at the Asbury Methodist church on Sunday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock.

The Daily Press, of Newport News, Va., says of Mr. Holsey, "His voice possesses the true music that is so characteristic of singers of his race. He certainly should become the equal of any Negro tenor on the concert stage."

The third anniversary of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Hamilton Memorial Methodist church will be observed with appropriate services on Friday evening, July 9, at the church, 817 Baltic avenue.

N. Y. C. HERALD TRIBUNE

AUGUST 11, 1926

Negro Composer Praised

Goldman Has Band Play Work of O. O. White, in Audience

Edwin Franko Goldman and his band played a request program for a large audience last night in Central Park, and also paid a tribute to a Negro composer, Clarence Cameron White, whose "Bandanna Sketches" have been played this summer both in Central Park and New York University. Hearing that Mr. White was present, Mr. Goldman gave the first of the "Bandanna Sketches," called the composer to the platform and introduced him to the applauding audience. He was planning, the bandmaster said to have Mr. White conduct one of the sketches at New York University.

The regular program included, among other scheduled and extra numbers, Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture, excerpts from "Carmen," two excerpts from Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and Rachmaninoff's C sharp minor prelude. Del Staigers, cornetist, was soloist. Numbers by Wagner and Liszt form the first part of to-night's program at New York University; Olive Marshall, soprano, will be soloist

NEW YORK CITY TIMES

JULY 25, 1926

N. J. Ballanta-Taylor, a native of Freetown, Sierra Leone, who has for the last two years been making a study of West African music, has reported the result of his investigations to a committee headed by George Foster Peabody, Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, and Dr. R. R. Moton, Booker Washington's successor at Tuskegee.

Since his return to West Africa, in the Autumn of 1924, Mr. Ballanta-Taylor, who studied at the New York Institute of Musical Art under Dr. Damrosch, has visited Gambia, Senegal, French Guinea, Portuguese Guinea, Liberia, the Gold Coast, Nigeria and Sierra Leone. He has spent much time in the bush. He states that where Modern influences are strong, among the Hausas, for instance, in

Northern Nigeria, there is little folk music, owing to the presence of many professional musicians and the greater use of instrumental music. Among the Iboes European influence has had an unfortunate effect on native music, but, on the other hand, the tribes of the Niger Delta have, to a definite extent, adapted and developed "white" music. Rhythm is particularly strong among the Yoruba and Nupe peoples, while the pagan tribes, the Mungas, have the finest melodies. Mr. Ballanta-Taylor plans to make a piano with seventeen notes to the octave, to accurately reproduce African music.

NEW YORK CITY WORLD
MARCH 5, 1926The First Reader
Song and Dance

Yes, sir!

Try the "English Song Book" on your piano. It contains the words and music of approximately 100 songs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, songs of country lane and city street, songs of music hall and supper club; sentimental songs, sociological songs, topical songs, "catches," patriotic ballads, sophisticated songs; songs by Gay and Disraeli and Thackeray and songs by nobody in particular, and some which the "Ethiopian Serenaders" of the forties sang on the crest of slave liberation sentiment. These latter are Victorian rather than jazzy or blue-y, for the songs of the serenaders took their color (parson the pun) from their audiences.

Harold Scott is the scholarly compiler, prefaceur and footnoter, and McBride is the publisher of the "English Song Book." Silence your radio for one evening in honor of its publication.

* * *

Put this book by the side of "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" and "Mellows" and you reunite the parents of the American popular song. To-day the prevalence of jazz and blues songs emphasizes the Afro-American influence, but there is an Anglo-Saxon strain in it, and Nordica, if none other, will welcome this reminder of the respectable side of the parentage.

Among the songs included here are many of John Gay's, including the famous "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan," "Adam Caught Eve"; many songs from Arne's "Love in a Village," the rollicking "A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go"; the song Grimaldi made famous, "Tippitwitchet," which calls for expert hiccuping; "The Ballade of Sam Hall," which is as popular in England and Ireland to-day as it was when it was first sung in the forties; the well known "Woodman, Spare That Tree," for which the prolific Henry Russell supplied the music, as well as his cheering "There's a Good Time Coming"; W. M. Thackeray's "Little Billie and Guzzling Jack and Gorging Jimmy," which we have seen before in anthologies of humorous verse, and the Right Hon. B. Disraeli's very, very sentimental, "My Heart Is Like a Silent Lute."

The spirit of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" was anticipated in an an-

onymous song of the sixties in praise of the nutritive value of bacon and greens; the drive on the battalions of the Yellow Nineties, which culminated in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," was begun with Arthur Lloyd's "I'll Strike You With a Feather," while "The New Electric Light" puts a date on the installation of that device in England.

Mr. Scott has the assurance of Charles Coburn that "Bacon and Greens" was the first of the food songs. Here it is:

I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,
And had my full share of Life's changeable scenes;
But my woes have been solaced by good Greens and Bacon,
And my joys have been doubled by Bacon and Greens.

What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken
Of childhood's young morning and youth's merry scenes—
One day we had Greens and a plateful of Bacon,
The next we had Bacon and a plateful of Greens.

And here is the first stanza and the chorus of "I'll Strike You With a Feather":

I'll sing of Hildebrand Montrose
(His proper name is Charlie),
He speaks as tho' with a "cold id his dose,"
Bad French he tries to "parley."
His hair is in Barber's ringlets,
His eyes are made up dark,
He walks upon his uppers
While strolling in the park.

Chorus:

Au revoir, ta, ta! you'll hear him say
To the Marchioness Clerkenwell while bidding her good day,

I'll strike you with a feather, I'll stab you with a rose,
For the darling of the ladies is Hildebrand Montrose.

In his historical preface, Mr. Scott points the debt of the popular song to the supper club of the Victorian age—the saloon attached to the public house—which was then, as it is now, the source of much popular music.

By the fifties (he writes) the popular influence of the saloon concerts had been fully established, and of these the most central and the most notorious was Evans's Song and Supper Rooms.

At 1 A. M. the place was in full swing; at the long supper tables ranks of cigar-smoking men were to be seen eating oysters and poached eggs on steak; they sat in a large hall, splendidly gilt, with a curtained stage, embellished with the "grand piano-forte de rigeur" and with a ladies' gallery above divided into little private boxes.

The songs of the "Ethiopian Serenaders" must prove of especial interest in view of the recent outburst of patronage of all things Negro. In the songs quoted by Mr. Scott—"Buffalo Gals," "De Boatman's Dance" and "Nelly Bly"—you perceive the Negro playing on muted Victorian strings. You perceive him as a blackface. Negro instead of a spiritual Negro, accepting "all the sentimental obsessions of the period—temperance, the Nemesis of conjugal infidelity and filial reverence." You perceive him, in other words, before he had promulgated his spiritual Emancipation Proclamation.

1. Walt Whitman wrote "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors." 2. The poem that starts: "It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did enthrall me. For the lands of Virginia—ginia" is Robert Burns' "The Slave's Lament."

AUDIENCE GASPS
AS PADEREWSKI
SALUTES HAYES

Los Angeles, Calif., March 26.—The day when Ignace Paderewski, master of piano and proudest of musicians, had cast aside all pretense to serve as accompanist for Roland Hayes, was recalled in a dramatic moment following a Hayes recital here Sunday night. Sweeping through a cord-breaking audience, the great Paderewski mounted the platform where Hayes was still bowed to the applause that rang through the hall after his last number. Before excited hundreds, the pianist embraced the great tenor and exclaimed: "How dear Hayes, again we meet to enjoy each other's company for a brief stay!"

Hayes was equally elated at meeting with Paderewski, whom he had last seen when both were voyaging to Europe and had taken part in a concert aboard an ocean liner. As fellow passengers they had grown into a deep and mutual admiration and when the time came for Hayes to sing, Paderewski brought a gasp from the passengers by moving forward and offering to place his great art at Hayes' service as his accompanist. Hayes accepted.

Answers to Questions
Printed Last Week

1. There is an anthology of jazz music that traces it from the early folk songs of the Negro to the development of the modern forms of blues and jazz. W. C. Handy is the author, with E. A. Niles contributing an appendix. Albert and Charles Bonis are the publishers. The book will be reviewed in an early issue.

2. Eleanor Gzycka, who is the author of "Glass Houses," is the former Eleanor Patterson, sister of Joseph Medill Patterson. "Glass Houses" is her first novel, and is being rated as a remarkably successful first attempt.

3. Selecting a single "most popu-

lar" book of fiction is difficult, but Du Bois Heyward's "Porgy" undoubtedly lays strong claim to the distinction. It is being listed as the best seller at book stores and is repeatedly referred to as most in demand at the public libraries. Books which have the courage to tackle Race life or Race characters are finding a vogue which is steadily increasing.

4. Walt Whitman wrote "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors."

5. The poem that starts: "It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did enthrall me. For the lands of Virginia—ginia" is Robert Burns' "The Slave's Lament."

LOCAL VIOLINIST
BOUND FOR HOMENew Orleans Negro Returning
After Visit in China
and Philippines

Andrew F. Rosemond, the first Negro violinist to make a tour of the world, sailed for New York in the S. S. "De Grasse" (French Line) from Hawaii on March 10th.

It will be recalled that Rosemond is the first Negro to enter the emperor's living palace in the forbidden city (Pekin, China). He also climbed the great walls of China, and witnessed two of China's civil wars.

He visited Egypt, entered the Pyramids of Giza, and viewed in the celebrated Egyptian museum the priceless excavated treasures that have startled the world within the last few years. While in Egypt, Rosemond took a voyage up the Nile. Rosemond has spent two and a half months in Europe.

Rosemond left New York in 1923 and sailed from Vancouver, B. C., for Japan, China, and the Philippines. He became famous in the old world as a violinist and a director and his great success is directly responsible for the high regard in which the Negro musician is now held throughout the Orient. Rosemond is a native of New Orleans, and is the son of Nancy Rosemond of this city. He began the study of the violin with Prof. Nickerson. He also studied with Timothee Adamowski, senior master at the New England Conservatory of Music.—N. O. Item.

16-YEAR-OLD
BLIND PIANIST
WRITES SONGSCalifornia Lad Wins
Critics' Praise

Honored by Roland Hayes and awarded prizes for excellence by his school heads, James Brown, a 16-year-old blind boy, is winning commendation of the highest sort for his work in music at the California School for the Blind in Berkeley. He has not only learned music after a most tedious apprenticeship, but has composed melodies, and is ready now to sing or play his way through life. He was born blind in a poor Oklahoma family, but an inimitable perseverance has carried him forward to his present success.

His father and mother brought him to California when he was 9 years old, and he started his education at the Berkeley school. Along with some score of other blind children, he carried on a study of the piano for six years, until now he is able to sit down and play—not only any music—but his own music.

STUDIES PIANO
FROM BRAILLE TYPE

Learning to play is not an easy matter for the blind. The notes are not printed in black and white where your eyes can follow them while your fingers play. They are punched in paper in Braille type, and the player must first feel the note, and then reach down and play it. Tedious is a good adjective.

But the blind are accustomed to a tedious life. They keep plugging at things, and James plugged a little harder than the average. Last spring Dr. R. S. French, principal of the school, offered a \$5 gold piece to the student composing the best melody for a school hymn. The only Race boy in the school won that \$5 and since then he has gone on composing strange combinations of minor and major chords that speak clearly of his blood and the sadness of mortal night in which he lives.

NO NATIONAL MUSIC UNTIL
UNITED STATES SUFFERS; NE-
GRO SONGS FROM BLACK MEN'S
AGONY

"America has no music because America has always been successful in everything," declared A. G. Gul-

bransen, piano manufacturer, in an address in Chicago, Illinois, March 30, at an ~~Music~~ Arts Conference.

"Until this nation has learned humility from misfortune, it will take its music and all the rest of its art at second hand," said Mr. Gulbransen. "The nations which are great in music have had their ~~national~~ spirit fused in an articulate whole by tragedy."

"Italy, France, Germany—all the nations in continental Europe—have had their soil soaked many times with the blood of their sons and tramped deep with the heel marks of conquering armies. From their agonies have come their song, in which its most jubilant strains of triumph take color and contrast from the tragedy that is always present in great art."

"America has no such color to give to music. Only one race among us has produced a real music of its own, and that is the Negro whose suffering and humiliation have given him a voice. Our national contribution to music so far, is the Negro spiritual."

—The Birmingham News

COLO. GIRL STUDIED IN FRANCE

NOW HAS HER OWN
MUSIC SCHOOL

(N. A. A. C. P.)

Maud J. Wanzer, whose journey to France, to the Fontainebleau Conservatory of Music, was opposed and who was aided by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has returned to this country after completing her course, and is the head of the Wanzer school of Music in Charleston, West Virginia.

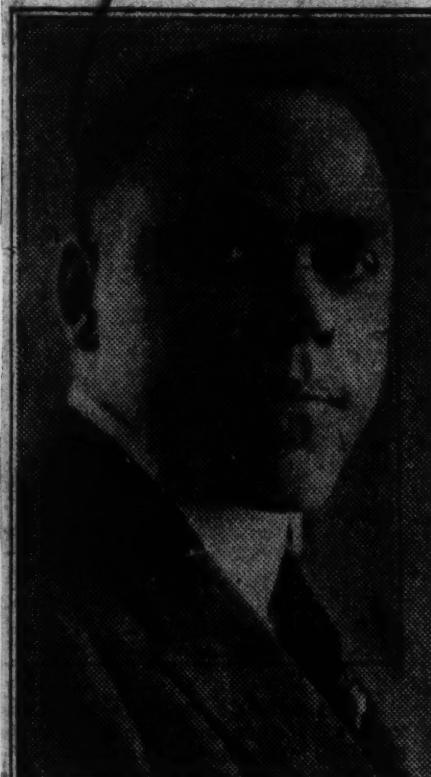
On the completion of her course, the Director of the Fontainebleau Academy wrote a letter stating that the presence of Miss Wanzer had increased the affection he and his wife felt for colored people and that they would always be glad to receive colored students at the Fontainebleau

Academy.

Miss Wanzer was recently given a reception by the College Alumnae Club of Kanawha County, West Virginia, at which she narrated her difficulties in passing the commission representing the Fontainebleau Academy in New York. At the end of her course there, out of the limited number of 50 who attended the Conservatory, Miss Wanzer ranked first of the seven who were successful in completing their work.

GEORGE GARNER IS SOLOIST WITH THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY

George R. Garner, tenor and a native son of Chicago, achieved a great triumph when he appeared as soloist



GEORGE GARNER

Thursday evening with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, with the renowned ~~Friderick~~ Stock directing. This honor was won through a competition before a committee of Chicago's foremost teachers and critics, as happy as were the friends of this singer for his success in the competition, the great pride that was felt when Mr. Garner had sung the number listed upon the program is difficult to express. His immaculate evening attire, his dignified bearing, immediately won the attention and applause of the audience, which packed orchestra hall for the symphony program, and from the

minute the first note poured forth there was rapt attention. His superb rendition of "On, Away, Awake, Beloved," brought thunderous applause, in which the orchestra joined, and after recalls Mr. Garner sang as an encore, "Lament," from Pagliacci, in Italian.

Mr. Garner's excellent diction and interpretation of this number brought forth vociferous applause and he received many recalls. After the wonderful symphony program Mr. Garner was surrounded with music lovers who could appreciate art for art's sake and personally offered their congratulations.

Mr. Garner is an American trained singer and most of his training has been received in Chicago. It is therefore very fitting that the first soloist of our Race to appear with the Chicago Symphony orchestra is a Chicagoan by birth and musical education. This is another evidence of Chicago's adherence to the principles of true Americanism.

Prominent among those seated in the boxes were Mrs. Blackstone and her guests, Mrs. Creary and Mr. and Mrs. Filo Otis; Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Abbott and their guests, Mrs. Lucille Hill, Mrs. Albert B. George and Assistant State's Attorney McGill; Mrs. Adler, sister of the noted philanthropist, Julius Rosenwald, with her guests and daughters; Dr. Jones and Mrs. Mildred Bryant Jones and their guests; Judge and Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Short, Mr. and Mrs. Pease and in Mr. Garner's box, Mrs. Garner, Sr., Mrs. Garner Jr., and Mrs. Spencer Dickerson.

FOLK SONGS USED BY WHITE SINGERS

St. George's New York And
Schoola Cantorium Use Spir-
itual Groups

HARRY BURLEIGH IS ST. GEORGE SOLOIST

Dixie Jubilee Singers Broad-
cast And Will Appear In
Three Cities

NEW YORK—St. George's Episcopal Church, white, Harry T. Burleigh, soloist, gave a service of Spirituals at Mother Zion A. M. E. Church on Friday evening, April 23.

The program was: "Wade In De Water, Children," "My Lord, What A Mornin'," "I Hope My Mother Will Be There," "Deep River," all by the choir. Mr. Burleigh sang "Go Down Moses" and "Don't Feel Noway's Tired." Addresses were made by Dr. Carl Reland, rector of St. George's and the Rev. J. W. Brown, of Mother Zion. A capacity audience showed intense appreciation of the program.

Dixie Singers Busy
The Schola Cantorium of 200 highly trained voices appeared at Station WEAF on Sunday evening and "I'm a Poor Mother" and "Were You There" by Harry T. Burleigh, the latter a new arrangement. This organization introduced "Deep River" in 1914. The Dixie Jubilee Singers have recorded two Spirituals and will be on the air from WMSG at 6:15 on Friday evening. Next week the organization opens at the Strand Theatre, Pittsburg, Capitol, New York, for a return engagement May 9th, and 17th to Loew's State, Boston. The date at the Regent, Baltimore, has been deferred.

Hope: Ruled Ruled Notes by Negroes

Music-1926.

BOSTON MASS. HERALD
JUNE 6, 1926

NEGRO IS RIDING TO PROMINENCE

Whites Take Great Interest
in Melodies, but Few
Sing Them

UNIQUE FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT

Negro music has established itself as one of the season's unique forms of entertainment. Never before has the spiritual attracted such widespread and favorable attention. But it is being more generally heard than sung. Hundreds sing its praise, but do not sing it.

Some think this music sooner or later will attain the same degree of popularity as selections in current musical attractions, or arias from operas and oratorios. Others are inclined to believe the spiritual is destined to find its place among our favorite religious melodies, writes Lester A. Walton in the New York World.

On the wave of kindly concern for the spiritual the negro is riding into prominence in the concert field. Buds of promise and musicians of ripe experience are using negro music as a key to unlock the door of opportunity previously closed against them. They are now able to get a hearing in theaters on Broadway, concert halls and on the radio.

Roland Hayes always includes spirituals on his program. Paul Robeson, recently returned from London, where he appeared in "The Emperor Jones," has taken up concert work. Assisted by Lawrence Brown, he is giving what is advertised as a "soul-stirring program of negro music" in the larger cities. J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon, who have been entertaining large Sunday night audiences downtown with negro spirituals, are en tour.

Julius Bledsoe, young baritone; Will Marion Cook, whose negro songs were sung on Broadway more than a quarter of a century ago, and the Elkins negro ensemble, under William Elkins, formerly choral director of the Williams and Walker company, have been among those to bid for public favor as artists.

Harry T. Burleigh, the first in recent years to reach exceptional fame among music lovers for the negro spiritual by his arrangements, is conspicuously absent from the concert stage. Some months ago at town hall he rendered a cycle of spirituals, assisted by the St. George's choir, composed of white sing-

ers.

Hitherto white soloists occasionally have used the negro spiritual in recital, but the leading exponents of this brand of music this season have been colored. Often the negro creates and presents something in dance and song which is later taken up by the white American and exploited in such manner as to reap both fame and large financial remuneration.

It was so with ragtime introduced years ago by Ernest Hogan and other negro musicians. It has been so with dance steps, the present Charleston craze being the most recent example. Among the few creations the negro managed to retain as undeniably his own was the cakewalk. Somehow white folk just could not improve on this. Somehow they seem to get more enjoyment out of hearing negroes sing spirituals than singing it themselves.

Several influences have contributed to negro music's new-found popularity. The singing over the radio of selections by the Fisk, Tuskegee and Hampton quartets and quintets has been one factor. The publication of books on the spiritual, edited by James Weldon Johnson and R. Emmet Kennedy, has materially quickened interest. And the publicity given by the press and magazines in reviewing these works has played no small part in the awakening of a higher and more deserved appreciation in what Mr. Johnson in "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" characterizes as "America's only folk music, and up to this time the finest distinctive artistic contribution she has to offer the world."

Charles Foster Peabody, philanthropist of New York city and Saratoga Springs, is one of the most enthusiastic admirers and champions of negro music, both the spiritual and folk song. For years he has spent time and money in an effort to bring about a larger interest in this negro contribution. He was associated with the late Natalie Curtis Burlin in the study and publication of "Negro Folk Songs," and has given numerous talks, particularly in the South, advising negroes to value highly the music they have given to America if they expect others to do so.

Negro musicians differ as to whether the spiritual should be sung by soloist or in ensemble. Certainly there can be no discounting of the effectiveness of the former method in view of the successes scored this winter. Yet it is worth a trip to Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, to hear 2000 students singing in unison "Go Down, Moses" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

ATLANTIC CITY N. J. PRESS
JUNE 20, 1926
COMING EVENTS

A. Johnson Holsey, a noted colored tenor, will sing at the Asbury Methodist church, on Sunday at 4:30 p. m. Prof. L. Ellsworth Toomey, Baltimore, Md., will be the accompanist.

Mrs. Mary Culbreth, under the auspices of the Usher Board of Shiloh Baptist church, will present on Wednesday the Atlantic City Symphony Orchestra with chorus in sacred concert at 8:30 p. m.

The program is as follows: Carmelo Austra, Rubenstein, by the orchestra; Life Every Voice, J. Weldon Johnson, chorus with orchestra; Springtime of Youth, a soprano solo, Mrs. Lorena

Appleton Walker, with orchestra; Radiation, Be Kind, Miss Beatrice Ball; Anvil chorus, from Il Trovatore, chorus with orchestra; Les Ramues, soprano solo, Mrs. Jennie Daphnoir, with orchestra; Calvary, orchestra; Lost Chord cornet solo, Mr. E. H. Hudson, with orchestra; By the Waters of Minnetonka, baritone solo, Mr. Joseph E. Davis, with orchestra; Hail Bright Abode, chorus, with orchestra; Song of Love, from Blossom Time; duet, Mr. Joseph E. Davis and Miss Jeanette Washington, remarks by pastor, the Rev. S. L. Aiken.

Local air knights are asked to turn out in full uniform on Wednesday night to greet the grand lecturer of the state, Franklin McLaren, who will lecture at the Asbury Methodist church. Sir McLaren will be escorted from his stopping place on Delaware avenue to the church by the local order, which will form at headquarters, 19 N. Michigan av., and proceed on Arctic avenue to Delaware avenue.

"Is the Negro Destined to Wreck

ATLANTIC CITY DAILY

or Save the World?" will be the subject of a lecture given by Frederick H. Robb, of Chicago, Ill., Thursday, July 1 at Shiloh Baptist church.

A dance will be given by Mrs. Adelene Harman at her home, the Roadside, Pleasantville, on July 5. She will be glad to see her friends at that time.

The combine choirs of the Northside will be heard in a recital tomorrow evening at the Union Baptist temple for the benefit of July rally. Choirs taking part are: Asbury M. E., Professor Miller, director; Shiloh Baptist church, Mrs. Aikens, director; Second Baptist, Professor Thompson, director; St. James A. M. E.; Professor Dickerson, director; Mt. Olive Baptist church, Pleasantville choirs, Ocean City choirs, Ocean City choirs, and Union Baptist temple, Professor Ashton, director. Officers of the affair: Miss Ella Byrnes, president; Miss Lunice Brown, secretary; Mrs. Carter, chairman.

RACE GIRLS
WIN VOCAL
HONORS

CINCINNATI, O., July 8.—(By P. N. S.)—Another national championship has just come to Cincinnati—a singing championship.

Newnan, Ga., Herald

JUL 9 - 1926

Old Negro Spirituals Now Seldom Heard.

Pathfinder Magazine.

Some of the most cherished traditions of the old South are fast being lost by the new South. The "spirituals" and unmatched harmony in the old plantation songs of the negro are fast becoming extinct. Industrial progress is blamed by music critics for this and other changed conditions among the negro race.

The large plantations of the South were once the homes of the chief negro musicians. Now the best musicians of that race, it is pointed out, are to be found in the large cities and centers of population, and many of these have acquired cultural attainments which have detracted from the old songs. One must go far into the State of Alabama now to find negro singing that even approximates the harmony that once existed over the entire South.

Tuskegee Institute is making a big effort to preserve and retain the old negro songs. That institute is trying to preserve to both the white and negro races the spirit songs originated by the latter. It has produced some of the finest negro singers. During the past school year its glee club presented interpretations of negro songs of other days which were said to be as nearly perfect as reproduction could be made. Fisk and Hampton, other famous negro schools, have also given serious endeavor along similar lines.

It is claimed that one who has never heard the "cotton-patch harmony" cannot appreciate what it would mean to music lovers if this art should pass. Music critics have traveled far to hear negro harmony in its original setting. They claim that fifty negroes of varied ages in a cotton field are capable of producing an impromptu program of song, chant, whistling and chatter that can be found nowhere else on earth.

A true negro song is one that was never written. They do not have to know a song to join in with their fellows in singing it. Each farm group has a leader, usually a man, the rest following. The same song may be sung for an hour or all day, but it never grows monotonous because of its variations. Some negro singers can ring in more notes than have ever been written in the staff. They sing in major, minor and unknown "keys." There are no precedents for what they sing. But no matter what they sing there is nearly always an indescribable rhythm, swing and motion in which, according to one critic, is as "harmonious as the flow of a meadow brook." The oldtime negro singers know nothing of written music, but they know harmony.

Youthful Houston Pianist Awarded Juilliard Prize For Third Straight Time



MISS ERNESTINE JESSIE COVINGTON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Covington of Houston, who received notice this week that she has been awarded the Juilliard Musical Foundation award of \$1,000 for the third consecutive year. This scholarship is annually awarded to musicians of outstanding musical ability, the money to be employed for advanced musical study under the most eminent music teachers of America and Europe. This

scholarship for the 1926-1927 session, and again demonstrates that this Houston girl is both a genius and prodigy.

Miss Covington is taking a much-needed vacation in this city with her parents and friends, having finished a very successful concert tour in a number of Southern cities during June.

Her program here was a brilliant success, the wonderful pianist winning new laurels by her marvelous playing, poise, technique and interpretation.

Miss Covington is a Houston product, being a music pupil of Madame C. Rochon, well known and beloved Houston music teacher. This young lady is also a graduate of the Houston Negro High School and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio, where she won many honors for her excellence and brilliance as a musical artist.

In company with her mother, Miss Covington expects to return to New York during September, where she will resume her advanced studies as a result of this third \$1,000 award from the Juilliard Musical Foundation of New York City.

SONG RECITAL AT NORTHWESTERN

C. H. Wilson First to Get
Degree in Voice From
N. U. Music School

Clarence Hayden Wilson

Clarence Hayden Wilson, the first member of his race ever to receive the bachelor's degree in music culture from the Northwestern university school of music, was presented with the degree at the university as the soloist in its 14th senior vocal recital in the music hall on the Northwestern campus, Evanston, Thursday evening. Mr. Wilson appeared as a basso-cantante vocalist. Assisting him was Norman Merrifield, pianist, an honor student in the junior class of the Northwestern's music school and one of the scholars named for the school's largest prize competition last year. Miss Neota McCurdy of the Coleridge-Taylor school, Chicago, was accompanist. A mixed audience, that was one of the largest of the school's senior recital season, greeted Mr. Wilson and his associate artists.

Mr. Wilson, who is widely known in the musical circles of Chicago and the North Shore, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Wilson of 1216 Darrow Ave., Evanston. He is a member of Grace Episcopal church choir and of several local musical clubs. A graduate of the high and teacher training departments of the Tennessee State Normal school, Nashville, he entered the college of liberal arts of Northwestern university and completed his junior year before transferring to the school of music. In his study of voice culture he has been the pupil of the noted teacher of singing, Loyal Phillips Shawe, who is head of the voice department in the Northwestern music school.

Thursday evening's recital, which was roundly applauded by the large gathering and warmly commended by the faculty critics who attended, included one of Mr. Wilson's own arrangements.

"The Crucifixion," sung as a closing number. Especially well received was his second group of Schumann, Schubert and Hugo Wolf, while his interpretation of the plaintive beauty in Avery Robinson's convict song, "Waterboy," won insistent demands for encore.

PRIMA DONNA OF CRESCENT CITY DOES POST WORK

Mrs. Anna Hubbard, prima donna singer, who has been out of the city a number of weeks, is taking a special course in music and voice culture at the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Hubbard, who attended the National Convention of Musicians, recently held at Philadelphia, sang before that great body of musicians and singers, electrified the vast audience with her wonderful sweet voice. She was forced to respond to two encores. A special program was arranged by convention to have broadcasted. Mrs. Hubbard was one of the leading artists on program. New Orleans merited much credit and praise because of the splendid talent represented. The music department of New Orleans College is under the direction of Mrs. Hubbard. She is also director and organist of Wesley Chapel M. E. Church choir.



C. H. Wilson

The winners of the contest were given blue ribbons of honor and the association hopes in the near future to find worthy talent might be chosen to represent the convention at the National Association of Negro

Friday morning at 9:00 a. m. the Association held its last formal business session. Mrs. Edaline Abner Randall, chairwoman of the Medical Association of Houston, Mrs. Randall was introduced by Mrs. Gordon and she expressed her regret for not having been able to attend the session earlier, but assured the Association that next year she would spare no pains in striving to train a Juvenile department that would compare favorably with any like department anywhere.

Miss Camille Nickerson, in her charming manner, gave a splendid demonstration to the juveniles on ear-training. Her demonstration included a test whereby the children were asked to distinguish, after certain little pieces were played at the piano, between the sad, the lively, the droll and various other types. They were also asked to tell when the themes of certain pieces would come and go. The juveniles were eager and quick to detect the changes and distinctions and they all found in Miss Nickerson the embodiment of a companionable, interesting, resourceful and thorough teacher who studied and knew children.

Friday evening at 8:30 marked the culmination of a very inspirational helpful and enjoyable meeting of the Texas Association of Negro Musicians. The very fitting climax to this Association was a grand musicale given by the visiting artists.

The recital featured Miss Camille Nickerson, foremost artist and pianist of the Association, whose charming manners, grace, wonderful and remarkable musical talent, thorough training place her among the leading musicians of the race. The following program was rendered:

I. Piano
(a) Enroute Goddard
(b) Romance
(c) Two Larks Leschitsky
Violin—Flower Song Lange
Mr. Johnson, Houston
Barcarolle—Morning
R. Nathaniel Dett
Mammy N. Dett
Juba Dance Nathaniel Dett
Miss Nickerson
Voice—Exaltation Cooke
"Since You Went Away,"
Mr. James Robinson, Orange, Texas
Mr. James OH— x reciter
"The Awakening"
J. Rosamond Johnson
Mr. Robinson
Violin—"Berceuse" from Jocelyn Godard
Mr. McDavid, Houston
Steal Away to Jesus Coleridge Taylor
Sextet from Lucia, arr. by Leschitsky
The Little Music Box
Miss Nickerson
Voice—I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Always R. Nathaniel Dett
To My First Love H. Lowe
Mr. T. Y. Kinchion, baritone, Belton, Texas
Piano—Rustle of Spring Sinding
"To a Wild Rose" McDowell
Recollections of Home Sweet Home
Miss Nickerson
After the program, Mrs. P. O.

Smith, Division President of Houston presented, Mrs. Eliza Champ Gordon, who presided over the Convention, with a lovely basket of carnations. The success of the Association was due largely to the wonderful direction and supervision of Mrs. Gordon, who left no stone unturned in making this the first Annual Convention of the T. A. N. M. one of unlimited benefit and one long to be cherished in the hearts of all music lovers of this section.

MORRISTOWN, N. J. JERSEYMAN
APRIL 15, 1926

Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society Distinguished Itself In Concert Held In School Auditorium

Occasionally the negro colony in the hollow gets itself into the Morristown press for doing this or that is unlawful and immediately the detractors of the colored man put him down as a liability. Some of these wiseacres want to see only one side of him, and that not the complimentary side. Their attitude is devoid of sympathy, because they lack understanding of this man who is groping his way through life, only two or so generations removed from slavery.

If some of these had been present at the high school last night they would have seen the American negro as he is striving to be, and as he might be able to make himself if the rest of the community would give him half the chance. It was the second concert of the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society, and it did considerable credit to Morristown, and should have been patronized by all who own to a love of music, not only as an encouragement to a group of people striving after culture, but as an opportunity to observe the colored man when he is revealing his soul in music, particularly in those divine-like creations, the spirituals, which have captured the imagination of the whole world.

The program was divided into two parts. The first was an arrangement of Hiawatha's Wedding Feast, part of Longfellow's poem of that name, adjusted itself admirably to the various by Coleridge-Taylor, famous negro shadings of the spirituals. And being composer. With Mrs. Helen Williams of the colored race himself the soul Williams conducting, the chorus sang of his ancestors in the South as expressed with that harmony which negro choristers in the spirituals found expresses somehow naturally achieve. The medium was wisely chosen not only "Moses" and "Didn't it Rain", two pieces which show the slave in opposite moods, were sung with deep feeling. In "Goin' Home" reached such depths that the audience could hardly help but wish that the old negro finally reached that home in the heavens

upon which his heart was so set. The chorus rendered "Were you there", arranged by H. J. Burleigh and "Walk Together Children" and The haunting beauty was present in all three pieces, and was brought out admirably. A word should be said for Mrs. Williams for in a way it was her evening. It was she who gathered the voices when they were raw and trained them into the fine chorus that they make, and directed last evening's concert. She conducted with feeling and accuracy.

"Listen to the Lambs" arranged by Nathaniel Dett was given by the following double quartet: Misses Flenora Skinner, Clar Watson, Ethreba Smith, and Mrs. Edith Queen; Joseph D. Wall, Jefferson J. Booth, Edward Staton, and Ogden Booker.

Mrs. Williams accompanied Mr. Gatewood. Miss Vestillo Lassiter accompanied the chorus.

Music Of Negro National Anthem More Beautiful Than "America" Or The "Star Spangled Banner"

James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the N. A. A. C. L. wired the AFRO AMERICAN today the following reply to the open letter concerning the use of the Negro National Anthem sent him this week by Dr. Ernest Lyon, former U. S. Minister to Liberia and now American Consul General in the U. S.

6-19-26
The words of "National Negro Hymn" used as subtitle "Lift Every Voice and Sing," have no more political or international significance than do words "National Negro Business League."

They signify hymn of Negro origin and nation wide use by colored people.

There is nothing in "Lift every voice and Sing" to conflict in slightest degree with use of "Star Spangled Banner" or "America" or other patriotic songs.

It is fully as patriotic. Among possibilities are that it may grow in general use among white as well as colored Americans. In fact has been used number of times in white schools and gatherings.

Music of "America" is that of British National Anthem. Music of "Star Spangled Banner" is derived from old Foreign drinking song, difficult to sing, in addition its sentiments are boastful and blood thirsty.

Words of "Lift Every Voice" are more elevated in spirit. I do not hesitate to say my brother's music is better than either of these imported songs.

Dr. Lyon's Article in Full on Page 20.

(Gwineta git a home bimeby),
Thought I heard dat chicken sneeze
(Gwineta git a home bimeby),

Oh, de watermillion!

Lamb o' Goodness, you must die—
Gwineta fine de Counterband Union
(Gwineta git a home bimeby),

"The tune of this is simply infectious. The words and melody I took down from my grandmother once, in the middle of the night, she being as enthusiastic about the preservation of the old songs as I. 'Counterband Union' probably stands for Contraband Union which was one of the ramifications of the 'underground railway,' by which certain anti-slavery factions in the North spirited away runaway Negroes. Many of them 'got a home bimeby' in Toronto.

"Another song which I have used in one of my Negro stories, but which so far, I have never found in any collection, is, 'Can't you live humble.' It refers to recreation in the hereafter, but is 'hardly a spiritual: 'Oh, every morning at break of day I'll h'ist my wings an' fly away! Oh, can't you live humble every day? Oh, every mornin' so bright an' fair, I'll spread my wings an' fly in de air, Oh, can't you live humble every day? Den, every mornin' so bright an' clear, I'll h'ist my pinions an hover near. Oh, can't you live humble every day? The air is delicious, full of swings and grace notes.' 'There is Confusion' by Jessie Fauset "The Fire in the Flint" by Walter White.

"The Gift of the Negro" by W. E. B. DuBois.

"The Book of American Negro Spirituals" edited with introduction by James Weldon Johnson.

"Color" by Countee Cullen.

"The New Negro" edited by Alain Lervy Locke.

Four of these seven books are the work of members of the N.A.A.C.P. official staff: "The New Negro" is a symposium and five persons connected with the National Office had a part in the making of the book.

NEGRO CHOIRS NAMED TO SING AT LAKWOOD

Travelers' Rest Baptist church on Brown's Mill road, was picked Wednesday to compete at Lakewood park Sunday afternoon against Macedonia Methodist church for the rural colored congregational singing championship of North Georgia, it was announced Thursday night by Oscar Mills, secretary of the Southeastern Fair association, which is sponsoring the contest as one feature of the spectacular three-day observance of Fourth of July at Lakewood.

The Travelers' Rest congregation was singled out after more than 300 other rural colored congregations had been eliminated in a series of preliminary tests held during the last month to find the two whose congregational singing was best. A committee of white singers and song leaders, headed by County Policeman W. L. Riley, acted as the selection committee. Macedonia Methodist church was picked last Sunday.

The entire congregation of the two churches will occupy the mammoth stage in front of the grand stand at Lakewood park Sunday afternoon and sing in the final contest for the decision to be made by the applause of the white audience. The singing will be in addition to the other Sunday afternoon musical features, including the Elks' Royal Purple band and solos by Jessie Reese Calvert, soprano.

The Fourth of July celebration at Lakewood this year will open with jockey races, pacing races and trotting races at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, continuing with a "horseman's ball" in the dancing casino Saturday night, the singing contest and concert Sunday afternoon, a second day of jockey races and harness races Monday afternoon, a spectacular \$2,000 fireworks program Monday evening and a "patriots' ball" in the dance casino Monday night. More than \$15,000 is to be spent on the various entertainment features for the Fourth of July celebration at Lakewood, the most elaborate program ever staged at the park for Independence day.

H. T. BURLEIGH, Negro composer, known the world over for his settings for the old Negro spirituals, was of poor parentage, and had to do the most menial kind of work. He early began to sing, and was heard by the late David Bispham, who gave him a start.

Mr. Burleigh is now a noted baritone, and for over twenty years was soloist at Temple

Emaru-El and also at St. George's Church as well, having appeared in recitals at Aeolian and Carnegie Halls. He is at present New York manager for the old Italian House of Ricordi, controllers of Italian opera.

Being the "guest star" during the Edison Hour at WRNY Tuesday night, he gave a program of classical music with Josef Bonime and the Edison Ensemble.

NEW YORK CITY EVE. WORLD
JUNE 24, 1926

What Americans in Paris Are Doing; Visitors Draw Censure From Pastor

Leave Their Religion Behind, Says Dr. Cochran, American Cleric

By Coralie de la Rosiere
Special Correspondent Evening World
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Press Publishing Company

PARIS, June 24.—Paris has followed the lead of New York and London in acclaiming Edna Thomas, who made her debut here with a program of Negro Spirituals and Creole songs. The Parisians are not altogether strangers to Negro folk song. They gave an enthusiastic reception last year to the Elks' Jubilee Singers from Nashville.

Sandwiched between the Negro songs, Miss Thomas gave a number of street cries reminiscent of the sun-drenched streets of Dixie's towns and the colorful New York east side, which thrilled the Parisian smart audience into a fervent ovation.

The French are not behind America in electrical display, according to Albert E. Gans, Vice President of the General Outdoor Advertising Company of New York.

"French signs achieve an attractiveness and novelty, but they would not be suitable to American needs," he said. "We use impression copy that gives the reader an impression in one single glance. Because of the newness of electrical advertising in France, the French can dispense with impression copy. People in Paris are still willing to stand still and read your signs. Still, there are

many bold and ambitious ideas in street advertising here which will be valuable for adaptation in America."

The talk of the town and the American smart set are the series of dinner parties given by former Ambassador and Mrs. Hugh Campbell Wallace at their residence in Place d'Iena.

Paris visitors this week include Conde Nast, publisher of *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Whitmarsh of New York, in company of Prince and Princess Aage of Denmark, and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Miss Sarah Fisher of the *Opera Comique* and Rene de Rey are in great vogue at private soirees among American visitors to the capital. This week Miss Fisher sang at an at home given by Mrs. and Miss de la Balze of New York.

Prince and Princess Youssouf are conducting one of the smartest lingerie establishments in Paris. The shop is located in the exclusive Champs Elysees district. The Princess is a charming hostess at the teas given in her establishment in the afternoons. The Prince is writing his memoirs, dealing especially with the episode in the dreary history of Russia which was concerned with the evil genius Rasputin and the unfortunate Czarina.

"Americans in Paris come here to experience certain physical thrills, and they exclaim: 'This is the life.' They are fools and imbeciles," said Dr. Joseph W. Cochran in his sermon at the American Church last Sunday. "After three years of residence in this city I have come to the conclusion that Americans bring their money to France, but leave their religion behind." In his scathing denunciation of Americans who come here to spend a

few weeks or months "in hilarious and riotous living," the doctor said further: "Spirituality has departed from their lives. Love of pleasure and fashion dominates them; they are a disgrace to their sober and righteous ancestors."



H. T. BURLEIGH

STEPHEN FOSTER'S LAURELS STAY GREEN

Author of "My Old Kentucky Home" Remembered

On His One-Hundredth Anniversary—His Songs Grow in Popularity

By STEUART M. EMERY

MELODIES of the Southland echoing the joys and the sorrows of a lowly people are much in the air just now. Negro spirituals and negro poetry are heard in growing volume. The black race, it would seem, is finding voices of its own after many years. It is no wonder a Stephen Foster is born to tell of its pathos and to sound the depths of its feeling. Yet Foster is not forgotten. Only the other day a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives proposing to honor his memory in an issue of memorial half dollars to be put in circulation on July 4, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The whole world is to be reminded of his haunting classics, "The Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "My Old Kentucky Home."

Stephen Foster, about the middle of the last century, put down on paper numerous and enduring sentiments, and dramatized the poignant aspects of a plantation life that is now a thing of the past. His statue stands today in his native city of Pittsburgh. Strangely, the man who wrote the greatest songs of the Southland was not a Southerner. He stood afar off and caught the spirit of the canefield and the cabin, the porticoed mansion and the white seas of cotton. In granite and bronze his statue is reared, showing the composer with pencil and paper in hand, while a little below him and to one side sits the faithful figure of his immortal "Uncle Ned" with his banjo.

Foster composed both the words and the music of some 100 songs. He was a born musician and an indefatigable artist. The words of "My Old Kentucky Home" illustrate well the quality of his genius.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn tops ripe and the meadow's in the bloom
While the birds make music all the

day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor.
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door.
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady.
Oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore.

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;

The time has come when the darkies have to part.
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;

A few days more and the trouble all will end

In the field where the sugar-canes grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary load.

No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we tatter on the road.

Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

Wrote With Simplicity

This classic, according to tradition, was composed at Federal Hill, the old manor-house of the Rowan family near Bardstown, Ky., on one of Foster's infrequent visits to the South. The same spirit that breathes through it animates his other Southern songs. There is hardly an effort at dialect to express the thoughts of the negro. Foster wrote always with unaffected

simplicity.

Music claimed him almost from his birth. As early as the age of two, his brother and biographer recalls, the infant Stephen used to creep to his sister's guitar and pick harmonies from its strings. Once, when he was seven, his mother took him shopping with her. A flageolet—an instrument that he had never seen before—lay handy on a counter. In another moment the boy had taken it up and the astonished customers found themselves listening to the strains of "Hail, Columbia."

The youngest of seven children, he grew up sensitive, shy and absent-minded. At the height of his fame he remained abstracted, indifferent to praise and to money. He would walk along the street with his eyes on the ground, composing. In the top floor of the White Cottage, the home that his father, Colonel William Barclay Foster, once Mayor of Pittsburgh, built just outside the city, Stephen established a room for study and work. The halls were heavily carpeted, to insure silence. The furniture was a chair, a sofa, a table, a music rack and a piano.

By the time he was 9 Foster was the star artist of a boys' troupe that staged performances of its own plays in a carriage house. At 19 he was devising songs for a group of youthful friends who met twice a week for social diversion. Into this public as much as did the words he wrote for them.

circle were introduced the manuscripts of "Louisiana Belle" and his Southern pieces redounded to his "Uncle Ned," and the career of credit. "Come Where My Love Lies Stephen Foster as a song-writer was Dreaming" is still heard. "I See Launched. Throughout Pittsburgh Her Still in My Dreams" was written the tune of "Uncle Ned" was heard ten as a tribute to the memory of "Oh Susanna" came next and, with his mother, "Ah, May the Red Rose the others, found its way to a Cincinnati publisher.

Many other songs of his besides his Southern pieces redounded to his "Uncle Ned," and the career of credit. "Come Where My Love Lies Stephen Foster as a song-writer was Dreaming" is still heard. "I See Launched. Throughout Pittsburgh Her Still in My Dreams" was written the tune of "Uncle Ned" was heard ten as a tribute to the memory of "Oh Susanna" came next and, with his mother, "Ah, May the Red Rose the others, found its way to a Cincinnati publisher.

"Imagine my delight in receiving \$100 for 'Oh, Susanna,'" he wrote. "Though this song was not successful, yet the two \$50 bills I received for it had the effect of starting me on my vocation of song writer."

Then came "The Old Folks at Home," perhaps the best known of all his compositions, which he wrote for Christy, the minstrel. Within the short space of five years no less than 400,000 copies had been printed and it was on its way to girdle the globe. It has been translated into every language on the Continent and even into native tongues of Asia and Africa. Its first line, "Way down upon de Swane's river," is historic.

Regarding that line a story is told. The author, in 1851, entered the office of his brother, Morrison, and said anxiously, "Tell me a good two-syllable name for a Southern river. I need it for the song I'm writing."

"Yazoo," suggested Morrison.

"That won't do," cried Stephen. "Reach me down the atlas." The atlas came down and with searching forefingers the two brothers hunted for two-syllable rivers of the South.

"Here's one called the Swane. It's a little stream in Florida," said Morrison.

"That's it exactly!" flashed Stephen, and left in haste. In that moment musical history had been made.

A Master of the Flute

Stephen Foster learned the art of music almost by instinct, for he had few teachers. At the piano he played well and gracefully, but with the flute he rose to the heights of a master. His melodies were the result of long hours of toil. There were, fortunately, few distractions to keep him from his work. For a while he acted as bookkeeper in the office of a brother of his in Cincinnati, but the field of business failed to attract him, and he returned home to devote himself to his beloved music.

His melodies caught at the heart of the public as much as did the words he wrote for them.

"Way down upon de Swane's river, Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning eber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Buddy I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart groans weary,
For from de old folks at home!

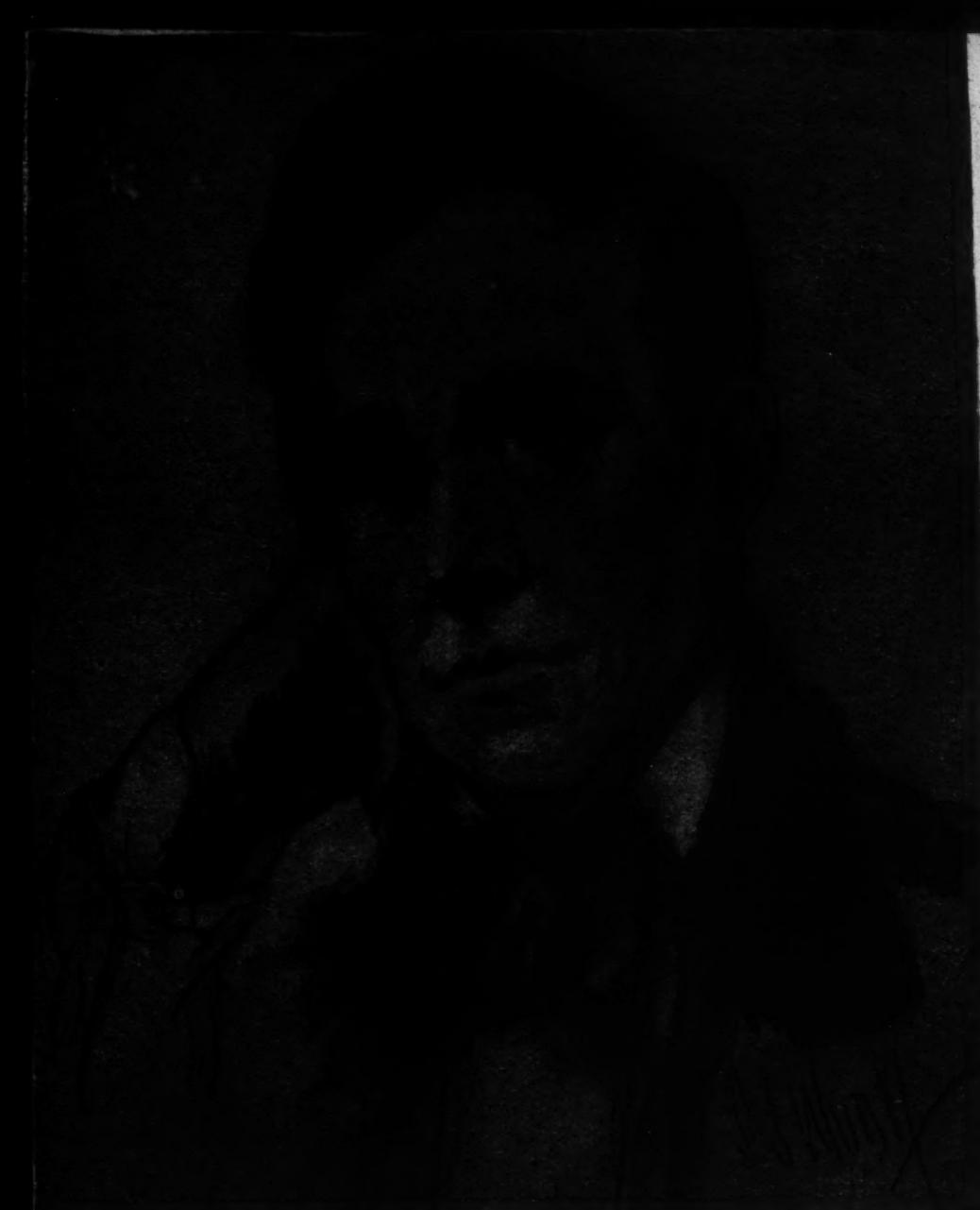
"Way Down South." "Old Black Joe," "Don't Bet Your Money on the Shanghai," and "Camptown Races" are included among the Southern pieces upon which Foster's fame rests. At the height of his popularity he received letters from admirers in all parts of the world. Washington Irving and other literary giants of the period wrote enthusiastic praise of his work. A few trips to the South on steamboats, a casual visit or so—that was the frail foundation upon which Foster built himself a lasting monument, as an interpreter of the plantation.

More than once Foster abode in New York, where his publishers had their offices. Here it was that he died under tragic circumstances. In 1850 he married Jane McDowell of Pittsburgh, but the match seems not to have been an ideal one, inasmuch as his wife regarded him as a dreamer and visionary.

He was at the old American Hotel in this city in 1854 when he fell victim to an attack of fever. Rising to cross the room, he fell against a wash basin, cutting his face and neck as it broke. When help came he asked to be taken to Bellevue Hospital, where some days later he

Governor of Kentucky, in the movement to preserve the Rowan

in 1900 a statue was raised to his memory by public subscription in honor of his work. The work, by Moretti, paid to all sons and daughters of the State to rally to the support of the "Old Folks at Home."



Stephen Collins Foster.



"Old Kentucky Home."
Painting by Eastman Johnson.

THE MUSICAL BUNCH

by DAVE PEYTON

Successful Musicians

This week the subject of my article will be the "Successful Musicians." I am going to call the reader's attention to the class of artists who have made good in their profession. To those who have been unsuccessful from some cause or other, I hope that the success attained by those I herein mention will serve as an inspiration.

Nothing comes to us easy. Hard work is the penalty we must pay for success. I don't call the person successful who inherits something; I don't call the person successful who steals something, nor do I call the person successful who gets his wealth and prestige through modes of trickery.

Roland Hayes, our celebrated tenor, has climbed the highest mountain of success. He stood humiliation until he was able to carry himself. Out to Chicago from Louisville, Ky., Mr. Hayes and his success. With a world-wide reputation, he carries a piano at the old Monogram theater. Here is where we found out he was a real musician. He hung out his sign, "Music Arranger," and his fame began. Thoroughly equipped with knowledge of the art of arranging music, Dorsey was in great demand by the big shows, acts and other musical organizations of the opposite race. He was the busiest little man in Chicago. Gradually his fame spread to New York. He went, won the gang called him, who toured the country with 60 or more players, calling them the Hell Fighters band. It was directly after the war. In Chicago they played the huge Auditorium, and the place was packed to suffocation. Mr. Europe demonstrated to the almost all white audience that we could play music and direct it. Such demonstrations were effective. Everywhere Jim Europe

and his band played a new field was opened for our musicians, who heretofore for various reasons were not considered. Just as his life was snuffed out he was in his prime and was doing his bit for art and the advancement of our group in music. Millionaires bargained for his services in the East. John Wanamaker was one of his best friends and in his list of admirers were royalty. Across the Atlantic he was as famous and he was in America. His memory will live a long time. He was a real go-getter.

Will Dixon

Will Dixon, well-known by the musical contingent all over the world, passed away 10 years ago. On Broadway in New York he was revered by the big producers for his original contributions of popular music to their big stage productions. He was a Chicago boy and his family still lives in the Windy City. He composed many numbers that are standardized in the Shirmer catalog. His most popular number was "Brazilian Dreams."

Henderson Smith

One of the finest cornetists of our group was Henderson Smith. A pillar in the Chicago Musicians' union, local 208, was this musician who passed away several years ago. His most effective work was the organization of the famous "Ten Dark Knights." This musical stage

attraction played the largest houses and circuits in America and England. Mr. Smith was a master musician. B. A. Rolfe, the world's greatest cornet virtuoso, has paid excellent tribute to the ability of Henderson Smith as a cornetist and showman. At his death he was well fixed financially and was a large holder of real estate in Chicago.

Will Tyers

The late Will Tyers, premier music arranger and composer, ranked among the country's best musicians. Many of the eastern shows sought the work of Mr. Tyers in making their orchestral arrangements. He was prosperous, saved his earnings and when the final curtain rang down upon him, his family was saved embarrassment. Will Tyers was essentially an instrumental composer. Among his most popular work was "Maori."

Alex Armant

The late Alex Armant was well known in the military environment. He was an efficient violinist, cornetist, band instructor and conductor. He was at one time the leader of the Old Eighth regiment band, when that band was the pride of the nation. Alex Armant was a fine musician—radical and sensitive—but very patient as an instructor. He brought out many players by his instruction.

Scott Joplin

Our group should feel proud of Scott Joplin, the world renowned composer. He was the real originator of rag time music, which has evolutionized itself into the present-day jazz.

The compositions of this genius well showed that he was a master musician and technician. His "Maple Leaf Rag" is at the present time being reproduced on several mechanical musical instruments. All of his compositions were "stiff" to play. He was a master of technique. It required real musicianship to handle Joplin's works. His "Euphonic Sounds" is a masterpiece of syncopation.

Living Composers

Harry Burleigh, the New York musician and composer, stands out today as the foremost sacred and spiritual composer and arranger in the country. Aside from these acquirements, Mr. Burleigh is a baritone soloist of note. He is soloist in one of the largest church choirs in New York and has held that post for many years.

Clarence Cameron White, whom I have mentioned in these columns before, needs no introduction to the American public. He is an artist par excellence and a living credit to the Race. Aside from being a violinist, Mr. White is also a composer of high class and sacred music.

H. Lawrence Freeman, born in the Hoosier state, came to Chicago and was engaged by the late Robert Motts as musical director in the old Pekin theater. Here is where Freeman made his mark. He was a radical composer, very definite in his treatment of character harmonic passages. When he composed "The Ghost Ship" in the old Pekin days his reputation was established. Today he is a stand-out factor in the music area of New York.

Joe Jordan, well-known musician, instrumentalist and composer, is

still active in the game. He is the musical director for the Ed. Daly burlesque show, "Rarin' to Go." Mr. Jordan has reaped mountains of success during his musical career. His song composition, "Sweetie Dear," brought him fame and fortune. Thereafter all of his compositions were instantaneous hits. He was the musical director for many years at the old Pekin theater, Chicago. He was the director with that gigantic stage production, "Strut, Miss Lizzie," that played Broadway for many months, later coming to the Auditorium, Chicago, for a six weeks' run.

Lowery and His Band

P. G. Lowery's band wins favor in every city the Ringling Brothers and Barnum Bailey's show performs. The band is well balanced and can play any class of music to be played by a 15-piece band. The band is prepared to change overtures every day. The roster of the band is P. J. Lowery, director and cornet; Thomas May, cornet; L. E. Craighead, cornet; R. Jasper, cornet; William Mathews, clarinet; Clarence Jackson, clarinet; M. O. Russell, alto; Frank Smith, alto; Howard Duffy, Robert Walls and Percy Lee, trombones; Herbert Alvis, baritone; William May saxophone; Harry Price, bass drum; J. L. Holmes, snare drum.

New Orchestra

A wire was received this week from E. B. Dudley, manager of the Koppin theater, Detroit, telling of the installation of a new orchestra in the theater September 1. Six players will make up the combination, which will be directed by Clarence Lee, the violinist, one of the finest in the country. Howard Bunts, clarinet; Emma Smith, piano; Geo. Smith, drums, and Elmer Jenkins, cornet, will make a snappy little aggregation.

Radio Star

Many will remember Raleigh W. Thompson, the man everybody likes, the man of many cities and the general all-around good fellow. Yes, such a type was Raleigh, proprietor of one of the prettiest amusement places in Chicago. He has been in the West for the past seven years in business and as a side line he is making use of his musical ability. He is employed in the broadcasting staff of station CFCN, Calgary, Canada. He broadcasts Tuesdays and Fridays at 9:30 p. m. Mountain time. The writer will make every effort in the future to tune in on this western station to hear once again the artistic work of this popular song writer and composer, Raleigh W. Thompson.

One-Armed Cornetist

Theodore Carpenter, the one-armed cornetist, is still the feature with Speed Webb's Hossier Melody Legs. The bunch is playing at Forest park, Toledo, Ohio. This Fall they are booked to play at one of Toledo's downtown cafes. Mail will find Carpenter at 803 Pinewood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Held Up

The sad news is published in variety of week of the 7th telling of the unfortunate incident that happened to Will Vodery as he was entering his home in New York.

"Two armed thugs shot and slightly wounded William (Bill) Vodery, Colored orchestra leader, in the hallway of his apartment. 45 W.

49th St., after he thwarted an attempt to rob him of his \$3,000 diamond ring. The bandits, after they twice fired through a door panel, fled from the apartment. A search of the neighborhood was made by Detectives Charles Stapleton and Charles Dugan of the W. 47th St. station, but they found nary a bandit.

"Before the footpads ran they stole \$16 from the orchestra leader. Vodery managed to save the gem, solely because it was on his finger so tight. They pulled at the ring, which they couldn't get off. Then they dug into Vodery's jeans and extracted his kale. He furnished a good description of the pair.

"Bill alighted from a cab at his door early in the morning. As he entered the hallway he noticed a stranger in the vestibule. Another stranger, he said, was close by. As he got into the vestibule he noticed one of the thugs follow him upstairs. Bill stepped on the gas. So did the bandit, followed by the second thug.

Bill Pleaded

"They overtook Vodery as he reached the top landing, which is the fourth floor, just outside of his apartment. One bandit shoved a gun against Bill's 'front porch' and commanded him to stick them up. 'Give him the cannon if he's not quick,' shouted the boss bandit to his assistant."

The Blue Heron Gang

In one of Chicago's gay amusement places, the Blue Heron cafe, Glenview, Ill., is one of the popular orchestras of Chicago. Archie Anderson is the leader and violinist; Buddy Gross plays the tuba; Happy Smith, drums, and Elmer Jenkins, cornet, will make a snappy little aggregation.

Notes

Jimmy Bell carried a bunch to play a "gig" engagement up in Wisconsin last Saturday night. A substitute band worked the theater for him.

George Lee and Emma Smith, also Clarence Lee, will play the coming season at the Koppin theater, Detroit, Mich.

Harrison Emanuel, the solo violinist, is busily engaged in the chiro-physio business during the day. Another example of thrift.

All the gang meets nightly at Jasper Taylor's rotisserie. Many important musical subjects are discussed around the gas hearth.

Jim Butler and his wife, the musicians, will play the music at the Monogram theater the coming season. It is fortunate that two people and such fine musicians too are happily married and can earn theirs together.

Mrs. Lottie Hightower, the financial secretary of local 208, is the directress of Lottie Hightower's Euclid Nighthawks, one of the popular dance orchestras of Chicago.

The rumor is current that some of our leaders are getting too far away from music and dignity when they clown, dance and cut up. A little pep is all right, but do not disgrace the art that has taken so long to develop.

Three violins will be added to Sammy Stewart's Metropolitan orchestra in September, so the boys are saying.

Tate and orchestra with Ed Goodbar, the silver-throated tenor, are drawing the natives from far and near. Jimmy Bertram, the little "red" drummer, is the sunshine smile of the bunch.

Jasper Taylor, the famous "wash-board artist," will return to the Grand September 6 with Dave Peyton's orchestra.

King Joe Oliver, the writer of "Snag It," the popular dance sensation, can be seen in his office daily from 2 p. m. until 4:30 p. m. Place, the Plantation.

The writer of this column left for an extended vacation, Monday, Aug. 16th. The first stop will be Paducah, Ky., for a visit with wifey, then on to New York for ten days.

Stomp King and his Assassins are still the big noise in Chicago. The gang used to laugh at Stomp. Now they have become serious. He has showed them what perseverance means. He sawed wood while the others played. The last shall be first, and so on, the fable goes.

Colored Singer, Pupil of Prima Donna, Will Leave On European Tour Sept. 4

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER
JULY 31, 1926

OFFER PRIZES FOR MUSIC

\$1000 in Awards for Compositions Announced at Negro Musicians' Session

One thousand dollars has been donated to the Robert Curtis Ogden Association by Rodman Wanamaker, Jr., to be distributed in the form of prizes for musical compositions. It was announced last night at the closing session of the National Association of Negro Musicians' eighth annual convention in Wanamaker's Store.

The Robert Curtis Ogden Association will establish a series of awards for creative musical efforts reflecting the original native feeling and style, to be entitled: A hymn of freedom, a love song, a lullabye, a rhythmical step, to be known as the "Prestidigitation," and melodies of synchronous effects.

Among the speakers of the evening were Franklin N. Brewer, representing the management of Wanamaker's Store, and John Love, president of the Robert Curtis Ogden Association. About one thousand members of the two associations were present.

N. Y. C. HERALD TRIBUNE
AUGUST 1, 1926

The Jazz Band's Sob

THE WEARY BLUES.

By Langston Hughes.

New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Reviewed by
DU BOSE HEYWARD

ALITTLE over a year ago the brilliant Negro journal "Opportunity" awarded a prize for a poem, "The Weary Blues," by Langston Hughes. Shortly thereafter "The Forum" reprinted the poem. Previous to the appearance of this poem very few were aware of the existence of the author, although he had been writing for seven years; an apprenticeship the results of which are evident in the pages of this volume, to which his prize poem gives its name.

"The Weary Blues" challenges more serious consideration than that generally accorded a "first book." Langston Hughes, although only twenty-four years old, is already conspicuous in the group of Negro intellectuals who are dignifying Harlem with a genuine art life. And, too, his use of syncopation in his prize poem suggested the possibility of a conflict in the rhythms of poetry paralleling that which is taking place between the spiritual and jazz exponents of Negro music.

William Cogswell

Mr. Cogswell has completed his studies with Miss Flora Goldini (prima donna Flora Goldini) and is leaving to make his European debut in London, September 2. The possessor of a very fine voice, endowed with a wide musicianship and a rich and artistic English, French, and Italian repertoire, he is assured a splendid success.

Let it be said at once then that this

transmuted through the alchemy of art into poetry that, while it stings

the eyes with tears, causes the reader to wonder.

But far more often in the volume the artist is victor:

"We have to-morrow
Bright before us
Like a flame."

Yesterday
A night-gone thing.
A sun-down name.

And dawn to-day
Broad arch above the road we came."

And in "Dream Variation" youth triumphs:

"To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whish and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While the night comes on gently,
Dark like me—
That is my dream!"

It is, however, as an individual poet, not as a member of a new and interesting literary group, or as spokesman for a race, that Langston Hughes must stand or fall, and in the numerous poems in "The Weary Blues" that give poignant moods and vivid glimpses of seas and lands caught by the young poet in his wanderings I find an exceptional endowment. Always intensely subjective, passionate, keenly sensitive to beauty and possessed of an unfaltering musical sense, Langston Hughes has given us a "first book" that marks the opening of a career well worth watching.

As he says in his "Cabaret":

"Does a jazz band ever sob?
They say a jazz band's gay.
Yet as the vulgar dancers whirled
And the wan night wore away,
One said she heard the jazz band sob
When the little dawn was gray."

That Langston Hughes has not altogether escaped an inevitable pitfall of the Negro intellectual is to be regretted. In one or two places in the book the artist is obscured by the propagandist. Pegasus has been made a pack-horse. It is natural that the Negro writer should feel keenly the lack of sympathy in the South. That the South is a great loser thereby brings him small comfort. In the soul of a poet, a revolt so born may be

Oct 16 1926

R.C.

Critics Tilt at a Jazz Windmill—Effect of the Jousting Would Be Greater if They Had the Same Target—Negro Spirituals as a Thematic Source

NOW that Ernest Newman, the eminent critic, has expressed his opinion concerning what he calls "jazz" and John Erskine has answered him with remarks upon what he calls jazz and Walter Damrosch has put in his answer, perhaps they might all be brought together by another "jazz" hater, but a lover of the modern American form of composition as seen at its best in George Gershwin's recent compositions, in Friml's "Vagabond King" and in some of the offerings of the younger composers.

During a whole musical season only a scant two years gone I had the pleasure of close association with Ernest Newman, a critic who knew exactly what he wanted to say and generally said it in no uncertain manner. Once in a while he would stick his tongue in his cheek and you weren't a bit certain that he wasn't poking fun. But always he was the musician who hated charlatanism and changes for the sake of change.

Once in a while he was compelled to listen to real jazz at dinner dances and places of that ilk and it is not surprising that he disliked it. There was nothing to it but rhythm—and mighty poor rhythm at that. There were cacophony instead of melody, jerkings instead of tempo and lovely music of the masters jazzed out of all recognition—"Sweet bells jangled out of tune." He hated that music and he hated the playing of Paul Whiteman's band—"They played everything the same way," he said.

BUT Mr. Newman and the others—offensive and defensive—have set up windmills for their jousting, which are as different as they can be, and have named them all jazz. They ought to get together and attack or defend the same thing. When Mr. Newman says it is impossible that jazz can have a place in real art, he means jazz of the negro dance hall with no melody, no anything but rhythm and mighty poor rhythm at that—mainly noise.

That's the sort of thing every lover of music hates except when he is dancing. Then he doesn't care. No dance, by the way, fitted that jazz, so they had to invent dances with as little form to go with it. That's the jazz Mr. New-

man is jousting at. He doesn't object to the cacophony of it any more than he objects to the same thing in Wagner and Richard Strauss. But he does object to the cacophonized melody of the great masters, and more power to his elbow in that respect.

"In music," says Mr. Erskine, in reply to Mr. Newman, "the popular impulse is always for rhythm, first of all, then for melody and then for harmony. If your learned and traditional musician gets the cart before the horse, elaborates the harmony, subdues the melody and suppresses the rhythm, the popular demand will rise for enough rhythm to re-establish the balance and for a while we shall have an orgy of isolated rhythm or jazz.

"That is why jazz seems to some of us a normal and healthy thing. Of course, you can't make the greatest music out of rhythm alone, but you also can't out of melody or harmony alone. Meanwhile, those who play jazz and those who listen to it enjoy an excitement of pleasure the livelier because they have been starved for just that one element. A balance is being restored in their musical souls."

THUS you see that Mr. Newman's and Mr. Erskine's windmills are different, very different. So, too, is that of Walter Damrosch, who agrees with what Mr. Newman says of the impudence of certain so-called composers of jazz in taking the melodies of great composers and distorting them into jazz rhythms. "This," he says, "is a sacrilege so outrageous that I can conceive of no punishment terrible enough to fit the crime. Such miscreants should first be tortured and then put to death. They would be equally willing to jazz some of the most beautiful parables of the New Testament."

And it is entirely likely that those who will agree with Mr. Damrosch in this respect will be most of the people who have heard the abominations complained of, which make up one kind of jazz. But another kind of jazz is meant when he says he does not agree with Mr. Newman in regard to the impossibility of jazz's finding a place in real art.

"To be sure," says Mr. Damrosch, "at present it is almost though not quite in the hands of manufacturers of music devoid of any appreciation of art. But a few of our younger musicians have demonstrated an ability to use it with a degree of success. There is no reason why some great composer should not imbue it with the same fine emotional qualities that our beloved Johann Strauss has put into the form of the waltz."

What we need, then, to make the music of the future—that's the way they rated Wagner's music in the early seventies, when Theodore Thomas was forcing us to accept it—is rhythm first, then melody and then harmony, and Mr. Damrosch says some of our young composers have the ability to produce that kind of music.

He ought to know, for didn't he commission George Gershwin to give him something and didn't Mr. Gershwin fill the order in a most delightful way? And that youngster had done beautiful things before and has since. That "Lost Barber Shop Chord" in "Americana" has ten minutes or so of perfect rhythm, melody and harmony which is not and never was jazz, even though so named. If it is jazz, however, then so are the choruses of the Vagabonds in "The Vagabond King" of Friml, and "Play Gypsies" in Kalman's "Countess Maritza." Both are filled with rhythm, melody and harmony and other examples abound in modern works. But that's another windmill.

IT HAS been thus far a gold mine for the singer, and the spirituals are finding their way more and more every year onto the programs of concert performers. What is a more interesting aspect of the influence of these songs is their possible effect upon the American composer. Dvorak realized their possibilities a long time ago, and he has had followers, but not by any means have our native composers realized the rich possibilities of these songs as sources for thematic material.

On this subject, Mr. Johnson writes in his introduction: "What is the future of this music? . . . The spirituals possess the qualities and the powers; the trouble, so far, has been their almost absolute neglect and rejection by our serious composers. Our lesser musicians have been wiser and

more discerning; they have taken the music the negro created in lighter moods—ragtime, jazz, blues—and developed it into American popular music. Indeed, all the major folk creations of the negro have been taken up and developed except the spirituals."

Of course, there is an opera running on Broadway now called "Deep River," frequently called jazz opera with an utter disregard for the meaning of the word jazz, and "Deep River" is a spiritual whose beauties when given to the world by Harry T. Burleigh years ago had much to do with the outburst of interest in the religious music of the negro. But the few exceptions of the use of serious negro music do no more than strengthen Mr. Johnson's case. We are neglecting a gold mine.

MUSICALLY the arrangements in the "Second Book" are simple enough for almost any pianist, and here as before J. Rosamond Johnson has done extraordinarily well with his arrangements in keeping the spirit of the original. The Bits volume, which is in the Musicians' Library, is edited by William Arms Fisher, who contributes a scholarly foreword giving a brief history of the study made of the spirituals since the Civil War.

Many unfamiliar spirituals are included in his seventy, thus proving again the enormous richness of the field. It is not disparaging the beauty of these solo arrangements to call attention to one fact, which is that the spirituals as originally sung were part songs, and that their fullest appeal depends upon a certain informality about their singing which one gets in the Fisk Singers and misses elsewhere.

Regardless of that matter, however, there is far too much genuine and moving beauty in the songs to bring down upon them the attacks that have been recently launched, however unjustly, against jazz.

CHARLES PIKE SAWYER.

BLACK FOLKS' MUSIC IS A GEM TO AMERICA

Treating Of Spirituals As Minstrel Songs Condemned. Called Country's Finest.

By Rosa Dale
Pacific Coast News Bureau

UNIVERSAL CITY, Calif., Oct. 20—While in Natchez, Miss., seeking location for the cotton field and Mississippi River scenes for the "Up-To-Date Cabin" picture, Director Harry Pollard visited a Fourth of July colored festival and became so impressed with the sincerity and sense of rhythm frequently

found lacking in the so-called cultured composition that he decided to reproduce a number of heretofore unpublished traditional melodies in a book which he will call "Black Harmony."

Only genuine U. S. Folk Music. "There is a growing tendency to treat the true Negro music as 'soul songs,'" says Director Pollard. "This is not only a serious error but a grave injustice. Springing from the white heat of the moment of feeling, religion, spirituals are sincere evidences of sincere faith. That they are exploited by middle-class mercenaries is greatly to be deplored for that is one certain way of cheapening the only genuine and definite folk music of which America can boast."

The black man is volatile, a child of moods. It is just as natural for him to be gay as it is for him to be plaintive. The occasion, as a matter of fact, creates the mood?

The music of the black man may be said to be roughly divided into two classes, 'spirituals' and 'jubilees.' The former is marked by its mournful lugubrious, its deep sense of religious fervor and its amazingly spontaneous origin. The jubilee song originates the same way but the motive is different. Strangely enough even in jubilee songs, there is a faint religious background, as witnessed the celebrated 'Two by Two,' a rollicking chantey, sung in a melodious monotone, artfully colored by rich accompanying chords on stringed instruments.

Never Before In Print
"Two by Two" which has never before appeared in print, was heard and transcribed by Pollard while in Mississippi and is here reproduced for the first time:

Hallelloo, Hallelloo, Hallelujah to the Lamb
Hallelloo, Hallelloo, Hallelujah to the Lamb.

The animals comin', one by one
The cow's chewin' on a caraway bun.

The animals comin' two by two,
The bear, the bug and the kangaroo.

The animals comin' three by three
Lil' polecat and the bumble bee.
The animals comin' four by four
Ol' Noah jumped up and hollered for more.

The animals comin' five by five,
And thus the animals did arrive.
The animals comin' six by six,
The baboon laughin' at the moon key's tricks.

The animals comin', seven by seven,
Said the ant to the elephant,

"Who you shovin'?"
The animals comin' eight by eight.

Noah said, "Go close dat gate."
The animals comin' nine by nine
Ol' Noah said, "Please take yo time."

IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

By LUCIEN H. WHITE

PREMIERE OF "DEEP RIVER," NEW OPERA, OF INTEREST TO RACE MUSIC LOVERS

With the arrival of fall, musical activities are again coming into evidence. Various individuals and organizations are perfecting their musical campaigns, and the general public is prepared, after the summer lethargy, to give support and encouragement to old favorites and new aspirants in equal measure.

An event of considerable interest to the colored music lover was the premiere of the new native opera, "Deep River," the music composed by Frank Harling, with the book written by Laurence Stallings, a well known New York newspaper man. Contrary to statements published by some ill-informed writers, the opera is not based on the Negro Spiritual, "Deep River," nor is the title so derived.

The scene of action is laid in the City of New Orleans, early in the past century, and the story presents the trouble-causing theme of race and blood. Three white Kentuckians have visited New Orleans to attend the annual Spring Cotillion given by the Creole gentlemen to their lady loves. And one of the aristocrats from the Blue Grass State falls in love with a beautiful young quadroon, who is also beloved of the wealthy Creole dandy.

The resultant complications, handled in the opera in a manner far from the obvious, constitute a problem that is well defined by the title -- a "Deep River" of convention, racial and social distinctions.

The premiere of this opera was at Lancaster, Pa., in the Fulton Opera House, on Saturday night, September 18. The reviewer of musical events for the Lancaster News declared that the "presentation was received with a favor that mounted to acclaim." The company consists of an ensemble of 64, with an orchestra of forty, and race interest is enhanced by the fact that a group of ten Negro artists are included in the company. This group is headed by Julius Bledsoe, the great Negro baritone, and the News report declares that "Julius Bledsoe scored heavily as a singer."

Other members of this group are Mrs. Charlotte Wallace Murray, contralto; Frank G. Harrison, baritone, who is understudy to Bledsoe; Mrs. Cora Gary-Illidge, mezzo-soprano, graduate from Damrosch Institute of Musical Art; Mrs. Gladys White, wife of Walter F. White of the N. A. A. C. P.; Mrs. Rosa McLendon, Mrs. Carrie Giles, Miss Katherine Parker, Miss Bessie Allison, and Miss Alberta Dougall.

Writing of the performance, the Lancaster critic said: "Heralded as something sensational new and different, as something of a new school, the opera-drama caused the audience at times to lift its brows, to gasp at the sheer beauty of the unusual fusion of drama and music. . . Rich, haunting 'jazz' music, yet quite unlike the modern jazz in its common conception, with a distinct touch of the Negro Spiritual about it, alone should insure success of the opera. An orchestra of 40 finished musicians and a choral ensemble of 64 interpreted the strange music to perfection. The settings and the costumes combined to make the opera a spectacle of amazing artistry and beauty."

The opera is being produced by Arthur Hopkins, of "What Price

Glory?" fame, and white artists who won favor in the opening were Lottice Howell, leading soprano role, and Roberto Ardelli.

This week and next, the opera is being sung at the Schubert Theatre, Philadelphia, coming to New York later.

NEGRO COMPOSERS HONORED

The Etude, a monthly magazine devoted to music, published a souvenir of the Sesquicentennial entitled "Two Centuries of American Musical Composers," which portrays the development of American music and gives the photographs of the leading musicians of the country, among whom are ~~many~~ of our prominent Negro musicians as follows: H. T. Burleigh, F. A. Clark, Nathaniel Dett, Carl Diton, Clarence Cameron White, and S. Coleridge-Taylor. We are pleased to note that that two of these are our fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, Prof. F. A. Clark and Carl Diton; particularly Prof. Clark who has devoted himself for the last thirty-five years to the development of church music and is regarded as one of the foremost in that line in America regardless of race, for he has no serious competitors inside of the Negro race. S. Coleridge Taylor is named as one of the immortal. There is no color line or indication of color mentioned in the souvenir.

Mr. Harling's second opera, "A Light From St. Agnes," on a libretto by Mrs. Fliske, was produced by the Chicago Opera last year. His first opera, "The Sunken Bell," was accepted by Henry Russell, director of the Boston Opera, early in 1914. The score, which had been left in Brussels, was partly lost when the war broke out. Mr. Harling's connection with Brussels is a close one. He lived in the Belgian capital for seven years, studying with Theo. Ysaye, pianist and composer. Mr. Harling organized the Brussels Philharmonic Society for the performance of oratorio and opera, and he was responsible for the first performance of "Erminie" in Brussels. His experience in that city, especially his contact with Maurice Kufferath, director of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, who died before he could produce his young friend's first opera, gave him a good working knowledge of the theatre. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Harling began his musical career as a writer of songs and that he spent ten years as an organist. He was the first choir instructor at West Point, where he remained for two years (1909-1910). It was during those ten years that he wrote the bulk of his church music, including 125 anthems, which have been published. "This," as Mr. Harling remarked, "gave me my choral foundation."

Harling's "Deep River"

W. FRANKE HARLING'S third opera, "Deep River," which will be given for the first time in Philadelphia Sept. 21, and will open its New York season at the Imperial Theatre Oct. 4, touches on the negro problem of today. The music is written in the modern operatic vein. Jazz rhythms abound. For the first time an opera has been written where the chorus sings orchestrally, all voices following rhythmically a characteristic jazz rhythm.

"I consider jazz," said Mr. Harling, "fundamentally American. In 'A Light From St. Agnes' I scratched only the surface, realizing the danger of making the jazz innovation in serious music too drastic for an audience used to the classics. But in 'Deep River' I have thrown overboard every musical law, all set rules, to emphasize the fact that jazz is not a thing to be deformed and travestied in cheap dance halls, but to be taken seriously as a new rhythm, a new contribution to music, the most important in the last hundred years. I try to prove in 'Deep River' that jazz can be used quite as effectively to express tragedy as comedy."

ROOSEVELT N.Y. CITIZEN
APRIL 18, 1926

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" BY WEAF PLAYERS— "LUCIA DI LAMMERMORO" THROUGH WGBS

The annual Communion breakfast of the New York Post Office Holy Name Society, Branch No. 273, will be broadcast by WNYC at 10:45 a.m., Rev. John J. Kiernan, spiritual director of the society, will be toastmaster. Brief speeches will be made by Rev. James J. Gillin, Adjutant; W. S. Benson, pastor; Joseph V. McKee, president of the Board of Aldermen; Rev. William F. McGuinness, D. D., Police Commissioner; George V. McLaughlin; Interstate Commissioner, Thomas F. Woodlock; Alfred J. Talley, Eugene S. Kinkead, Prof. H. J. Carman and Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle.

WEAF will send out the proceedings of the popular Men's Conference meeting at the Bedford Branch.

Beginning at 4 o'clock this afternoon, for one hour and half, Y. M. C. A., Brook-

lyn, N. Y. This meeting is of National interest due to the addresses of the Rev. S. Parker Cadman, D. D. Dr. Cadman is acknowledged by the radio "fans" as being one of the most eloquent speakers in the nation at the present time, and his addresses command a wide hearing each week.

Dr. Cadman's subject will be "Youth and Its Prospects." The theme of his address was suggested to Dr. Cadman by a question asked in the Bedford Y. M. C. A. Conference a few weeks ago when a member of the Conference commented upon a sermon which Dr. Cadman had preached from his own pulpit in the Central Congregational Church on a similar theme.

The interest which radio fans manifest in this Conference is amply demonstrated by the large number of delegations which visit it from week to week from points located outside of Greater New York. This afternoon 1256 members of the Hillside Lodge Y. M. C. A. of Hillside, N. J., and a delegation of graduates of the famous Mt. Hermon School of Mt. Hermon, Mass., will also be present.

The Gloria Trumpeters, the only members of the female sex who are able

to gain admittance to the meetings of the Men's Conference and whose regular instrumental numbers are bright spots of the Conference, will be heard as usual in a specially arranged program.

Chimes solos by George E. Betts and the mass singing directed by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wade Kimsey, will also form part of the musical program of this Conference.

Harry T. Burleigh, the noted composer of Negro spirituals, has extended his field of musical activities to include religious works, and these will be heard by the radio audience in the broadcast

of its being taken Shylock would be

guilty before the law. As Shylock is

unable to comply with the terms of the

bond and meet these conditions he is

adjudged by the duke as guilty under

the law of Venice of conspiring to take

the life of a citizen and his vast wealth

is forfeited. The seeming tragedy ends

with joy, and the closing incidents sur-

round Bassanio and his explanation to

Portia of the loss of a ring which she

gave him and which he had given upon

request of the counsel who, of course,

was none other than Portia herself.

At the same time a message arrives ap-

praising Antonio of the fact that his

ships were safe.

Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," will be broadcast by WGBS to-night at 9:30 with Pina Garavelli, well-known coloratura soprano, singing the title role. "Lucia" represents the older school of opera, having been composed by Gaetano Donizetti, with its original presentation in Naples in 1835. It is founded, of course, on Walter Scott's famous novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor." With its familiar sextet number, "Lucia" is one of the most popular of the older and more florid Italian school. Some of the most famous "Lucia" have been Ratti, Tetrazzini, Hempel and Galli-Curci.

The audience of WEAF will hear John Corigliano, violinist, in addition to Mme. Frances Alda, the renowned soprano of operatic fame, at 9:15 p.m. Miss Agnes Bevington will accompany Mme. Alda and Willy Schaeffer will accompany Mr. Corigliano.

lawyer. Although Shylock is offered the sum of money borrowed by Antonio, he shows no mercy and insists on a compliance of the terms of the bond. Bassanio, as the counsel, agrees that the bond is regular in every respect and that Shylock is entitled to its fulfillment. However, as Shylock with his sharp knife is about to exact the penalty of his bond Portia dazzles and electrifies the proceedings by calling attention to the fact that the bond specifies "a pound of flesh" and that if one drop of blood were lost in the process

of its being taken Shylock would be guilty before the law. As Shylock is unable to comply with the terms of the bond and meet these conditions he is adjudged by the duke as guilty under the law of Venice of conspiring to take

the life of a citizen and his vast wealth is forfeited. The seeming tragedy ends

with joy, and the closing incidents surround Bassanio and his explanation to Portia of the loss of a ring which she gave him and which he had given upon request of the counsel who, of course,

was none other than Portia herself. At the same time a message arrives ap-praising Antonio of the fact that his ships were safe.

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THE MUSICAL BUNCH

BY DAVE PEYTON

Career of W. C. Handy

W. C. Handy, one of the country's famous musicians, is the subject of my article this week. It is most in-
teresting to know how this musi-
cian climbed the ladder of fame,
overcoming many obstacles that
confronted him from many
sources, but Handy possessed
a will power and had the courage
to stick and make a name for himself in the great
music world.

Born, reared and educated in

the Southland, Dave Peyton

Handy today is a foremost figure in

the country's musical activities.

His

was in Memphis, Tenn., where

organized Handy's band.

This aggregation played for most all of

the southern aristocratic social af-

fares. Such wonderful popularity

this band gained that Handy took

them on a tour of the country which

gave the band a national reputation

and still does.

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A Fine Musician

W. C. Handy, one would think, is an ordinary musician, because his line is the writing of "blues" music. Such is not the case. When I was

visiting in New York city a few

years ago, I was honored by the fa-

mous composer with an invitation to

his home for luncheon. I was

surprised while sitting in his music

room, listening to him demonstrate

his compositions, which ranged from

opera to syncopation, to learn that

he was a theorist in music, a mas-

ter of counterpoint and harmony,

and an arranger in the first class.

I will remember this visit as being

one of the most pleasant times in

my life. I had heard so much of

him as a "blues" writer that it was

surprising to me to learn that he

was a real musician.

The St. Louis Blues

Among the many hits composed by Handy, his "St. Louis Blues" and "Memphis Blues" were among the most popular and the records show that they were the largest sellers. His "Loveless Love," of course, was big, but it didn't impress the pub-

lic like the first two named.

The melodic voice of St. Louis seems to carry a message in its tune. It almost speaks, it prays for mercy, it sends an appeal, it seems to haunt you after hearing it played once. Today it is a standard "blues" classic in the library of most every orchestra leader in the country. America's composers are using it as a thematic basis for jazz opera composition that will become very popular in a short time.

"Memphis Blues"

The famous "Memphis Blues" is a little different in melodic construc-

tion than the "St. Louis Blues." It

Negro Mellow Sweeps Its Way Across a Jazz-Torn Nation

ILLINOIS JOURNAL

MARCH 28, 1926

By Floyd S. Van Vuren

Traced to their source, the jazz tunes that issue from Tin Pan Alley today and proceed to tear the world to ragtime are found to be the outgrowth of the time-honored songs that were developed by the old southern darky in his slavery. They are the old negro spirituals, the old colored plantation songs syncopated and increased in tempo. They are the old-time "mellows," the "makeup" songs of the Louisiana negro, set to a new pace and stripped of any sentimentality they might have originally possessed.

Yesterday the poignant melodies of the negro songs were heard only in the southern schoolroom, and so much a part of everyday life did they become that they were thought of as the true folk songs of the southern peoples. Presently a few of them escaped over the Mason-Dixon line, and were caught up by the glee clubs of northern schools and colleges. Then, from somewhere out of the wildernesses of lower east side New York came Irving Berlin, the man who set the world to jazz. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" appeared with its bow to negro music and its introduction from "Swanee River." Readily, the whole country responded to its exhortation, "Come on and hear!" New ears listened in on what was apparently new music. Shortly, "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" was heard. It was an old levee song done over, and the public liked it. Ragtime, the immediate forebear of the modern jazz song, swept the country.

The Original Jubilee Singers

Because jazz is the symbol, the byword, the very essence, of many elements in the spirit of the '20's; because, as far as America is concerned, it is actually our characteristic expression, it follows that interest should center around its origins. America looked back upon the grand-daddy of modern jazz, and found its fancy captured by the strains of the old negro songs. Today, versions of them have found a place on symphony concert programs.

Modern composers have incorporated them into their rhapsodies. They are an integral part of a new ballet, "Skyscrapers," which attracted a curious first-night audience to the Metropolitan opera house, New York, and which was hailed by the reviewers as being "singularly expressive of modern thought." Colored artists—Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson, Marion Anderson—have included them in their programs, and found that they drew more applause than the conventional recital numbers. A Milwaukee audience loved "He Never Said a



"Mumblin' Word," and others, of the old negro spirituals, as they were sung by Roland Hayes at the Pabst theater recently.

Though it is only within the last two or three years that the negro spiritual became an object of successful commercial exploitation, by no means can it be said that it is being heard for the first time. Looking back upon the year 1871, one sees a band of 18 emancipated slaves, the original Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., setting forth upon a concert tour through which they hoped to raise \$20,000 for their struggling institution. Three years passed and they returned with more than \$100,000 for their college. Their way led to concert halls in New York, Boston and other eastern cities. In Brooklyn they won the patronage of Henry Ward Beecher. They sang before Queen Victoria. Gladstone breakfasted them. Returning home at Fisk university a building was erected from a portion of the \$100,000 and named Jubilee hall.

Source Lay in Slavery

If we look for the source of the negro song, we find it in slavery. There is something of the very blood of the old-time darky in the minor cadences of their "mellows," the negro term for "melodies." Gaily garbed negroes

toiling in sun-scorched cotton fields of the old southern plantations; burly, half-naked stevedores rolling cotton bales aboard the picturesque craft of early days along the lower Mississippi; family groups about cabin doors in the cool of the evening. These traditional pictures of slave days in the south are recalled by their songs. And there is about the originals much that resembles the "mammy" songs which were so popular a short time ago, and the "Beale Street Blues" that moaned its way

across the continent from picturesque old Beale av. in Memphis.

What color there is in the old secular melodies, in the work songs and in the peculiar ballads of the negro! They have a flavor and a richness all their own. Sweating crews of railroad workers; chain gangs on construction work; laborers at simple, vulgar tasks. These were the men who created the songs that have suddenly grown popular. In their crude wooden churches we see them wailing and moaning at their worship. Their untaught minds have given birth to superstitions that are as picturesque as their lives, and it is these that serve as the basis for secular songs. Their code of morality is of a simple, elemental sort, and this, too, finds expression in their religious songs.

The old-time negro, in fact, celebrated all things, and every aspect of his daily life, in song.

An Accomplished Raconteur

The negro's ability to tell a story is well known. He possesses unusual powers to project dramatic scenes into his story and to portray more ordinary scenes with rare sketchiness. One hears a negro story teller and knows what he is telling about. The songs of the negro embody this ability to a large degree. Imagery is in every line. He imparts complete impressions with unvarying definiteness. This quality is illustrated in the verses below, which might have been taken from most any of his songs:

Judge an' jury all in de stan'.
Great big law books in deir han'.

Ask me to de table, thought I'd take a seat,
First thing I seed wus big chunk o' meat.

Went to sea, sea look so wide,
Thought about my babe, hung my head an' cried.

Satisfied, tickled to death,
Got a bottle of whisky on my shelf.

Rubber-tired buggy, double-seated hack,
Well, it carried po' Delia to graveyard, failed to bring her back.

This same imagery is found in the religious songs of the negro:

Well you ought to been dere to see de sight,
People's come runnin' both cullud an' white.

Upon mountain Jehobah spoke,
Out of his mouth come fire an' smoke.

Some o' dese mornin's bright an' fair,
Gwine to hitch my wings an' try de a'r.

Inspiration Is Everywhere

It takes little to inspire a negro worker to song. A negro need only to look at a hobo before he begins singing "O Look Down Dat Lonesome Road an' Cry." A dean of a southern college, who was making a study of darky lyrics, seated himself upon a rock wall to

watch and to listen to a group of laborers nearby. He was thinking how oblivious the workers were to his presence and to all things save their work. He could not catch the words

of the song they were singing, though he realized there was much repetition to them. And then, listening intently, he heard:

White man settin' on wall,
White man settin' on wall,
White man settin' on wall all day long,
Wastin' his time, wastin' his time.

Over and over again it had been repeated. After recognizing the words, however, it did not take the dean long to move on.

Negro songs can be divided into three distinct groups: religious songs, or "spirituals;" social songs, which owe their origins to everyday events in their lives; and work songs, most of which are of extemporaneous origin and which probably come nearer expressing the real spirit of the negro than any of the others.

The Negro Hymnal

It is the religious songs, however, that have commonly been accepted as the characteristic music of the race. Whatever may be the relative place they hold in the life, history and nature of the negro, there can scarcely be any doubt as to the power of their appeal. "Never, it seems to me, since man first lived and suffered, was his infinite longing and suffering uttered more plaintively," said one writer of the negro spiritual.

Sung "with the weirdest intonations," they are indeed "weird and intensely sad." The wild, sad strains, most of which originated years ago when the negro was still bound by slavery, tell, as only the sufferers themselves could, of crushed hopes, sharp sorrow and dull, painful misery. At the same time, the words breathe of a simple trusting faith in the future.

In each song, the attitude or the philosophy expressed is always the same, and, as a comment on the life of the race, is pathetic. The hardships of their life in slavery is told in their old "hymn" entitled "Keep Inchin' Along," while in each line is the same rare imagery for which the negro is noted:

Keep er-inchin' erlong, keep er-inchin' erlong,
Jesus'll come by an' by,
Keep er-inchin', keep er-inchin' erlong,
Jesus'll come by an' by.

De road is rocky here below,
But Jesus'll come by an' by.
But Jesus leads me as I go,
Jesus'll come by an' by.

Sometimes I hang my head an' cries,
But Jesus'll come by an' by.
An' He goin' wipe mer weepin' eyes,
Jesus'll come by an' by.

Oh, run 'long, mourner, an' git yo' crown,
By yo' Father's side set down.

Wins Music Honors



Carmen Shepperd to Compete in Vocal Group

Carmen Velma Shepperd, 15, a senior in Junior High School 136, will compete in the vocal group for the gold medal to be awarded by the New York Music Week Association, Madison Avenue, June 11, at Steinway Hall, 13 West 57th street.

She is a vocal pupil of Vere Richards, Carnegie Hall, and a piano pupil of Alberta Robertson, 264 West 186th street.

Miss Shepperd is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. David M. Shepperd, 849 St. Nicholas Avenue. She was born in Jamaica, N. Y., but all of her training has been received in the United States.

This is Miss Shepperd's second time competing for the gold medal. Last year's honor was won under the direction of Prof. Packer-Ramsey.

NEW ORLEANS PIANIST STATE MEET'S ARTIST AT BEAUMONT JUNE 9

Miss Camille Nickerson, of the Nickerson School of Music, New Orleans, La., will be the guest artist of the Texas Association of Negro Musicians, which convenes in Beaumont June 9-11. Miss Nickerson is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio, and a pianist of

She is a officer also of the National Association of Negro Musicians and one of the race's foremost artists, and the Texas Association should congratulate itself upon being able to secure her services. We look forward to this feature with great pleasure.

Other outstanding musical leaders will be present, including Mrs. Portia Pittman of Dallas, Mrs. F. O. Smith of Houston, Mrs. V. L. Abner-Randall of Texarkana, Mrs. Florence G. Chretien of Prairie View State College.

Colored Girls Win Music Week Honors

When the finals in the annual New York Music Week Contests are held this week, one of the outstanding representatives of the race will be little Miss Gertrude E. Martin, violinist, daughter of Mrs. Gertrude H. Martin and the late David L. Martin, sr., of the Martin-Smith Music School, who won, in violin style, the bronze and silver awards in District 16 Borough contests, solo style class.

Miss Martin was given highest praise by the judges for the excellence of her work, one of them declaring it to be wonderful. She played at Steinway Hall on Friday, June 4.

Another representative of the race will be Miss Mabel Williams, of 213 West 130th street, who also won both silver and bronze medals in District 15, vocal solo class. She sang at P. S. 157, St. Nicholas Avenue, attaining a percentage of 92. Miss Williams, referred to as a dainty little girl, is a pupil of Reina Lazar, head of vocal department of Conservatory of Musical Art at 214 Lenox Avenue, who was also the teacher of Doris Trotman, who won the gold medal last year in the finals.

Together with Miss Carmen Velma Shepperd, whose winning of the bronze and silver medals in District 16 was told of last week, will sing in the final Interborough Contest on Friday night, June 11, at Steinway Hall, and it is probable that Miss Williams will also sing at this time. A report reaches The Age that Miss Ruby Green, contralto soloist of St. Mark's M. E. Church choir, and a pupil of E. Aldama Jackson, has also won the silver and bronze medals for contralto, and will contest on Friday night.

The solo string class finals is set for Saturday, June 12, at 2 p. m., at Steinway Hall.

GEORGE GARNER GIVEN \$1,000

George Garner, prominent tenor singer of this city, was made the recipient of a \$1,000 bill Monday night by Mr. and Mrs. Max Adler, gold coast society mentors, who had heard Mr. Garner sing the night before in their palatial mansion on Greenwood Avenue. The check was a token of the esteem in which they held the singer's voice.

Mrs. Garner, wife of the tenor, also a pianiste of repute, went abroad some few weeks ago to further her musical education. Mr. Garner, who has delayed sailing, it is thought, will now rejoin his wife in a few weeks. The Adlers have made arrangements for him to sail with friends aboard the Leviathan, July 3rd.

EDUCATIONAL MUSIC PROGRAM PUBLIC SCHOOL SONGS

Chicago, February 24, 1926.—Through the Educational Music Bureau of this city, Hermann Zimmerman has implemented his movement in giving "American Folk and Forever" This is the inspiring number that has made such a hit with the school authorities of Chicago and Evanston that it has been translated into eight languages for use in the public schools by non-English speaking citizens.

It will be particularly beneficial in public night schools where immigrants are receiving fine instruction in the fundamentals of American. Musical critics declare that "American Folk and Forever" is one of the best national march songs of recent years marking the highest musical achievement of young Americans, who also composed "The Chief Corner Sunday School of Ethiopia," "I Want to Be Ready," and a mercurial song, "I'm on Stepping Along."

Miss Camille Nickerson, of the Nickerson School of Music, New Orleans, La., will be the guest artist of the Texas Association of Negro Musicians, which convenes in Beaumont June 9-11. Miss Nickerson is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio, and a pianist of

INDIANAPOLIS IND. NEWS

MAY 29, 1926

MUSIC APPRECIATION

MUSIC MEMORY CONTEST

"Steal Away," Negro Spiritual

"Steal Away" is a spiritual or plantation song of the southern Negroes. The spirituals originated in camp meetings or revivals. They were the spontaneous expression of intense religious feelings.

Slavery is responsible for a great deal of the Negro music. It was the sorrow of the southern blacks. Religion and music were their only comfort. They lived constantly in the thought of their heavenly home and the freedom that it would bring.

The Negroes found great relief in song. Music accompanied their work, their play, their religion. It expressed all their emotions and longings, their joys and their sorrows.

The composers of their spirituals are unknown. Like Topsy, the spirituals "jes' growed." They are the folk songs of the southern Negroes.

Grimm, the writer of fairy stories, said: "The folk song composes itself." It is a song of the folk or people which is passed down from father to son by word of mouth. It is never written down. No knowledge of music is required to learn it, as it always possesses a simple, singable melody which can be learned "by ear."

To quote Booker T. Washington: "Wherever companies of Negroes were working together in the cotton fields and tobacco factories, on the levee, on the steamboats, on sugar plantations—or in religious gatherings, melodies spring into life."

Rhythm Strongly Marked.

The spirituals are sometimes cheerful or humorous, but are for the most part religious, as it was regarded as wrong to sing anything but religious songs after conversion. The rhythm of spirituals is always strongly marked, as the singing was usually accompanied by the clapping of hands and the swaying of the body.

Like all songs, "Steal Away" has a simple melody. Its range includes only the first six notes of the scale. Like many spirituals it begins with the chorus or refrain, a part of which is repeated after each of the three stanzas. Notice that the music follows closely the meaning of the words. On the words "steal away," the music is soft and the notes short; while for the words "The Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder," the music is loud and the melody is very broad and dramatic. The song should be sung with the childlike simplicity and fervor which is so characteristic of Negro spirituals.

The Negro spirituals have been wrongly called the folk songs of America. They are the songs of only one small group of Americans. We have no music which expresses the feelings of our entire population except our patriotic songs. Our nation is young and composed of many different nationalities, which have not yet been melted into one race. Neither the Negro spirituals nor the Indian music nor the cowboy songs, etc., express the feelings of all of America. They represent only small sections of our large country.

Folk Music Beauty.

"Steal Away," Negro Spiritual
Glee Club, singing
(Androws) under the direction of Mr. Barker.

Booker T. Washington: "Steal Away," Negro Spiritual
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NEGRO MUSICIANS TO OBSERVE MUSIC WEEK

Every Colored Organization in
Columbus to Participate in
National Event.

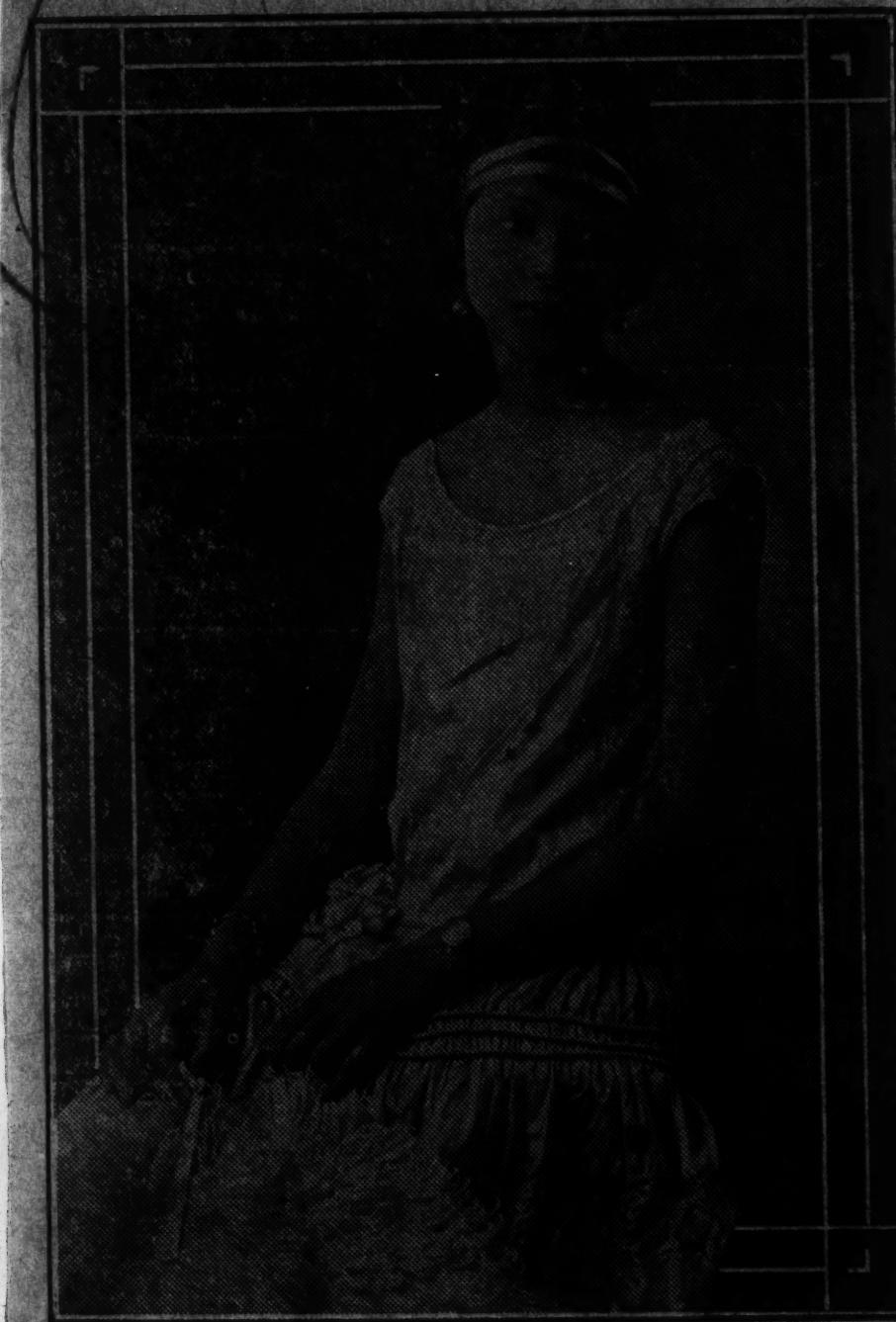
The Columbus Branch of the National Association of Negro Musicians will play a prominent part in the observance of National Music week, beginning Sunday.

An entertainment will be presented at Memorial Hall, Wednesday evening.

The unveiling of the pipe organ of the Shiloh Baptist church, will be held Friday night. All of the colored organizations of the city, including the Shrine chorus of the Alla Baba Temple, will participate in the dedication.

The penitentiary quartet will give a program for the Business Men's club of the Spring Street Y. M. C. A., at noon, Tuesday.

GIVES PIANO RECITAL TONIGHT



MISS ERNESTINE JESSIE COVINGTON, one of the most outstanding pianists of the country and a Houston product, will appear in piano recitals (Wednesday, July 2) at Antioch Baptist Church. Her program will begin promptly at 8:30 p. m., and, judging from advance ticket sales, a monster audience will greet her tonight.

This talented young pianist is a product of the Houston public schools, her father, Dr. B. J. Covington, being one of the leading colored musicians of the city and state, and her mother is one of the leading religious and fraternal workers in Texas. One of the most popular artists appearing on

the program of WEAF, New York City, broadcasting station of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, this Houston girl is now concluding her Southern tour.

Speaking of one of her recitals in New York City, the New York Age says: "Scintillant and brilliant was Miss Covington's playing of the Chopin numbers; evincing sympathetic understanding, and displaying a facile technique. Her steps are just

placed at the beginning of the roadway which leads to the heights of attainments, but the little girl has established the authenticity of her investitures and legality of her placement."

Sesqui-Centennial Soloist



Florence Ode-Talbert, America's songbird, who is studying in Italy, has received a cablegram from the Sesqui-Centennial Committee in Philadelphia, asking her to appear at the Centennial in August.

Mme. Talbert has accepted and on her way over, will stop in Paris to visit Mrs. Harold Browning. She will give a few concerts in America and then return to Italy to appear there in Grand Opera this fall.

Music, Art and Literature

On August the eighteenth Clarence Cameron White personally conducted the Goldman Concert Band in its recital at New York University campus in a portion of his recent composition "Banana Sketches," which Mr. Goldman has included in the season's program.

HAVE TO SING LIKE HELL TO STAY ABROAD

Afro Correspondent In London Finds Our Pianists Barred

LAYTON AND JOHNSTON LIKE U. S. A. BEST OF ALL

Scott And Whaley, Abroad 17 Years, Say No America For Them



Layton

Johnstone

LONDON, ENGLAND—

Since my return to London from Russia I have had the opportunity of meeting several Americans who are making good on the stage.

I shall write about some of them in my next article—especially the players with Florence Mills, who have just arrived in London from Paris.

10-9-26
I visited two theatres this week

World's Greatest Theatres

Layton and Johnstone are engaged at the Alhambra 20 weeks during the year. A part of the remaining time is spent at the Coliseum, one of the greatest theatres in the world. They are being well received this week at the Alhambra. On the two evenings that I attended the shows practically every seat in the house was occupied and I was informed that the choicest seats were bought and reserved several days ahead.

Singing take up the greater part of the program. The songs

dealing with experiences and feelings of southern Negroes were composed by them. Layton and Johnstone have excellent voices and their singing gives evidence of long and thorough training. Their singing of "Always" was splendidly done and when they finished the audience responded with uproarious applause.

After The Show

After the show I had the pleasure of meeting Layton and Johnstone. Johnstone talked freely regarding his experiences in London within the last three years. He said that America was the best place for the Negro. "Many American Negroes," he said, "have the notion that England is a paradise, but England would be worse than America if her colored population were as large as the Negro population in America."

Prejudice

He said that there was much prejudice in England against Negroes and that Negroes could get practically no work not even in the line of menial labor. When I asked him why there was so much prejudice in England against the Negro he said, "This prejudice is in part the result of American influence. Many Americans, especially crackers, are always in London and they carry and make such a success that they always stay, but they were received so well and made such a success that they decided to remain longer. Since then both Scott and Whaley have married and bought fine homes in London. Neither one has any intention of returning to America."

Jokes, Songs, Dances

Scott and Whaley's part on the program this week at Holborn Empire consists of jokes, songs and dances. These jokes and songs are their own production. They are a fairly high quality. Their songs are particularly good and they sing splendidly. I have heard several comments from the English on Scott and Whaley and every one was favorable.

Layton and Johnstone

Messrs. Turner Layton and Clarence N. Johnstone of whom I wrote also in June, are at the Alhambra theatre this week. Both Layton and Johnstone are from New York. Mr. Turner Layton's father, Prof. John Layton, who lived in Washington, D. C., was an accomplished musician and taught several years in the Washington schools.

Layton and Johnstone have been in England three years. They spent one month in Paris before coming to London. Since they have been here they have sung for the Prince of Wales, the King and Queen of Spain, the Duke and Duchess of York and other members of the British royal family.

World's Greatest Theatres

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Singing take up the greater part of the program. The songs

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sun
OCT 12 1926

Recognition Given Negro "Spirituals" Improves The Race

Johnson, In Offering Second Compilation, Proclaims New Racial Self-Respect And Increased Regard From Whites.

"Blues" Will Go.

BY HARRY HANSEN.

In the same week with the opening of "Deep River," the Stallings-Harling jazz opera, comes the publication of "The Second Book of Negro Spirituals," edited by James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson, and intended as a companion volume to the fine publication of last season. (The Viking Press.)

Both the introduction and the content of this second book tell what rich themes await the American composer who strives for originality. And James Weldon Johnson, in his introduction, tells how the attention given the spirituals and blues has elevated the Negro race in its own estimation and worked a very necessary change in its point of view:

The Negro was a long time in coming to a realization of the true worth of the spirituals—and there are still some faultily educated colored people who are ashamed of them—but when he did, his eyes were opened to all of his own cultural resources.

Nor was this "leaping pride," as Mr. Johnson calls it, the only effect of the publication of the spirituals. The white man became conscious that the Negro "was a creator as well as a creature," and that his silent potentiality had not been without its effect on American life.

Today, writes Mr. Johnson, the spirituals have a new vogue "but they produce a reaction far different from the sort produced by their first popularity; the effect now produced upon white hearers is not sympathy for the poor Negro, but admiration for the creative genius of the race."

New York city does not need any illumination on this fact, for here the creative art of the Negro has been recognized and fully cultivated; here also we drift to the other extreme, for this art is likely to be exploited commercially and twisted out of all recognition.

In the United States at large recognition of any creative quality in Negro themes is slow and at best only partial, and President Coolidge was skating on thin ice when he told the authors of the first book of spirituals that "you have performed a real service in putting these melodies in permanent form and I am very glad to have the book for my library."

A great many cities, especially in the South, are like the "faultily educated colored people" whom Mr. Johnson mentions—just a bit ashamed of the spirituals. For that reason I like what the author writes about the silent power of the Negro, and how it has left an indelible effect upon American life.

It is idle to argue that all elements that go to make up a civilization are articulate and even vociferous, and that all influences are tangible and listed in catalogues. The Negro has exerted both a positive and a negative influence in America. Mr. Johnson's phrase is full of suggestion:

I believe the conscience of the nation would be shocked by contemplation of the effects of the negative power the Negro has involuntarily and unwittingly wielded.

One is reminded of that stern and unrelenting old man who was the central figure in Galsworthy's "Strife"—sitting almost immovable at the table while capital and labor fought a battle of words over his head, and conveying the impression of strength, solidity and tenacity without putting it into a phrase.

What is going to become of the spirituals? Mr. Johnson has a few guesses. First, they will be the treasure trove of American composers. Second, they will revitalize the creative work of the Negro—have already done so. The supply, he says, is far from exhausted.

In his two books he has listed perhaps "six score" spirituals, when there are over 600 known and some lost. Their vogue, he writes, is no sudden fad. For sixty years they have been "coming up," and now their recognition is national. Mr. Johnson believes in their immor-

tality.

But the "blues" will go, in the opinion of Mr. Johnson, because they are folk-art. "With the close of the creative period of the blues, which appears to be at hand, it is probable that the whole folk creative art of the Negro in the United States will have come to an end. The blues, in their primitive form, are pure folk songs."

And we learn that the spirituals, as the expression of a group, face no such disaster.

RAND RIVER MICH. PRESS
APRIL 7, 1926

Side Lights

About "Dixie."

Born in the North.
First Negro Minstrel.
Monument to Song.

DELVING into the history of America's popular music a researcher brings up some curious facts known to but few of this generation.

For example, most of us regard "Dixie" as the 100 per cent southern song. But the little known truth is that its composer was a northerner, born in Mt. Vernon, O., and it was written and first sung in New York.

IT WAS 57 years ago this month that Daniel Decatur Emmett, minstrel performer, looked from his New York lodging house window into the bleak street. He was searching his brain for a new song for his company, then in rehearsal.

Having traveled through the south he knew that spring's warmth already had arrived there. And he voiced a very natural thought: "I wish I was in Dixie." Then the possibilities of the phrase struck him. A few days later his song was in rehearsal.

IT WAS two years later with the Civil war under way that "Dixie's" stirring strains first took on their present significance. The south took them to its heart as a rallying song. Emmett, son of the north that he was, came in for abuse and ostracism during the war period. He was forced to leave the stage and went into retirement for several years.

EMMETT, in the way, can be blamed or credited—as you happen to view it—as the grandfather of modern jazz. It was in 1842, after he had toured the south as a concert violinist, that he conceived the idea of bringing the songs and humor of the plantation men to the stage.

The result was the first blackface minstrels with their crooning refrain, their wildly jubilant and weirdly superstitious notes that have evolved through several stages into our popular music of today.

BUT the composer of "Dixie" was a versatile song maker. Several of his compositions were of a semi-religious nature, embodying the Negro's colorful mind pictures. Others were soaked with sentiment, others pure fantasy.

"Jordan's a Hard Road to Travel" and "Old Dan Tucker" are two that have lived along with "Dixie" for more than 60 years.

BUT the Negroes themselves have done most to bring the world to a true appreciation of their plaintive spirituals and their folk ballads, curiously sublimated and at the same time homespun.

Perhaps the best known of American college musical organizations abroad is one of Negroes, the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. Also it is one of the oldest.

MAY interest you casually to know that a Michigander, Gen. Clinton Bowen Fisk, was largely responsible for the Jubilee Singers. After the Civil war he devoted himself to the cause of education among the ex-slaves and founded the university named for him.

It was in 1871 that he promoted the tour of the first Jubilee Singers, 13 students, former slaves, who carried their melodies through Europe, singing before Queen Victoria, the German emperor, in Holland and in France.

THEIR "Deep River," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Singin' Wid a Sword in Ma Han," "Go Down, Moses," and such quaintly beautiful spirituals struck a new note in Europe. The little band came back triumphant and returned to Nashville after a trip through the northern states with \$100,000 in receipts which really put the struggling school on its feet. Annually since a new group of Fisk singers have gone out, carrying their music to the world, bringing back funds to build a greater university.

The later singers through their concerts have built Jubilee hall at the university, a monument to the original 13.

YOU may be surprised to learn, along the same line, how the desire for higher education has grown among those people, but 60 years out of slavery.

They now have 22 fully accredited colleges and universities in the south—Tuskegee, Fisk, Atlanta, Calhoun, Fanninider Smith, Hampton, Wiley, Bishop among the major ones—with a total enrollment of 10,000, beside a score of normal schools and well developed public school systems in every state in the south.

THEIR colleges largely have been founded and now are supported to a large extent by white organizations, several by churches. But many now have been given into the charge of Negro teachers, among them educators of high standing, who are developing yearly a creditable quota of doctors, lawyers, ministers, business men, engineers, teachers.

The race has gone far in a brief span.

EVERY weekday in the United States 2,314 newspapers circulate 35,800,000 copies or a copy for every three of the total population. And the average copy, publishers calculate, is read by at least three persons.

There's no excuse for any one being uninformed on any subject under the sun today. We have 100 times as much opportunity to keep in touch with the world's movements and affairs as had the public of say two generations ago.

NEW YORK state, with the greatest population, naturally leads with 196 daily papers. But it is surprising to note that California is second with 179. That's because while it has few large centers of population it has many sizable towns and an army of tourists.

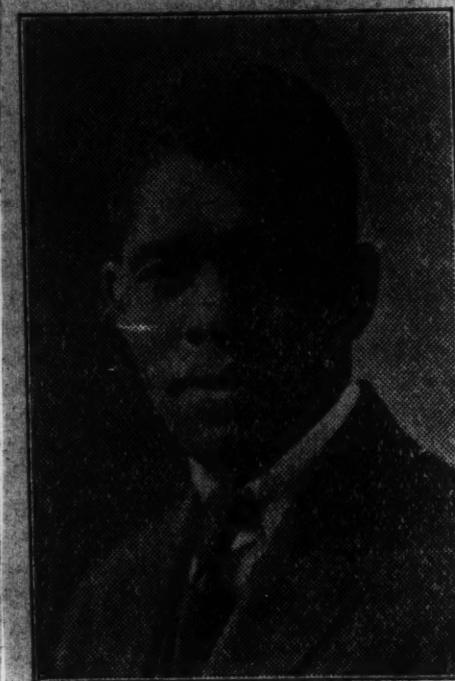
Then come Pennsylvania, 174; Ohio, 152; Illinois, 151; Indiana, 124; Texas, 113; Massachusetts, 80; Missouri, 73; Kansas, 66, and Michigan, 65.

PRESS

Greenwich Conn.

OCT 17 1926

TENOR'S RECITAL



ROLAND HAYES

Following is the program which will be given Thursday evening, November 11, by Roland Hayes, noted negro tenor, assisted by William Lawrence, accompanist:

Caldara, "Selve amiche;" Handel, Aria from "Floridante"; "Amor comanda," arranged by Dr. F. Gunther; Schubert, "Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren;" Schubert, "Rastlose Liebe;" Brahms, "Heimkehr;" Brahms, "Es traumte mir;" Hugo Wolf, "Lebewohl;" Rachmaninoff, "Again alone;" Storey-Smith, "Calm is the morn;" Griffes, "The Lament of Jan the Proud;" Roger Quilter, "Dream Valley."

Negro Spirituals

"I'll hear the trumpet sound," arranged by Roland Hayes; "Great camp meeting," arranged by Roland Hayes; "Done with sin an' sorrow," arranged by Roland Hayes; "Done made my vow," arranged by Percy Parham.

Bledsoe to Appear in Opera "Deep River" as Voodoo King

Texas Baritone Cancelled European Tour for Leading Part in Arthur Hopkins' Production—
Libretto by Laurence Stallings

NEW YORK, N. Y.
JULIUS BLEDSOE, baritone, who recently cancelled a European concert tour, has signed a contract at \$1,000 a week with Arthur Hopkins, producer of "Deep River," an opera which is now in rehearsal and will be given here in the fall. *7-28-26*

Mr. Bledsoe, in the role of the Voodoo King in this colossal opera, is the first Negro to appear in such a capacity in the operatic field in America.

The libretto for "Deep River" was written by Laurence Stallings of The New York World, who helped to write "What Price Glory?" and "The Big Parade."

W. Frank Harling, who wrote "The Life of St. Agnes" for the Chicago Opera Company in which Rosa Raisa was starred last season, is the composer.

Arthur Hopkins, the producer of this opera, is one of the best known producers in New York. "What Price Glory?" was produced by him.

"Deep River" will have a chorus of about one hundred voices, and three conductors using the baton at the same time. The music in the opera is modern and polyphonic in every respect. Throughout it is a decided African scale or mood.

Bledsoe Comes From Musical Stock.

Julius Bledsoe, a twenty-seven year old baritone, comes from a musical family in Waco, Texas. His father, the late Henry Bledsoe, was a tenor; his mother, the late Mrs. Jessie Cobb Bledsoe, a soprano. His first musical appearance, under the direction of his aunt, Mrs. M. O. Spiller, was at the age of five. The credit for Mr. Bledsoe's musical success goes to his mother.

Mr. Bledsoe was educated at Central Texas College of Waco, Texas, and at Bishop College of Marshall, Texas, where he received his bachelor of arts degree, finished the course in piano, composition and history given there, conducted the choir and taught for two years.

grandmother, Mrs. Feriba Cobb, who lives in Waco, Texas, called "Home, Home, Home." Before coming to New York, Mr. Bledsoe toured Texas as a concert pianist. His singing tours carried him into the following states: Louisiana, Oklahoma, Virginia, South Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Massachusetts, and others.

Another criticism on Mr. Bledsoe's voice, by Glenn Dillard Gunn of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, might show why he should succeed in the role as "Voodoo King." It is as follows:

I believe Bledsoe combines art and native gift in fuller measure than any of the several interesting singers of his race now before the public. His voice is appealing in quality, ample in power and range and is used with consummate skill.

During his free hours, Mr. Bledsoe is working on repertoire in preparation for a late winter or early spring concert tour.

(Protected by the K. N. F. Service)

JAZZ CAME TO AMERICA IN CHAINS, SAYS WHITEMAN

New York, Aug. 18.—Now comes Paul Whiteman, director and owner of the most famous jazz music orchestra in the United States, with another theory as to the origin of "jazz." "Jazz" says Professor Whiteman, came to America three hundred years ago in chains. It came with the first batch of African slaves.

In their frightened hearts lay silent the remembered rhythms and beat of jungle chants and drums. Barbarous and joyful and throbbing. Later, long years later, when they had become happy in this country, their hearts let out a little of this strange ancestral music—if it was music. In 'Jazz' we hear the sophisticated version of this throbbing thing."

AUGUSTA, Ga. (CROUCH)

'AUG. 22 1926

HIGH PRAISE WON BY AUGUSTA NEGRO AS TENOR-PIANIST

By J. C. MARDENBOROUGH

The news has reached this city of an Augusta colored man who is attracting great attention as a tenor-pianist.

Charles Harris, who was for three years accompanist to Roland Hayes, obtained his musical training from his mother, doing advanced work in piano, theory, harmony, solfeggio, and the history of music at the New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.

His work in public school music was done at Boston university. After several years of concert work, Harris was headed the department of music at the following institutions: Paine college, Augusta, Ga.; the Mississippi Industrial college, Holly Springs, Miss.; State College, Orangeburg, S. C.; and at present heads the department of music of the Agricultural and Industrial college, Nashville, Tenn.

Professor Harris is now in Colorado Springs. The following articles appeared in two leading white dailies, The Morning Gazette and The Evening Telegraph, on August 12:

Charles Harris, noted negro tenor singer and pianist, will present a program over radio station KFUM at 8 o'clock tonight. The program will be rebroadcast from station KFEL at Denver.

Harris was formerly accompanist for Roland Hayes, the world famous negro musician. He will give a group of negro spirituals and southern melodies:

Marche Funebre	Chopin
I Love You Truly	Bond
He Met Her on the Stairs	Levy
Turkish March	
	Beethoven-Rubenstein
Still Wie Die Nacht	Bohm
Du Bist Die Ruh	Schubert
Evening Chimes	Fulton
Passing By	Purcell
Vale	Russell
Unspoken Words	Moore
Just You	Burleigh
The Lilac Tree	Gartlan
Bamboula	Taylor
Spirito Gentil	Donizetti
Banjo Song	Homer
The Rosary	Nevin
Oh Promise Me	DeKoven
Swing Low Sweet Chariot	
By an' By	
Kiss Me Goodnight	Densmore

Charles Harris, tenor-pianist and former accompanist to Roland Hayes, appeared last night in a recital at the Payne chapel.

His voice is a lyric tenor and he handles it with consummate artistry. He sang "Stille Wie Die Nacht" by Bohm and "Dormani" by Palioni.

The negro spirituals were sung in true spirit and there were groups of piano solos. He was accompa-

nied by Wella Wallace.

At "The Burns," known throughout the West as "The Theater Beautiful," Prof. Harris delighted a large number of people on July 16, 17. He is a credit to Paine college from which he graduated, and credit to Augusta, Ga., his home, and it is but natural any news of his success gives us added joy.

Rodman Wanamaker Gives \$1,000 To Develop Negro Music In Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 2.

Rodman Wanamaker, in an address before the National Association of Negro Musicians in the Wanamaker Armory, on the ninth floor of the Wanamaker store, announced a sum of \$1,000 to be awarded for original musical compositions by members of the association.

The award money was turned over to the Robert Curtis Ogden Association, composed of Negro musicians who are employees of the store, which will judge the merits of the compositions submitted.

The award is to be divided into five classes of five prizes each. The prizes will be \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10 and \$5 for the following themes: A hymn of freedom, a love song, a lullaby, a rhythmical step and a fifth to be known as the "prestidigitation" or symphonic form.

Mr. Wanamaker voiced his interest in the musicians and his desire to encourage them in their efforts to develop themes characteristic of their race. He urged them to steer clear of following too closely the musical writers of the day who almost entirely rewrite the jazz numbers of yesterday.

A program of music that started at 9 a. m. and continued till 9 p. m., was arranged by John L. Grinnell, director of the R. C. O. band, as part of the entertainment of the N. A. N. M. The Ogden band played a concert as the opening of what was listed as "A Day at Wanamaker's" on the convention program. After the program the visiting musicians were taken on a tour of the store. Of all the points of interest in the Wanamaker store, Egyptian Hall caused more comment than any of the others, because of the exhibition of pianos. During the tour, Dr. Melville Charlton played a short program of classics and Negro spirituals on the Wanamaker organ. In the afternoon the R. C. O. band played a second program in the Grand Court.

The radio station at Wanamaker's broadcast the evening program by visiting artists of the association. As part of their hour on the radio, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, retiring president of the association and director of music at Hampton Institute, delivered a short talk on the music of the American Negro.

The radio concert was the last official activity on the convention program and with the ending of the concert the convention was formally brought to a close, although an informal reception and dance were held on the ninth floor with music

by John Lawrence Grinnell and his R. C. O. band.

Carl Diton was elected president of the association for the coming year. On Thursday evening an interesting program was rendered before a slim crowd in the Academy of Music.

Among those who contributed solo numbers to the program in the Academy were Leviticus Lyon, tenor; Jacob Lowe, baritone; Eugene Mars Martin, violinist; Jessie Zachery, soprano; Mrs. R. N. Dett, pianist; Harriett Savoy, contralto; Marie Thomas, Lillian Franklin, James Byars, George Dobbins, Lydia Mason and Lela Walker Jones, elocutionist.

Alfred Johnson conducted the chorus in a splendid presentation of the cantata, "Hiawatha's Departure," by Coleridge Taylor.

been published by some white writers, Handy has kept his head in spite of much publicity and is ashamed neither of his origin nor of the primitive nature of his race. One of the healthiest signs about his concert was the way in which the caricatured negro was introduced, both as member of the orchestra and as dancer—the dancer being made up as blacker than he really was. When a race can laugh at itself it is going ahead. Handy himself is capable of satire. In "The Basement Blues," he thus derides "the prissy and citified" Harlem negro.

High-falutin' lowbrows under gobs of paint. Pretendin' like they is, when they know darn well they ain't. Lots of high-brow low-brows, I'm tellin' you a fac' Too many pop-eyed pots a-callin' bow-legged kitties black.

"Blues: An Anthology" deserves the popularity it is getting. It is a serious attempt to collect and classify the origins of this new folk-art that has swept the country in such a startling manner. The book is well edited and printed and the caricatures by Miguel Covarrubias are are brutal, clever and true.

II.

If the blues are a new "folk-art" there is nothing particularly modern about the presence of the negro in American literature. Much has been written about him from the economic, and the pseudo-economic, the ethnological and the pseudo-ethnological, the sociological and the pseudo-sociological points of view, and he has been seriously pictured, sentimentally idealized or inexcusably caricatured in short stories, in novels, and in verse, particularly in that all too often atrocious variety of verse—the dialect. Most of the "literature" on the negro has been written by white men, however, and often by poorly-informed and prejudiced white men. It is only recently that the folk-art of the negro is being adequately assembled and published, and it is also only recently that the individual negro artist has come into public notice. He may just be emerging because he is only now expressing himself apart from his folk-expression, although one should remember that as far back as pre-Revolutionary days the exotic and grandiose poetry of the negro slave, Phyllis Wheatley, was published and received some recognition.

As several critics have stated, the blues are different from other negro songs in that they are individual laments. "In discussion of the folk-blues as verse," writes Niles, "it has been remarked, in substance, that their striking feature is their employment of humor for the expression of misery. Any impression for this statement, however, that these are brave efforts of optimism, will be corrected for such as may hear with what desolate sadness they are invested by their high priestesses, who do not sing, but 'suffer' the blues." Some white composers such as Hess, Kern, Carpenter and Gershwin, have experimented with the form. Mr. Niles notices a fundamental difference between the blues by negroes and those by whites. "In the former, generally speaking," the gayety is feigned, in the latter the grief. "The Schoolhouse Blues," by Irving Berlin, is most characteristic of the composer. "Its melancholy a tinge, a graceful pose and quite subordinate to its humor."

This indigenous negro humor, while in many cases toned down for publication and in others quite unconscious, is almost always honest, primitive, folk verse, finding "gusto in self-expression."

If de river was whisky and I was a mallard.

(I said a mallard, I mean a duck)

If de river was whisky and I was a mallard duck.

I would dive right down

And never come up.

In transcribing and rewriting old verses and tunes and in composing new ones, Handy has wisely written in the same vein in which they were originally sung. "If he improved upon a crude wall that none but himself had noticed, he improved it in its original direction, as would have any southern negro with natural talent in singing it for the amusement of those about him. . . . If instead he drew on his own notable fund of melody it was in the same vein." This opinion, by Abbe Niles, is borne out, not only by Handy's verses themselves, but by his expressed statement in the short talk he made at his concert in Memphis several weeks ago. Whether instinctive or not, it is particularly refreshing if one has had to read any stories about sentimentally-idealized negroes that have

the result is nearly always permanent. He soaks over his subject, wraps him in cotton-wool, "fiddles harmonics" over him, in the Merodian phrase. It is to be hoped that these plays by Mr. Green do not occur to the notice of many of his subjects. They will all begin to weep at their sad plight, and this will be a sorry exhibit. We don't wish to see them filled with teary self-pity or over-excited indignation. No good can come of either state, but when they sing, "Got the blues but too damn' mean to cry."

MONTE COOPER.

SAD, RAUCOUS BLUES CHARM WORLD ANEW

Their Music, as Old as the Hills, Is Working a Weeping, Sweeping Jazz Revolution



By HOLLISTER NOBLE

BLUES, raucous blues! Blatant, tender, sardonic, sentimental, poignant or pathetic, this musical medium of modern life has attained the proportions of phenomena worth attention. Battles over jazz continue to rage. Ernest Newman, noted English music critic, pronounces jazz "dead from the neck up." Enthusiasts point to its vitality from the waist down. German bands are beseeching Government legislation to bar American jazz bands, which are overrunning the Fatherland. Native musicians here lay their troubles to a quiet ingredient of popular music called the "blues."

Blues in the original form are vanishing, but their influence has wrought a revolution in jazz and the moans of sad horns and the wails of demoniac saxophones have caught the country's ear until the intelligentia debate their worth; sponsors of the blues produce erudite an-

thologies, and sober psychologists ponder the social significance. While they do so, the blues sweep and weep over the world. Zulus in Africa are reported to have retreated before the menacing strains of "The Memphis Itch." A war tribe in the Congo was delighted with the "Rockpile Blues." Park Avenue débutantes, the rural "of Jackson's Corner, Harlem elite" and Birmingham belles "creeper," melancholy moans of languish to the minstrels.

Whence come these sad strains, and why? The growth and development of the blues, with their influence discernible in all jazz today, seems too universal to be dismissed as a temporary triumph of cheap music. By all the signs of the times the blues have brought about the true sophistication of jazz. Jazz, until a few years ago, was blatant, direct, often blind in its outbursts of barbaric rhythm. Today, thanks to the blues, orches-

tration, scoring and musical content have greatly improved. The blues seem to be a form of healthy re-pentance, perhaps leading jazz, despite Mr. Newman's forebodings, to higher and better things.

The blues attained early popularity, for in them the public found its beloved broken-hearted clown. Wailing minor thirds and shrieking glissandos, with ghastly grins hinting at secret sorrows and employing glycerine tears, guarantee pleasantly to twang the heartstrings of night club patrons and Main Street Lotharios.

A Study in Blues.
Saxophones Still Play the Leading Part.

Just as negro spirituals were products of higher forms of human sufferings, so the blues first expressed the tragedies, often trivial, of illiterate negroes, bar-room pianists, stevedores, street-walkers, porters and barber-shop habitués. Convicts, construction gangs, track-walkers and river men contributed their individual blues to the great mass of social songs. The negro blues were poignant and usually built on genuine sorrows. Self-pity was a popular ingredient, as expressed in

*Po' boy long way from home
Got nowhere to lay my weary head
or "Got de blues but too damn mean
to cry."*

Other laments were more desperate. There were dire threats of "Gwine take morphine an' die" and "Gwine lay my head on de railroad track."

The iniquitous boll weevil of Southern cotton fields inspired many mournful blues and this term was often applied to hard-boiled railroad conductors who watched the "rods" and side-door Pullmans for non-paying passengers. A black cat's bone, so valuable in love, was celebrated in many a negro song. The blues were seldom symbols of pure despair. In them there was often a bit of philosophy; were always touches of personality, melancholy-exuberance, mirth—occasionally a touch of

beauty near to tears. For the blues which often captured some spark of the spirituals, first sprang from friendless wanderers, jailed transgressors, lonely souls and forsaken lovers. There were pleas for "Jes' one more chance"; for more pay, more food—and, always, less work. "Learn me to let all women alone" was the fervent plea of one early blues.

Handy Daddy of the Blues

In the jargon of the blues, W. C. Handy, colored musician, born in Alabama, is their own true "Daddy." Since the publication of his "Memphis Blues" and "St. Louis Blues" authority has been unquestioned. He has recorded scores of blues tunes. Genuine "blues" tunes have been notoriously hard to capture. They changed with localities and shifted with the seasons. Mr. Handy in collaboration with Abbe Niles has recently issued an anthology. The blues were born of work songs, slow drags, pats, stomps, love plaints and all the great mass of social songs evolved by the negro in the varied phases of his life in turpentine camps, on the levees, or in the stoke-holds of "river fliers." Some negroes recall blues in existence forty years ago. But 1910 marks the first general acceptance of the term. At that date, like a prophetic rash on the gay face of popular music, there wailed forth a series of "Weary" blues and "Worried" blues and "Blue Monday" blues, all cast in a direct simple mold admirable for projecting one's troubles in a loud lament.

Suddenly a nostalgia for travel seized upon the blues writers. Every vine-covered cottage below the Mason-Dixon Line became the goal for innumerable songsters. Foreign visitors must have thought the second great exodus was under way. Every one born north of the Ohio seemed to long for Dixie, batter cakes, gin rickeys and mammy. The blues of Texas song writers sobbed for Michigan; Michigan minstrels cried for Alabama; rock-ribbed New Englanders longed for "deah ol' Georgia."

The blues underwent a series of amusing developments. George Gershwin's "I've Got the You Don't Know the Half of It, Dearie" has become tinged with the pale cast of afterthought. Memory, reflection, vague regrets and other features of the "I-Wish-I-Were, I-Want-to-Be, O, Don't-You-Remem-

ber" blues, loosed the tongues of a thousand babbling title writers. Music counters were flooded with lengthy labels such as "Gee, But-I-Wish-I-Had-Known-You-the-Winter-Before-Last-Blues," or "Now-I-Come-to-Think-of-What-You-Told-Me-Not-to-Think-of-Blues."

There was the "Dontcha Remember" epoch; the "Gee, I Want to Be There" era; the "Take Me Back to Alabama" age and the hot-blooded tunes from the East (Side), which have frightened all genuine sheiks into permanent retirement. More recently we have had the anatomical blues dealing with Red Hot Mamas, Ice Cold Sweeties, Hot Lips, Flat Feet, Blue-Gummed Blues, Broken Rib Blues and Luke-Warm Luke. Jazz and her raucous handmaidens have laid rude hands on every country for material. As a blues character "Mama" seems to have had the hardest time of all. There are blues entitled "Blue Mama's Suicide Wall," "Mama's Prison Yard Blues" and "Mamma's Deathbed Shout."

It is interesting to note the meta-strains of the old negro blues. But though the old blues lost much of their emotional power, the white man's prosperity, allied with the rush and turmoil of a new age, has transformed the blues into a valuable leaven of jazz which may yet lift the latter form to a position of dignity.

With white people the grief of the blues has degenerated into sentimentalizing. In a certain sense the blues mark the sophisticated decadence of jazz. The unbuttoned gavety and blare of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "The Dark Town Strutters Ball" have become tinged with the pale cast of afterthought. Memory, reflection, vague regrets and other features of the "I-Wish-I-Were, I-Want-to-Be, O, Don't-You-Remem-

ber" school are all characteristic of the blues. Once jazz was its own blind, blatant self; but now out of its whirling wheels come, thanks to the blues, wild glissandos, minor thirds, malicious discords; Neapolitan sixths and the moans of saxophones that mirror the mixed emotions of the modern age.

Musical Mirror of the Masses

For the blues provide a long-sought musical medium wherein to mirror the fleeting melancholies and light sorrows of today's masses. The blues reflect admirably the social psychosis of the present age. They sing the sadness of satiety, their hoarse joy is torn with discontent. They shout skepticism, nostalgia, humor, exuberance and all the tinselled brilliance of a Coney Island crowd. They are the blues of after-dinner contentment of blasé youngsters, of well-fed loungers, of temporary solitude, flickering flirtations and the amorous aspirations of drug store dandies.

Jerome Kern's "Left All Alone Again Blues" is filled with the doubtful sorrows of a forsaken spouse. Only Clara Smith, billed as the world's greatest moaner, or one of her talented sisters, could have imparted conviction to this song. The wife's heartfelt sentiments sound a bit specious. Behind their smoke-screen sighs, all the-forsaken lovers of the modern blues seem to be thumbing the leaves of the telephone directory. Years of solitude faced the dark singer of the old-time blues. But today's solitude is a few hours of mild melancholy, a sigh over last night's party, skepticism over tomorrow's blind date, nostalgia over today's duties.

A wife yearns for her husband, who has gone to town for eight hours. A hundred thousand belles of Main Street, surfeited with the dapper youth of the town, sit in dimly lighted ice cream parlors and long for the strong sweep of desert love. Partings, daily adventures, light sorrows, infidelities of friendship and ~~infidelity~~ ^{infidelity} and more, are marked on a ragged emotional piano under the aura of the blues.

Humor marks the musical notation of many of these songs. "Tempo di weary" directs one composer over the opening bars. "Tempo di sadness, tempo disappointo, tempo di low down," sigh other directions. Sophisticated, subtle, endless in their efflorescence of conflicting moods and moments, the modern blues mock the stars and wait for the moon, ringing the changes of va-

riable temperaments whirled along a jazz-strewn highway vibrating with the rush and roar of contemporary life. There is often an amusing conflict of qualities, true and false, in the blues. They boast a tawdry beauty that is close to crocodile tears. There is a catch in their grief-stricken cry that often turns into a hiccup. For the white man's blues are a luxury; their sorrows are shallow and their griefs groundless. Their loudest laments are often filled with unconscious irony.

It is these new complexities of the blues that promise to deliver jazz from the monotonous shackles of foxtrot rhythms. George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" has become the historical example to which jazz and blues reformers point with pride.

To date the blues as developed in commercial music centres have retained a semblance of genuine grief and emotion. The sentiment of the words is excessively naive and pretentiously sincere. But the music belies the sentiment. Listen to the sardonic groans, the ironic moans, the cries and haunting minors of a good "blues" specimen. Doubt and pessimism, long since present in the music of the blues, are already creeping into the words. The lonely damsel, according to the latest blues, may be longing for "you-hoo"; but that absurd tell-tale shriek on the saxophone makes you suspect that she already has half a dozen good telephone numbers revolving in her pretty little head. No matter how yearningly the dephlogisticated tenor with belladonna in his eyes walls to the top box, he has no intention of returning to his vine-covered cottage in Alabama.

In John Alden Carpenter's ballet "Skyscrapers," given at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, there was a brief but striking illustration of this growth. A group of sorrowing blacks begin with a simple, primitive dirge, which develops into a slow, rhythmic lament. The lament rises to the poignant heights of the spirituals; then subtleties of rhythm and accent creep in; the tempi accelerate; the whole movement is suddenly captured by irresistible rhythms and bursts into the utter abandon of jazz, shot through with the minor moans of a mild "blues."

In their present form many blues are mild musical hangovers, following the first exuberant outbursts of ragtime and jazz.

Staid inhabitants of intellectual towers and dwellers in the more rarefied realms of musical esthetics may shudder at the boisterous bellowing

discordant groans. But to the victims in the din and dust of the marketplace, here is a flexible medium of expression through which, in the popular manner of the masses, may be expressed in infinite variety the tremendous spectacle of a sprawling continent. This lusty concoction of contemporary music, a blend of ragtime, jazz and the blues, reflects with blaring color and barbaric fidelity the gay, absurd and giddy world of Broadway belles, flivver courtships, straphangers, success slogans, tabloids, chewing-gum customers, Hollywood philosophies, Main Street solitudes and all the more trivial trials and tribulations to which America's amazing population is heir.



"The Rattling Sticks of a Good Blues Drummer Keep Harlem Echoes Sounding Until Dawn."



"Any Trio Can Improve a Blues Guaranteed to Produce a Soporific Melancholy."

The Drawings on This Page Are by Caparrubias and Appear in "Blues."

Edited by
W. C. Handy
and Published
by Albert
and
Charles Boni.

Mr. Roland Hayes's European Tour.

Mr. Roland Hayes, the famous tenor, who has been spending some weeks in Paris and Switzerland, has fixed up an extensive concert programme before he sails for America on Oct. 16, on the "Aquitania." He is to appear at Copenhagen on Sept. 8 and 10 at Hamburg on Sept. 17, Munich Sept. 28, Berlin Sept. 30, Leipzig Oct. 4, Vienna Oct. 10, and Zurich on Oct. 13. The "Salle Gaveau" has been tentatively engaged for Oct. 14, but as this date is so near his departure, it may have to be cancelled.

World Demands Negro Song and Music

Let Negro musicians and lovers of song awake to the fact that throughout the world they are in great demand.

The recent musical concerts given in various parts of this country and abroad, and which were participated in by the leading Negro artists in song and music, drew to them more white patrons than colored ones; which proves that not only are our colored players in demand the world over, but that soon they will not have to depend upon their own people for patronage, it having been proven that all races and creeds of every land are eager to hear him play and listen to his singing.

White people of this country and abroad place the laurel of triumph upon the brow of the Negro when it comes to music and song; for whether in minstrel troupe, vaudeville, opera, spirituals or in sacred chorus, the Negro has a peculiar style, all his own prompted by a native sweetness of rare harmoyn and melody springing direct from his soul as he pours forth his feelings and racial sentiments —his love, his romance and his ambitions in his music and his song.

The day has come when, like the colored minstrel troupes of a quarter of a century ago, companies made up of the very best Negro musical talent will be able to book themselves to perform in any white theatre of this country, just as such minstrel troupes as Richard and Pringle, McCabe and Young, and others consisting of real Negro comedians, played to white audiences in every high class theatre in continental United States, until the moving

picture industry so caught public interest as to overshadow most of the popular amusements of that time.

Public sentiment is clamoring for Negro performers not only in minstrel troupes, but is ready to give him his day in music and song even from the humblest roles to performances in which expert musical talent must be displayed to equal that of the celebrated master musicians.

The first wide-awake theatrical manager with plenty of money, white or black, who will interest the leading Negro musicians in the organization of companies to play all the biggest theatres, will earn a fortune and open up a world-wide field that will at once stimulate Negro musical talent to make its greatest strides and bring to its performers handsome salaries and a chance to win for the Negro his place in the sun through his music and his song.

The Twenty-fourth Infantry Band is the oldest military band in the United States. Organized with the regiment in 1869, it has accompanied the regiment on all expeditions and engagements. The band is distinctive for its musical ability as well as the composition of its personnel. The average of all the members is thirty-one years, while the average length of service is eleven years. Practically every member of the band is a grammar school graduate and many have been graduated from high school. Before being accepted an applicant is required to complete a one-year course at the Army Musical School in Washington, D. C. The leader of this band, Staff Sergeant Robert Tresville, is an accomplished musician. He has spent more than twenty years in the study of music, including several years under Frank and Walter Damrosch. He is the only colored member that has been selected to be a member of the famous Damrosch ~~Concert~~ Club. It is one of the few bands which can extemporize and transport with no apparent effort. This wonderful faculty is exemplified in its rendition of the now famous Bugle Blues. There is, as far as is known, no written scores for the jazz number, yet upon every occasion that it is played it almost note for note remains unchanged. It is played in major or minor, depending upon the feelings of the band and the occasion. The superiority of this band led to its selection to attend a world's fair at St. Louis, and later in San Francisco. It was later selected to act as guard of honor and play the "Liberty Bell" on the departure of the famous bell when it started on its long tour through the United States in 1915. It has been constantly called upon to give concerts and to play at official ceremonies. Its membership is at present sixty pieces, which makes it the largest regimental band in the army. Attached to the band is the famous Twenty-Fourth Infantry Bugle and Drum Corps of twenty additional pieces.

AMERICAN JAZZ IS NOT AFRICAN

Derived From It and Rhythm Is Similar, but Ours Is Much Simpler, Says Well-Versed Authority on Negro Music

AMERICA has a jazz investigator of her own—a man whose job it is to examine the relationship of jazz to the music of her jungle tribes. Nicholas George Julius Ballanta of Sierra Leone has penetrated the reluctant hinterland of the dark continent's western coast and brought out some secrets of its native music; and from Maine to Florida he has sought what ~~leads~~ ^{leads} in having found their way to America, survived slavery to break out with renewed vigor in this generation.

Instead of investigating African music scientifically, however, this student remarked the other day, on arriving in New York, that he might merely have been carrying on as a singer of "coon songs" in Southern cotton fields or as a member of a "spirituals" quartet. But for the timely intervention of England, his grandfather would have been born to slavery on American soil. His great-grandfather, a member of the Eboe tribe, was rescued by the British from a Portuguese slave vessel and brought to land, far from home, in Sierra Leone.

This ancestor presently became known as Taylor, for the British missionary who baptized him deemed Ballanta too outlandish a name for a Christian convert; but his descendants, having found many true Christians with names equally odd, have gone back to Ballanta.

At the prosperous little coast settlement of Freetown the family fared well in a time when England searched diligently for talent among her black dependents and sought to develop it. The grandson of the prospective slave received education in England as an engineer and violinist. His son in turn was educated as a musician. When he was graduated from the Freetown branch of Durham University, Nicholas George Julius Ballanta directed his energies toward the study of the music of Africa's black people. He tried to set down native songs according to the musical principles he had learned, but found that mind and ear would not work together. If he put down what he really heard, the result violated all musical principles he knew.

A Different scale. He read every available book in Freetown in search of reasons for this discrepancy. Later he discovered for himself that African music is not amenable to Western forms, requiring a seventeen instead of a twelve note chord, which he proceeded to work. He first came to America, hoping that authorities here could help him from their own studies of the music brought over by the slaves. He found no satisfactory books, but his article on African music for an American publication brought friendships with Walter and Frank Damrosch and George Foster Peabody. It also led to his working on his theories for two years as a scholarship student at the Musical Institute of America, followed by a year in the Southern part of the United States and on the islands off the coast, where he concentrated on the music of the American negro.

Returned to Africa, Ballanta found his way back to the hinterland, where the black tribes have changed little in centuries. Last year he stayed among them, making intensive studies of their music and bringing away much information never sought before. Music he found inextricably intertwined with the lives of the people, each variety unmistakable in function according to its particular rhythm. A war song might be played at a festival, but no one danced. Merrymakers waited for the wonted four beats of the dance tune, knowing instinctively that the seven-beat rhythm is only to stir up the blood for battle.

They have songs, handed down from time immemorial, but they also have their popular airs—their own "We Have No Bananas" and "All Alone"—as much in vogue as these for a season, and equally as passing.

The foreigner thinks of African music as little more than the monotonous beating of the tom-tom; but, as a matter of fact, the chief's musicians have instruments with as many as twenty-one strings and play them elaborately. The art is taken seriously, learned by diligent application, and exhibited with pride. He who would become a musician to the chief enters when a child the hut that serves as the music institute of the

village, and remains for many years devoting himself entirely to the mastery of drum or flute. The teachers work full time training these boys in the technique of their instruments, imparting to them all the age-old tunes and signals they must know, and teaching students of various instruments to play in collective harmony.

A System of Its Own.

African music, Ballanta found, is rhythm American music is different, not the hit-or-miss expression of noise-loving savages, but a definite system scientifically that it is most difficult to understand. Ours has a scientific basis, but it is altogether more natural. An African dance tune, for instance, speaks not only to the African but also to any human being and prompts him to dance. But jazz has done this for you: it has developed the American sense of rhythm. You seem to have much more of the feeling for rhythm than was evident when I first came to America.

Suppose an American jazz orchestra, in a Nigerian forest clearing, produced saxophones and trap drums and struck up some tune that Broadway loves. Woolly heads would be sure to pop out of huts; and, if their owners were not too astonished or frightened at the visiting apparition, black feet would soon be beating in time with the measures. In other words, the natives would respond to jazz strains and the effect would have much in common with an American dance floor: the one-step and the fox-trot are seen in Africa, and the Charleston, or something so like it that Ballanta could not tell the difference, he asserts, is Africa's own. The African, catching enough of the spirit to go ahead, would yet feel that there was something wrong with the music, something he could not explain.

Likewise, says the man from Sierra Leone, if some black chief's band were suddenly transported to the platform of a New York dance hall and bidden to give forth their best, the dancers would continue stepping; but they would have a similar feeling that something had gone wrong.

"If African music had never come to this country," says Ballanta, "there would be no jazz. The rhythm is the fundamental thing and that is African. Over and over again, all along the Western coast, you hear it wherever the natives dance. But the rhythm is the only African thing about jazz. The synchronization, the harmony and so on are purely Western. The two forms do not go together."

"American jazz is built on a simple rhythm; African dance music starts out the same way, but soon becomes more and more complex. The musicians begin, hardly noticeably at first, to introduce another rhythm, then another. The dancer, starting out to keep time with his feet to the first

uses his body to keep time with the second, his head with the third. When feet go in one-two rhythm, body in triple and head in quintuple, you have something different. American jazz never goes that far. It presumes that you have but two things to dance with, your two feet; and the rhythm remains simple.

Rhythm Only Likeness.

"In everything but that basic species of culture. From it jazz need not be ashamed to be sprung. Ballanta, however, is not prepared to claim jazz as African. It is essentially Western in everything except its basic principle—rhythm—which he feels is unmistakably African.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO NEGRO

According to Alice Dunbar Nelson writing in the *Washington Eagle*, Miss Ferber "has apparently gone out of her way to pay tribute to the Negro spiritual; to the power of Negro music; to the debt of the American stage to the Negro elements; to *loving* and *graduation* ~~and~~ from the beautiful octogenarian actress, Julia, to Little Joe, the cook's helper."

MUSIC

Dr. Melville Charlton
Addresses Music Leaders

Dr. Melville Charlton, organist of the Union Theological Seminary, addressed a notable gathering of choir singers, music directors and critics at Salem M. E. Church, Sunday afternoon. It was the second annual music lecture inaugurated by Prof. Rudolph Grant, director of Salem Church choir.

Dr. Charlton spoke to both the laymen and the professionals on the proper cultivation of music. A most harmful condition to the musical situation in Harlem, he said, was the large number of unqualified instructors, who are doing more harm than good to the music students and aspirants. Lucien White gave a short sketch on the Negro in music history, mentioning those past and present who have brought Negro music to the fore.

Two years ago Rudolph Grant conceived the idea of bringing

the choirmasters, choir singers, and others interested in church music together for a frank discussion of their art.

To Play Music Set to Johnson's "Creation"

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and one of the leading orchestral conductors of the East, is to conduct a chamber orchestra concert in the Town Hall on November 27, at which will be performed a musical setting composed by Louis Gruenberg for James Weldon Johnson's poem, "The Creation."

This will constitute the first performance in America of the work. Other compositions of leading European composers are also to have a first American performance on this occasion, the composers represented including the Russian composer, Igor Stravinsky, and Bela Bartok.

The League of Composers is one of the two groups in New York which devote themselves especially to the performance of modern music, the other being the International Composers' Guild.

William Francis Jr. and Cyril F. A. Carty presented some of their pupils in a piano recital at St. Cyprian's Parish House, 175 West Sixty-third street, Thursday evening, November 4. The assisting artists were Miss Winifred Gordon, coloratura soprano, and Seifert Pile, baritone.

Pupils who appeared on the program were: Miss Lillian Lake, Miss Ruth Pretty, W. Thompson, Miss Alice Duberry, Miss Mary Roberts, J. Phipps, Miss Dorothy Hall, Miss Edith Fleming, Arthur Huggins.

Miss Gertrude Eloise Martin, young violinist, gave a recital Thursday evening, October 28, at the Capital Street Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa. On her program were compositions by Massenet, Burleigh, Kriesler and DeBrest. She was accompanied by her brother, Eugene Mars Martin.

The assisting artist was Miss Lillian Louise Ball, pianist. Sponsors of this recital were Dr. Charles H. Crampton and G. Bernard Valentine.

Frankie Postell Duty, soprano, broadcasts over Station WGBS on Armistice morning, November 11, from ten to eleven o'clock. She will be accompanied by Consuelo Pappy.

The second annual recital of Olive White Norman, coloratura soprano, will be given Wednesday evening, November 17, at

Imperial Auditorium, 160 West 129th street. The assisting artists are John Blake, violinist, and Harvey Baker, pianist.

Penman Lovinggood, tenor, will be heard in a recital at Steinway Hall, 118 West Fifty-seventh street, Thursday evening, November 18. H. Spencer McEvoy, pianist, is the assisting artist.

Numbers by Handel, Schubert, Burleigh, Lovinggood, and Gertrude Fayde will be used.

Roland Hayes makes his first New York City appearance for this season at Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, November 19.

N. Y. ORCHESTRA TO PLAY MUSIC FOR JOHNSON'S "CREATION"

11-12-24

New York, Nov. 5.—Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston symphony orchestra and one of the leading orchestral conductors of the East, is to conduct a chamber orchestra concert in the Town Hall on November 27, at which will be performed a musical setting composed by Louis Gruenberg for James Weldon Johnson's poem, "The Creation."

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Ident of the St. Louis Musical association and as an officer of the National Musical association, and she has sung to unnumbered people as an artist over the radio. As the result of contacts made while serving the Musical association, Mme. Herriot is quite popular in Chicago as well as the other large cities of the country.

Hosts of friends called at the home of the singer on Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., during the early part of the month to wish her success on her mission and several of the outstanding social functions during this period have been farewell parties in honor of the artist. She was also feted while awaiting the sailing of her steamer from this city.

When interviewed before sailing Mme. Herriot stated: "I am looking forward with inexpressible delight to my studies in Europe. It is my desire to receive the highest possible training in music, not only as a personal accomplishment

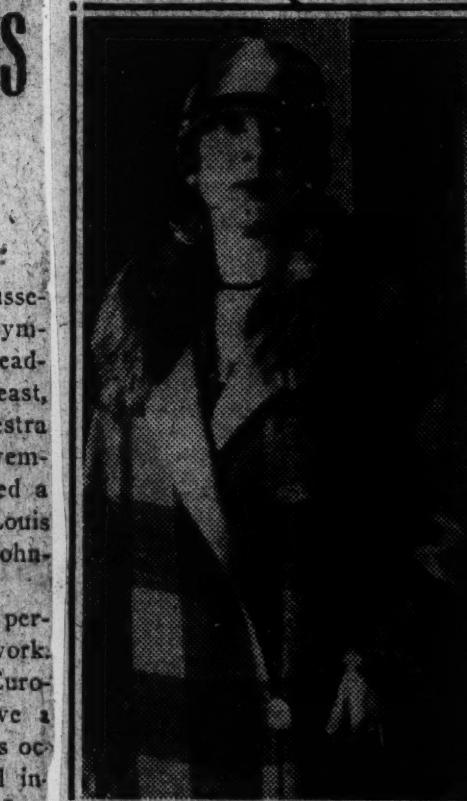
NOTED SOPRANO GOES TO EUROPE

Mme. Adelaide Herriot to Continue Her Studies Abroad

Chicago Tribune

New York, Nov. 5.—Mme. Adelaide M. Herriot, the foremost coloratura soprano of our group, sailed for Europe last Wednesday to study under the best teachers of the voice on the continent. The artist had as her companion on the voyage Miss Flora I. Thomas, noted pianist.

Mme. Herriot has been heard throughout the country on different occasions. She has sung to audiences in all the large cities. Her last public appearance was in St. Louis, Mo., her home town, early in the past summer. She sang at the dedication of the People's Finance Corporation building. The singing of two selections caused Mayor Miller, who addressed the assembly, to write a letter of commendation to the artist. In addition to recitals, Mme. Herriot has been prominent as ex-press-



Mme. Adelaide M. Herriot

but that my race may be benefited by any forward step I attain. She is also glad to study in Europe, where she can work unhampered by petty prejudice and where she does not have to pay a high price on account of her color for training and keep studio appointments only suit her instructors.

Potentialities of Negro Music As Basis For Exclusive American Style

Musical people in America are divided into two classes as to the potentialities of Negro and Indian music as a basis for an exclusively American style of composition. Many believe that such a characteristic style cannot be evolved from the existing music of those racial groups. Others—particularly certain composers—just as ardently maintain the contrary view and strive to back it up with compositions based upon such thematic material. Irrespective of what may be the right or wrong in this music is of great interest in itself.

Many persons in speaking of Negro music are inclined to think of it as consisting solely of Negro spirituals. They are possibly ignorant of the wealth of composition by Negro composers, both those which are based upon the Spirituals and other Negro themes, and music which is not Negroid in character or in any way connected with or expressive of racial feeling or idiom.

A Compendium Helpful.

For that reason a compendium of music by Negro composers is enlightening, not only to many of the colored groups which are not familiar with all of the music that their race has produced, but also to Americans in general who may be unacquainted with the treasures that are contained in the storehouse of Negro music.

It is hoped that better acquaintance with this music will lead to the performance of it by both the colored groups, which are the best interpreters of the distinctively Negro music, and by the white groups, which may perform many of such works with good effect. In the latter case, it is well for such groups to bear in mind a warning given by those who are best acquainted with the inner spirit of the Negro Spirituals. The

best way for a white group to sing Negro compositions is to sing them naturally and without any attempt to imitate the spontaneous performance of such music by the colored people themselves.

Use by Churches and Clubs.

For the past eight years there has been a steady increase in the number of services by church choirs given over to sacred compositions of Negro composers for vocal solo, chorus, pipe organ and violin. Many of the women's clubs have devoted a few minutes of certain sessions to the performance of religious compositions by Negro composers, especially the simpler choral works. An effective representation is thereby given to the religious aspiration of the colored people through the contributions made by the Negro composers.

Examples of Special Programs.

Certain of the colored groups operating locally under Community Service auspices have presented special programs of Negro music that may serve as guides in the modeling of other such programs.

For example, a "Festival of Negro Music" was presented in New Haven, Conn., by a community chorus with a visiting soloist. The numbers listed were the following:

1. America (Audience participating) "The Viking Song," S. Coleridge Taylor, "Dig My Grave," H. T. Burleigh
2. "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," Community Chorus; 3. "A Thousand Years Ago," R. Nathaniel Dett, "A Little Gray Road of Love," Turner J. Layton, "Oh My Love," H. T. Burleigh, soprano solo; 4. "Listen to the Lambs," R. Nathaniel Dett, Community Chorus; 5. "I Want to be Ready," Community Chorus.

Part II. 1. "Every Time I Fee the Spirit," Carl R. Diton; 2. Kash-

miri Song," H. T. Burleigh, "An Explanation," S. Coleridge Taylor, "Ah, Wondrous Morn," Creamer and Layton (manuscript) soprano solo; 3. "Swing Along," Will Marion Cook, Community Chorus; 4. "Music in the Mine," R. Nathaniel Dett Community Chorus; 5. "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," Frederick J. Work, "Steal Away," Frederick J. Work, "Star Spangled Banner," (audience participating), Community Chorus.

Another such program was presented in Augusta, Ga., as part of a May Festival. It was not made up entirely, however, of music by Negro composers. The program was as follows: 1. "Lift Every Voice and Sing" (national anthem), J. Rosamond Johnson, Chorus; 2. "Everytime I Feel the Spirit," "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" Chorus; 3. "Bamboola," S. Coleridge Taylor, Solo; 4. "Unfold Ye Portals," Gounod, Chorus; 5. "It's Me, It's Me, O Lord," "Walk Together, Children," Chorus; 6. "By the Waters of Babylon," Howell, Solo; 7. "Lord, I want To Be A Christian" "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Chorus; 8. "Swing Along," Cook, Chorus.

Emotional Significance of the Spirituals.

No one can hear the Negro Spirituals, authentically performed, without feeling the deep spiritual significance of these folk songs which reveal so tellingly the religious nature and experience of the people from whom they have sprung. As Henry T. Burleigh, one of the leading Negro musicians and editors of the Spirituals has pointed out, "More than ever today the Spirituals ought to be sung because they supply a note of spiritual exaltation that we need in the midst of the post-war materialism." The authentic interpretation of the Spirituals, therefore, is one in which this motif of exaltation is preserved.

Collections of Negro Spirituals.

Groups desiring to take up the study and the performance of Negro Spirituals may best utilize existing collections of this type of music. For instance, an inexpensive paper bound volume of Spirituals is "National Jubilee Melodies," published by the National Baptist Publishing Board 523 Second Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

The Spirituals are also found in the following books:

"Negro Folk Song for Mixed Voices," Volumes 1 and 2, published by Work Brothers, Nashville, Tenn. "New Jubilee Songs as sung by Fisk Jubilee Singers of Fisk University," collected and arranged by Frederick J. Work, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. "Religious Folk Songs of the Negro as sung on the Plantation," arranged by the musical directors of the Hampton Normal and Agriculture Institute, The Institute Press, Hampton, Virginia. "Jubilee and Plantation Songs,"

Characteristic favorites sung by Hampton student jubilee singers, Fisk University students, and other concert companies, Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass. "Negro Folk Songs," recorded by Nataie Curtis Burin: Books 1 and 2, Spirituals; Books 3 and 4, Work and Play Songs; G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 East 43rd street, New York City. The music of several of the Spirituals is found in "Folk Song of the American Negro," by John Wesley Work, published by the Press of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. In this book Professor Work traces the stories of some of the most of the beloved of the Spirituals.

Another book which illustrates the history and spiritual content of these folk songs is "Afro-American Folk Songs," a study in racial and national music, H. E. Krehbiel, G. Schirmer, Inc., New York City.

Many of the Spirituals appear in the form of special arrangements, covering both the form of solo songs and that of editions for choral groups.

ROLAND HAYES (Rome Enterprise)

The reception of Roland Hayes, the world's famous tenor, here last Monday night by both races was wonderful to behold. The white people were as cordial and as anxious to shake his hands as were the colored. The meeting of old friends and relatives here near his birthplace and where he had his beginning produce a picture not easy to describe.

With all of his ~~time~~ Roland Hayes is the same unassuming, modest man that he was before he came into the limelight of the world. His coming to Rome December 20 will be remembered for years to come as the crowning musical occasion for the year by those who favored to hear him.

"The Cradle of the Blues" How All That Moanin' Started on Beale Street

In the magazine section of the New York Herald-Tribune last week, Bob Becker writes about how William C. Handy started the "blues" to singing down in Memphis, Tennessee, and winging its way to the furthest corners of the land, when he concocted his "Mister Crump," ^{12/18/28} composition dedicated to Ed Crump, a power in Memphis politically, which eventually became "The Memphis Blues."

Becker wrote as follows:

In pre-Whiteman days, before Carnegie Hall was filled with dowager subscribers who took their jazz with stiff decorum, before the provinces had become too susceptible to sparkling back-drops and the patter of specialty artists who write the clever fire citizenry that the name was things supposed to be spoken unchanged to "The Memphis Blues." promptu et extempore by the conductor; in those ancient of days, the "blues," germ cell of jazz, was got and born on Beale street in the music making. Its father was W. C. Handy, sinceing on top a local roof garden where, famous as the great originator, or every night, the strains of weird, more properly, as the adapter of blues rhythmic, moaning music, entranced

Its mother was some primitive con hundreds of dancers doing the "slow jule soul as old as the race, as drag." Everybody was bluish." The mysterious and illicit as Lilith. In her was something crude and wild, something moaning like the spirit of the dead and melancholy on its ghost-like departure for unknown habitations. So it happened that this curious progeny came to life and to notice not to the tune of "Steal Away" or "Go Down Moses" or "All God's Chillun," but to the bawl of "Mister Crump."

Considering its home, there is little cause for wonder at the product. Beale Street runs like a black ribbon patterned with gross splotches of the color of a life almost alien to outsiders. It is the haven of the blacks and browns and high pallers, the great congregating place for amusement, indolence, jesting, killing, worshipping. It is a welter of aboriginal Africa and modern America, a conglomeration of passions and thick lips, with razors and wasp waist-coats, shoes shined to a reflection,

hair-straighteners and glistening coifs.

All this had existed for years, but had remained a world to itself until Handy dedicated what was at that evening clothes and lorgnettes andime his latest to Ed. Crump, politic

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This is the Beale Street that has become the present-day haunt of the whites, the street where the midnight ramblers have become an institution, the streets where risque records made by blues singers are bootlegged just as cautiously and just as shrewdly as a half pint.

In the heart of things are the "movies" and theatres—the Venus, the Grand, the Daisy, and the Palace. The Palace is the most famous of those houses, as is the shrine of the midnight ramblers. Thursday and Friday nights are the big times, hey! hey! Thursday is White Night; and every week, summer and winter, the place is packed with the curious, the inquisitive, the ordinary, and the high-brow. Some come for sheer amusement, some come to hear the orchestra which boasts a wizard of the drums who also plays a whistle with astonishing art, some come hoping to find rough stuff, but everybody comes. On White Night it is a dollar a throw prices being put up according to the best European and African tradition.

Before you go inside you buy freshly popped corn with butter and salt on it; or, if you prefer, you may buy it between the acts from boys who dispense it much in the fashion of soda pop sellers at a ball game. The show starts at 11 o'clock and has been known to last until 2 a.m. and thereafter. As a rule, however, it is over a little after 1 o'clock. It is a variety show, offering vaudeville acts, gags, singing, dancing and wise cracks. More often, there is a special attraction whch comes on midway of the bill, after a proper "working up"—Bessie Smith or Ethel Waters or Clara Smith or a road company giving a novelty performance.

From the Palace emanated that song that finally drove the police department to publishing the bans—"Shake That Thing." Ethel Waters put it over in a highly sophisticated fashion one night for the whites and in the same same sophisticated but infinitely more suggestive fashion for the colored on the following night. On Friday nights the whites may go and sit upstairs in the balcony. The orchestra is reserved for colored patrons. Then is the time to go, if you

would have full benefit of the show. It is much more unrestrained, much more whooping, much more emotionally colored.

LYRIC-WRITER



CLARENCE MUSE

Renowned stage and cinema star, who is said to be one of the copyright owners of the popular song hit, "When It's Sleepytime Down South." According to report, Mr. Muse wrote the lyrics, title and composed part of the melody.

Gospel Plea Jan. 30, 1931 Pastor.

"NEGRO MUSIC HAS SUPERB RYTHM" SAYS MENCKEN

H. L. Mencken, (white) versatile analyst of racial traits and embellishments, after showing deep appreciation for the development of Negro music by James Weldon Johnson, J. Rosamond Johnson, Will Marion Cook and other high lights in the Negro musical world, goes to the heart of the virtues of music created and written by Negroes, by saying that their native rythm is superb.

Says Mr. Mencken: "The rythms of the Negro were superb, and so all that was needed to make good songs was their reinforcement with melody. That melody, it is highly probable, came from the camp-meetings, and at some time not earlier than the end of the eighteenth century. The whites in the South made no effort to educate their slaves in the arts, but they were greatly interested, after the first tours of Francis Wesley, in saving their souls, and that salvation was chiefly attempted for obvious reasons, out of doors. There arose camp-meeting—and the camp-meeting was a place of sturdy and vociferous song. The Negroes memorized what they heard and then adapted it to their native rythms. Thus the spirituals were born. To this day Methodist hymns seem banal to musicians because they lack variety of rythm; nine-tenths of them bang along in the same depressing sing-song.

"But the Negro spirituals are full of rythms of the utmost delicacy, and when they are sung properly—not by white frauds or high-toned dephlogisticated Negroes—but by black singers, they give immense pleasure to lovers of music. Beethoven would have delighted in them, and Brahms, had he ever heard them, would have borrowed them for his uses, as indeed, Dvorak did after him."—Selected.

Proves Place of Negro Music in American Life

During the summer session of the music department of New York University a controversy arose concerning the place of Negro music in American life. Ernest H. Hayes, the only Negro in the class and a professor of piano and theory at Hampton Institute, defended the place of Negro music.

To illustrate his point, Mr. Hayes gave a choral and an instrumental recital, using music written by Negroes. The event attracted so much attention that other classes abandoned their regular programs and gathered to hear the demonstration.

A fine chorus of whites, with a trained soloist, was placed at Mr. Hayes' disposal. He chose chiefly the works of R. Nathaniel Dett, under whose directorship he teaches at Hampton. "Juba Dance" and "Don't Be Weary, Traveler" were featured. When the recital closed the audience gave Director Hayes and the chorus an ovation.

Teachers College Discusses Negro Influence in Music

Fortuna, Calif., Nov. 10 (PCNB).— "Negro influence in American music is more far reaching than its Jazz contributions," says Mrs. Annie Ostrand of the Humboldt Teachers College music department. "Negro influence is seen especially in three phases, in the spirituals which have grown out of primitive Negro music as influenced by American hymn music; in the folk compositions on Negro themes by such men as Stephen Foster, James Bland and Dan Emmett; and in the art music by composers like Kreisler, Cyril Scott, Debussy and Dvorak."

A recent radio program given by the college over KFWH of Eureka, Calif., included several numbers showing Negro influence.

1931

Music - 1926.

PHILA. PA. PUBLIC LEDGER
JULY 25, 1926

Alexander Smallens Will Conduct Orchestra At Sesqui Centennial Concerts During the Present Week

THIS week's concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Auditorium of the Sesqui-Centennial will be conducted by Alexander Smallens, musical director of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. The concerts will be given on Wednesday evening, July 28, and Friday evening, July 30. There will be a soloist at the Wednesday evening concert, Mischa Levitski, pianist, who will play the Saint-Saens Concerto in G minor (No. 2). The programs for the concerts are as follows:

Wednesday evening, July 28—Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz; Concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra, Saint-Saens, Mischa Levitski; excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; intermission; tone poem, "The Three Palms," Spendiasoff (first time in Philadelphia); Persian dances from "Khnovantschina," Moussorgsky (first time in Philadelphia); symphonic poem, "Thamar," Balakireff (first time in Philadelphia).

Saturday evening, July 30—Overture, "Euryanthe," Von Weber; Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 90, Brahms; intermission; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," Wagner; "Death and Transfiguration," Strauss; "New York Days and Nights," Whithorne (first performance).

The daily recitals from noon to 1 o'clock on the great organ in the Auditorium of the Sesqui-Centennial this week will be given as follows:

Monday, July 26, by J. Frank Frysinger, organist of the First Presbyterian Church, York, Pa.; Sonata in the style of Handel, Wolstenholme; air from orchestra suite in D, St. Ann's Fugue, Bach; "Spinning Song," Mendelssohn; Largo from "The New World Symphony," Dvorak; "Siciliano," Fry; "Caprice," Kinder; "Sunset," "Laudate Domini," "Emanus," Frysinger.

Tuesday, July 27, by Fanca Rybka, organist, of Philadelphia; Phantasie and Fugue in A minor, J. S. Bach; Christmas Carol, J. Boely; "Andante Religioso," F. B. Mendelssohn; "Three Short Pieces," R. Schumann; Prelude and Fugue on the name "Bach," F. Liszt; "Hora Mystica," E. Bossi; Prelude and Passacaglia, D minor, M. Reger.

Wednesday, July 28, by Dr. Healey Willan, organist and vice principal of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; Prelude and Fugue in C major, Bach; "Adagio" (Sonata in A minor), Renzi; Finale in E. Bossi; chorale, Prelude on "Puer Nobis Nascitur," Willan; "Scherzo," Willan; Epilogue, Willan; "Rock of the Eastern Association of Presbytery Ministers, and the benediction Castle," Moussorgsky; "Dance of will be pronounced by the Rev. H. L.

National Association of Negro Musicians.

McCrory, of the Central Presbyterian Church. Among the chief massed choral numbers will be the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah." At both morning and evening services in the various churches the ministers will preach on musical topics, and special music will be given by the soloists and choirs.

The convention will continue throughout the week. On Monday evening a "Welcome Program" will be given at Miller Memorial Baptist Church, 22d street above Jefferson street; on Tuesday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, a children's matinee will be given in the Central High School, at which youthful musical and oratorical talents will be heard; in the evening a concert by Philadelphia artists will be given at Varick A. M. E. Zion Church, 19th and Catharine streets; Wednesday morning George L. Lindsay, director of music in the Philadelphia Public Schools, will speak at Varick Temple at 11:30 o'clock, and in the afternoon in the same building, talent hitherto unknown to the association will be presented in a program of new compositions. In the evening a concert will be given at Union Baptist Church, Fitzwater street above 19th, to which the various branches of the association will contribute soloists. On Thursday evening at the Academy of Music the most elaborate concert of the convention will be given, at which the soloists will be Jessie Zachery, coloratura soprano of Philadelphia; Harriet Stavoy, Philadelphia, contralto; Leviticus Lyon, tenor, of Oakland, Calif.; Jacob Loew, baritone, Chicago; Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett, pianist, Hampton, Va.; Eugene Martin, violinist, New York City; Lela Walker Jones, dramatic reader, Philadelphia, and the convention chorus will sing "Hiawatha's Departure," by Coleridge-Taylor, under the direction of Alfred Johnson, supervisor of music of the Washington public schools. On Friday morning at 11 o'clock an organ recital will be given on the Wanamaker organ by Dr. Melville Charlton, organist of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. All these events except the Academy concert will be free to the public. During the week business meetings and round-table discussions will be held every day.

The eighth annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians will open this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in the Dunbar Theatre, where religious denominations as well as musicians will participate. An elaborate program has been arranged and local and out-of-town soloists, as well as many of the choirs of the Philadelphia Negro churches, will sing. Addresses will be made by the Rev. W. H. E. Powell, of Shiloh Baptist Church; Bishop W. H. Heard, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; Rabbi Miechkind, of Beth Emet Congregation, Wilmington; the Rev. Robert Tabb, of the Crucifixion Protestant Episcopal Church; Mrs. Carl Ditt, president of the Philadelphia Branch of the National Association of Negro Musicians; John T. Gibson, proprietor of the Dunbar Theatre; the Rev. George F. Ellison, moderator of the local council of the Eastern Association of Presbytery Ministers, and the benediction will be pronounced by the Rev. H. L.

The chorus is working during the summer months learning the choral parts of the new operas. A number of excellent voices has been added to the chorus recently and the newer members of the chorus are having the advantage of being personally trained by Alexander Smallens, musical director of the company. This work is being carried on in order that the newer members may acquire the repertoire possessed by those who have been several years with the organization.

Following the success of the Sesqui-Centennial Festival Chorus of 5000 voices, the Philadelphia Music League, under whose auspices the chorus was organized, is planning a series of indoor concerts featuring the chorus. The first of these will be given Thursday evening, August 19, in the Auditorium of the Sesqui-Centennial under the direction of Henry Gordon Thunder. The chorus will have the assistance of the Philadelphia Orchestra, a prominent soloist and a prominent organist—to be announced later. Two rehearsals will be conducted on Monday evenings, July 26 and August 9, at the Central High School for Boys, Broad and Green streets, under the direction of Mr. Thunder.

A violin recital was given yesterday afternoon at the Presser Home for Retired Music Teachers in Germantown by Alan H. Lewry, assisted by Clarence G. Grimsley, basso, and with Edith W. Griffinberg at the piano.

NEGRO MUSICIANS GIVE INTERESTING PROGRAM

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

JULY 30, 1926

Numbers of International Interest Offered at the Convention's Concert

Versatile gifts of negro musicians from all parts of the country were displayed in the "Artists' Concert" which was held in the Academy of Music last night, as the climax of the eighth annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians. The audience was small, but sincere in its enthusiasm, and high tribute was paid to Carl Ditt, the newly elected president of the organization, who played a prominent part in the performance by his admirable accompaniments for some of the vocal numbers, as well as in his splendid solo work as pianist.

Just before the final number, a special presentation of appreciation was made to R. Nathaniel Dett, retiring president of the association, who is regularly director of music in the Hampton Institute, Virginia. He was warmly applauded by the audience and by the chorus of the association, which was seated on the stage and took part.

Among those who contributed solo numbers were Leviticus Lyon, tenor;

Jacob Lowe, baritone; Eugene Martin, violinist; Jessie Zachery, soprano; Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett, pianist; Harriet Stavoy, contralto, and Lela Walker Jones, an excessive elocutionist; as well as Marie Thomas, Lillian Truly Franklin, James Byars, George Dobbins, Lydia Mason and Alfred Johnson, who conducted the chorus in a splendid presentation of the cantata, "Hiawatha's Departure," by Coleridge-Taylor. There was some change from the printed programme, Mr. Lowe singing "Love Me Or Not" as an encore instead of his opening number.

The programme was international in aspect, but it might have been emphasized in individuality of interest had some of the famous spirituals been presented, instead of the customary, and hence hackneyed, arias.

PHILA. PA. EVE. LEDGER
JULY 26, 1926

NEGRO MUSICIANS TO GIVE CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

National Association Opens Convention at Dunbar Theatre

An interdenominational program opened the eighth annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., yesterday afternoon at Dunbar Theatre, Broad and Lombard streets.

The convention will continue until Thursday and close with a national artists' night program at the Academy of Music. Tomorrow there will be a special children's matinee at 3:30 o'clock, in Central High School, Broad and Green streets.

Yesterday afternoon the association was welcomed by the pastors on behalf of the various congregations in Philadelphia. Soloists and massed choirs entertained a capacity house.

The principal address was delivered by Rabbi L. A. Mischkind, of Beth Emet Congregation, Wilmington, on "Rhythm of International Peace."

NEGRO MUSICIANS GIVE FINE CLASSICAL CONCERT

Audience Crowds Dunbar Theatre—Event Is Forerunner of Convention.

A program of music from compositions of Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn, was presented in the Dunbar Theatre yesterday under the auspices of the National Association of Negro Musicians, holding their annual convention in this city.

John T. Gibson, owner of the Dunbar, placed it at the disposal of the association. The standing room only sign had to be hung outside a half hour after the concert started.

Mrs. Martha B. Anderson, of Chicago, vice president of the association, presided. Bishop W. H. Beard, of the A. M. E. Church, pronounced the invocation and welcomed the delegates.

The program was arranged by Carl Diton, organist and choirmaster of Zoar Methodist Episcopal Church.

Soloists and choirs from other churches in the city assisted in the program.

An address was made by Rabbi L. A. Mischkind, of Beth Eneth Congregation, Wilmington, in which he said the hope of the peace of the world is only through music.

The convention will begin tomorrow morning, and the delegates will be guests of the Philadelphia members of the association at their homes.

The more prominent soloists were sent to several churches yesterday morning to assist in the musical programs, and pastors preached sermons on music.

All the concerts will be without admission charge except the one in the Academy of Music, Thursday night.

This evening a welcome night program will be presented in Miller Baptist Church, Twenty-second and Jefferson streets, and the national president, John Wesley Jones, will preside.

PHILADELPHIA PA. SUN
JULY 26, 1926

NEGRO MUSICIANS HERE Exponents of Natural Harmony Open Annual Convention

An interdenominational choirfest program opened the eighth annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., yesterday at the Dunbar Theatre.

The convention will continue until Thursday, and close with a national artists' night program at the Academy of Music. Tomorrow there will be a special children's matinee at 3:30 o'clock in the Central High School.

PASTORS WELCOME NEGRO MUSICIANS

National Association Opens at
Dunbar Theatre; Artists' Night Program Thursday

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The principal address was delivered by Rabbi L. A. Mischkind, of Beth Eneth Congregation, Wilmington, on "Rhythm of International Peace."

The churches represented were the First African Baptist Church, Mount Carmel Baptist church, Mount Olivet Baptist Church, Zoar Methodist Episcopal Church, Varick African Methodist Episcopal Church, Zion Temple Holsey Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, Crucifixion Protestant Episcopal Church, First African Presbyterian Church and the Central Presbyterian Church.

PHILADELPHIA PA. SUN
JULY 26, 1926

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NEGRO MUSICIANS HOLD ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Carl Diton, of Philadelphia, Named as President for Coming Year.

The National Association of Negro Musicians held a business session yesterday morning in the Varick A. M. E. Church, Nineteenth and Catherine streets, at which the officers for the coming year were elected.

All the candidates were elected unanimously. They are: Carl Diton, president; Martha B. Anderson, vice president; Alice Garter Simmons, financial secretary, and Camille Nickerson, corresponding secretary.

Martha B. Mitchell and Ruth Perry Shaw were appointed as the board of directors. Grace Willis was appointed as chairman of the artists' committee; Maude Roberts George, chairman of publicity, and J. Wesley Jones, chairman of the scholarship fund.

Harold Brown, a graduate of Fisk University, received a scholarship entitling him to study abroad. Harrison Ferrell also received a scholarship to Northwestern University.

Two scholarships were established at Fisk University and two at Hampton Institute.

Prominent Negro artists from all parts of the country participated in a program of vocal and instrumental music presented at the Academy of Music last night. The concert was in charge of the retiring president, R. Nathaniel Dett, who is also a well-known composer. One of his compositions entitled "Somebody's Knocking at Your Door," was sung by Jacob Lowe, of Chicago. Harriet Sayov, sang "My Heart is Thy Sweet Voice." "Valse Etude" was played by Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett. Eugene Mars Martin, a violinist, from New York, received great applause for his playing of "Rondo Capriccioso."

Jessie Zackery had to give "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eye," as an encore.

A feature of the program was a cantata, written by Coleridge Taylor, and sung by a mixed chorus of 40 voices. Marie Thomas, Lillian Truly, James Byar, George Robins and Carl Diton took the solo parts.

Today the association will tour the Wanamaker store as the guest of the Robert Curtis Ogden Association.

NATIONAL ASSN. OF MUSICIANS HOLD CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DOING GREAT WORK TO ENCOURAGE AMERICAN NEGRO YOUTHS TO TAKE UP MUSIC AND SONG AS A CAREER

That brilliant company of rare artists in music and song, "The National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc.", held its annual convention in the historic City of Philadelphia, Pa., from July 25th to 31st. *3-2-26*

Delegates were in attendance from all over the country, bringing with them many stirring reports of splendid progress being made by the organization through its branches.

Culture and Refinement of Race

This association, representative of some of the most cultured and refined Negroes of the race, is made up of more than a thousand men and women, each having made a specialty of some line of music.

Encouraging Musical Careers

This grand and happy company of music lovers are doing more, perhaps, to encourage the American Negro youth to take up music and song as a career, and are working more persistently over a wider range of territory to bring the worthiness of the Negro into recognition through his music and his song than any other musical agency.

Awards Scholarships

The directors of this great body of musicians and singers, knowing the struggle is so great that often a very promising student of music has to break off his course before completing it because of the lack of adequate funds, award scholarships to such worthy students. Marian Anderson, considered as one of the best contraltos of the day, was the recipient of the first of such awards during

1925, who also won the Stadium Contest Prize in the City of New York.

Feature Activities

Many splendid feature activities relative to the promotion of good music and song among Negroes, prompted through the effort of this

association, could be brought out here if space would permit—such as the Works of Clarence Cameron White, violinist—pianist, as well as the Piano and violin sonata by the composer J. Harvey Johnson of Philadelphia, Pa. This sonata was presented by the Manuscript Society. *3-2-26*

Entire World Would Listen

Already the day has come when music lovers over the entire world, regardless of race or creed, would go out of their way to see and listen to a Negro musical concert, ever they know that its performers consist of some of the brightest Negro musical artists of this century—there to listen to the Negro pour forth his soul through his music and his song, as in sweetest melody, he pleads for a happier day.

Audiences Overwhelmingly White

Even now, ever a real musical concert be given in any section of this country and it be announced that a Roland Hayes, a Marian Anderson, a Clarence Cameron White or that any of the other equally celebrated Negro musical stars are to take part, so eager are white people to attend that these concert audiences are always, excepting a small smattering of our own, overwhelmingly white.

Largest White Theatres Eager for Negro Performers

If out from this vast group of a thousand expertly trained musicians, one wide-awake leader in music should select, say from a dozen to a score of the most gifted along their specific lines, and form a company of theatricals—one could dare predict that their music and song would be in such demand by the American public that not one of the managers of the largest and finest white theatres throughout the country could afford to displease their white patrons by refusing to book such a company of high class Negro performers.

The Poet's Corner

The Racial Equality Bugaboo

They're raising a horrible hullabaloo
On the racial equality bugaboo.
They're rootin' up ancestral trees,
And hindin' progress.

Smiling on another's veins,
They're rootin' up ancestral trees,
And hindin' progress
On race superiority.

It's arbitrarily decreed
That only that peculiar breed
Whose ichor is distinctly blue
Are Anglo-Saxon thro and thro,
And that only they can comply,
And only they qualify.
Discrimination, agitation,
Oppression, legislation,
And the slow deterioration
Till this race superiority
Remain in perpetuity.

Now, this grandiloquent design
Is theoretically fine,
But in its actualities,
Is punctured full of fallacies.
Who can certainly declare
Who who the Anglo-Saxons are?
All collections of connections,
All collections of complexions,
Manifold amalgamations,
Manifold adulterations
Constitute a complication
That defies elucidation,
And confirms the declaration
That no mortal can declare
Who who the Anglo-Saxons are.

And furthermore, I must relate
That this conglomerated state
Is not the natural fruition
Of the Saxon's own volition.
Upon their own initiation,
They contrived the situation
That produced amalgamation,
And obliterates the traces
That identify the races.
None, their fanciful seclusion
Is a factual definition,
None, comes unwilling eyes
Wants to realize
That they are coming to their own,
Reaping simply what they've sown.

However, since they now intend
All inventions to amend
The circumstances that offend,
It seems to me, the proper course
Would stanch the streamlet at its source.
Consistency would reprobate
Conditions that originate
Conditions they would obviate.
Indeed, they stultify their cause
With their inconsequential laws,
With their impudent verbosity,
With their only animosity,
And stupidly defeat the ends
That phraseology intends.

Exclusively they designate
The most incorrigible hate,
All evidencing any fraction
Of hint of African extraction.
They vent their sworn determination
To damn us with humiliation.

Iniquity and degradation.
They specify where we shall eat,
And where we are to take a seat;
They designate where we may ride,
And illustrate where we may reside;
They shoul' venomous negation
On virtuous association.
While disguised affiliations
And amphibian emanations
Assiduously dissipate
All that they would effectuate.

Instead of these fallacious schemes
And these impracticable dreams,
I recommend the only plan
That ever could or ever can
Assure the Saxon blood salvation
From vari-colored infiltration.
And salvage it the residue
Of its inestimable blue.

If Saxon masculinity
Relinquish its affinity
For the captivating graces
Of the vari-colored races.
Or could they differentiate
The traces they would isolate,
There'd be no need to advocate,
And no excuse to legislate
Pernicious disabilities
On innocent civilities.
But if this ardent predilection
Defies volitional direction,
Or if the African infection
Eludes censorial detection,
Not all the councils and the courts,
And all the arsenals and forts
Can rectify the situation
By statutory regulation.
Tis vain, therefore, to speculate,
And agitate and legislate,
And senseless too, is the hullabaloo
On the racial-equality bugaboo.

ANGLO-AFRICAN.

Home Song

By CLAUDE MCKAY

Oh breezes blowing on the red hill-top
By tall fox-tails,
Where through dry twigs and leaves and grasses hop
The dull-brown quails!

Nation
Is there no magic floating in the air
To bring to me **3-24-26**
A breath of you, when I am homesick here
Across the sea?

New York, N.Y.
Oh black boys holding on the cricket ground
A penny race!
What other black boy frisking round and round,
Plays in my place?

When picnic days come with their yearly thrills
In warm December,
The boy in me romps with you in the hills—
Remember!

Paris, 1925.

A CREDITABLE BOOK OF POEMS BY A YOUNG NEGRO POET OF HARLEM

[Birmingham News]

Countee Cullen, whose volume of verse "Color," comes from the Harper press, is singing merrily and very appealingly some of the songs Lawrence Dunbar left unsung.

Since art is art and beauty is beauty wherever it appears, whether it springs from the blind alleys of the Negro poor or in Oxford sanctuaries, The News cannot withhold praise from the young Negro artist Cullen, a child of New York's Harlem and son of a Negro Methodist preacher in that teeming hive devoted largely to Colored people. The vivid simplicity and pathos of this "Incident" is fairly indicative of Cullen's powers:

Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small.
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore,
From May until December;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.

Countee Cullen was born in May, 1903. Every poem within the covers of the volume was written before his twenty-second birthday. He won his first recognition as a poet while in high school—a prize offered by the Federation of Women's Clubs. While a student at New York university he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. In his sophomore year he took second prize in the Witter Bynner intercollegiate poetry contest; in his junior year he won second prize again, and in his senior year he carried off first prize. He was recently awarded the Amy Spingarn prize for poetry in the contest conducted by The Crisis.

Within the past two years his verses have made their way into the best magazines; and now his first book appears, striking evidence of the growing achievement of his race in the field of letters. In his work are tenderness and passion, humor and scorn, and a quite delicate and appealing lyrical quality rarely found in these latter days. And if a day may be judged by its morning, the young black poet will do bigger and better work.

COLLECTS ORIGINALS OF DUMAS

Manuscripts Are Expected
To Reveal Interesting Inci-
dents In Life Of Famous
French Negro Author

BERKELEY, Calif., May 26—Collecting hitherto unpublished manuscripts and autographed letters of Alexandre Dumas files, which are expected to bring to light more intimate knowledge of the life of the famous French Negro author, N. C. Arvin, assistant professor of French of the University of California, has spent a year in Paris gathering material for his next book on Alexander Dumas, a dramatist and polemist.

His quest for material has led him into many places and has been unusually productive, he reports. Mme. Dumas who survives her husband, gave him access to a large part of her documents. Dumas's daughter, Mme. d'Hauterive, entertained the professor and his wife at her castle in Normandy and gave him all the information she had available.

Criticism of Dumas' contemporaries, and of the critics of later periods, he has studied in the journals at the Bibliotheque Nationale. The great Rondel collection, which has recently been turned over to the Arsenal Library, Dr. Arvin has also employed in his research activities.

The purchase of some 200 letters with autographs by Dumas from Charavay adds a great deal of value to the material collected by the French professor as none of this has been published.

During his stay in Paris, Dr. Arvin met Monsieur Truffier, the great actor of La Comedie Francaise, who knew Dumas well and created some of his roles.

When the college year reopens in August at the University of California Dr. Arvin will resume his position there as professor of French.

TO COUNTEE CULLEN.

It matters not if your skin is dark
At the midnight jungle track,
I'll sit to the beat of the song you sing
Feeling the torture and race
That sundered the souls of your brother slave
For hundreds of dead years back.

Under the march of your musical lines,
Under the tread of their feet,
I hear the wind in the jungle pines
And the drone of the tom-tom's beat,
With ebon savages under the sun
In the shimmering tropic heat
Chance gave you the soul of a minstrel fair
Housed in a blackamoor's frame,
With your heart tuned high to the upper air
Though a scion of scorn and shame,
Refusing an outcast's usual lot
And turning it into fame!

Jim Crow Car

BY CLIFFORD L. MILLER

The delight of the devil
When he wishes to mock
The Democracy of America.
So you run the track to humiliate me,
As I'm not white,
Until I feel
I'm one with the jackal of the jungle.
My soul is unyielding to your segregation,
That cannot segregate.
Strong enough your walls to keep me in my place?
Though your partition be as thick as armour plate,
It shall not separate me from white thoughts, white
feelings, 7-1-26
And the lily white throne of God.
Earth's whitest poets come at my bidding
And sing sweetly to me
Their epics and romances of forgotten ages.
And philosophers with thoughts whiter than snow
Throng my coach
And reason with me of life, death, and eternity.
I laugh at the insolence
Of your wood and steel
Trying to imprison my soul.
Know you not
My soul is a winged thing?
While you ride my body,
I ride winds, stars, and a million suns.
When will altar, sword, nation
Be militant enough
To cast you aside as junk
A growing, robust Freedom discards?
When will college, church, and court
Seal thy eternal doom
As an old world cancer
Eating away the new world's heart?

—Courtesy of *Literary Digest*.

Chicago Tribune Publishes

Poem To Countee Cullen

In the famous column, "A Line O' Type or Two" in the Chicago Daily Tribune of July 4th appeared a poem to Countee Cullen, the brilliant Negro poet, by Clifford Miller, originally by the late Bert L. Taylor and was the first of ~~the~~ one column of modern newspapermen. The poem of the famous column reads:

TO COUNTEE CULLEN
It matters not if your skin is dark
At the midnight jungle track,
I'll sit to the beat of the song you sing
Feeling the torture and race
That sundered the souls of your brother slave
For hundreds of dead years back
Under the march of your musical lines,
Under the tread of their feet,
I hear the wind in the jungle pines
And the drone of the tom-tom's beat,
With ebon savages under the sun
In the shimmering tropic heat
Chance gave you the soul of a minstrel fair
Housed in a blackamoor's frame,
With your heart tuned high to the upper air
Though a scion of scorn and shame,
Refusing an outcast's usual lot
And turning it into fame!

THE FAUN

III 2 1926

Volume of Modern Negro Workaday Songs

By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson

—By JULIA COLLIER HARRIS—

My Jane am a gal dat loves red shoes,
My Jane am a gal dat loves silk clo'ees.

My Jane am a gal dat loves plenty money,
She can devil a fellow till it ain't even funny.

My Jane am a gal dat frolics all night,
Won't cook fer a feller, not even a bite.

My Jane am a gal gits all she can,
If you ain't got it, she hunts another man.

In Joel Chandler Harris's *Gabriel Tolliver* one of the characters, an old lady with a fund of homely common-sense, remarked:

"You needn't be too hard on the niggers; everything they know, everything they do, everything they say—everything—they have learnt from the white folks. Study a nigger right close and you'll ketch a glimpse of how the white folks would look and do wi'out their trimmings."

Well, the negro song quoted above from the new book of *Negro Workaday Songs* by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson (University of North Carolina Press) is by no means the only one in this large and interesting collection which brings to mind the saying of the shrewd old Georgia country-woman. Jane, the colored "flapper," is strangely like her white model. Exaggerated love of finery, bold flirtatiousness, all-night "frolicing," aversion to domesticity, a frank and somewhat avid materialism—are not these the leading qualities of the American flapper as pictured in light fiction and in the movies?

In the preface to this collection of Negro songs, the authors state that, as in the case of a volume previously issued (*The Negro and His Songs*), no claim is made to an anthology or general collection, but merely to a grouping together of songs current in certain areas of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, during the years 1924-25. It is also pointed out that these songs have been taken directly from Negro slayers and do not represent reports from memory of white individuals. None of the songs have been previously published.

"We have found a few Negroes who were not clear in their minds about Booker Washington, but we have found none in North Carolina, South Carolina or Georgia who had not heard something at some time

in the knowledge of the compilers, of John Henry." Many are the versions who have many others similar ones of John Henry's prowess as a "Steel-in hand which have been sung or re-drivin' man." Here is one of them:

John Henry was a steel-drivin man,
Carried his hammer all the time,
Fore he'd let the steam-drill beat him down,
Die wid his hammer in his hand.

John Henry went to the mountain,
Beat that steam-drill down;
Rock was high, po' John was small,
Well, he lay down his hammer an' he die.

John Henry was a little babe
Sittin' on his daddy's knee,
Said, "Big, high tower on C. and O. road

Gonna be the death of me.

John Henry had a little gal,
Her name was Polly Ann,
When John was on his bed so low,
She drove with his hammer like a man.

The versions vary little in the main parts of John Henry's story: He is always the powerful "steel-drivin' man," was a little, but spunky wife; he sits on his mother's or his father's knee; he is always haunted by the portent of sudden death from a heavy steel hammer or from an accident in a C. and O. tunnel. The manner of telling varies, as does the name of his wife or sweetheart and the cause of his tragic death while pursuing his work.

Full of whimsy and fun are the examples of the Folk Minstrel type, songs used on gala occasions. I give two of these:

RAISE A RUKUS.
Some folks say preachers won't steal;
Ratse rukus tonight;
I caught two in my corn fiel',
Ratse rukus tonight;

One had a bushel, one had fo',
Raise rukus tonight;
If that ain't stealin' I don't know,
Raise rukus tonight;

My ol' missus promised me,
Raise rukus tonight;
When she died she set me free,
Raise rukus tonight;

She live so long till she got bal',
Raise rukus tonight;

She got no notion to die at all,
Raise rukus tonight;

So come along chillun, come along,
Where moon shine bright tonight;
Get on board before boat 'gone,
Gonna raise rukus tonight.

The second example of the Minstrel Folk type concerns a Georgia Negro and a Georgia mule:

A NIGGER'S HARD TO FOOL
A Georgia nigger and a Georgia mule,
Dese two asses is hard to fool.
Might fool a white man,
Might fool his mother,
Might fool his sister,
An' you might fool his brother;
But a nigger's hard to fool.

A Georgia yaller gal
An' a Georgia black
Kin always dog
A feller's track,
But he's hard to fool.
Yes, Lawd, a nigger's hard to fool.

Georgia road's red,
Bottom lan' black,
A Georgia nigger
Is a cracker-jack,
An' he's hard to fool.
Yes, Lawd, a nigger's hard to fool.

Under the chapter-head *Man's Song of Woman* a number of racy, unctuous ballads of unsqueamish emotion are given, some of them quite amusing in their frank expression. One Swain prefers a "yaller gal," another, a "brown," still a third inclines toward the "chocolate drop."

YOU TAKE DE YALLER. I TAKE DE BLACK.

Yaller gal's yours,
An' de black gal's mine,
You never can tell
When de yaller gal's lyin'.

Give me a chocolate drop,
She's white on de inside,
Black on de back,
She don't cause a feller
To ride de railroad track.

You take yaller,
I take de black,
Hurry up, nigger,
Come out'n dat shack,
Dat chocolate
Gal am mine.

In reading the "love songs" given by Messrs. Odum and Johnson I am reminded of a letter from a publisher to Joel Chandler Harris, way back in 1883, referring to a plantation ballad, *O, Gimme de Gal*, which he had submitted for publication, one verse of which ran as follows:

Oh, de strappin' black gal, de big
greasy gal!
She kyar herself mighty fine!
How de boys gwinter follow along in
de row,
Awaitin' fer ter ketch her sign?
De boss mighty close, yit I study en
wish—

En I wish dat big gal 'nz mine!

Wrote the editor: "It is a little too niggery. Have you not another, more ideal, which you could substitute for it?"

Well, times have changed, and the editorial comment now would most likely be: "It is too idealized. Have you not one more realistic, more 'niggery,' that you could send?"

It is my best tribute to Howard Odum and Guy Johnson when I say of their collection of *Workaday Songs* that it is entirely realistic, bears the stamp of the Negro's outlook on life, is rich in his longings, his fears, his preferences, his humor, his shrewdness and his sensuality. It is, in the words of the editor of the Eight, essentially, "niggery". Otherwise, it would have no ~~realism~~ and no ~~excuses~~ for being.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar never wrote anything finer than the Christmas appeal of the Rev. G. H. Sims, negro pastor of New York's Union Baptist church. Every ~~black~~ person invites poor negro children of his district to a Christmas party at which gifts are distributed. Rev. Sims' verses entitled "Crowded Out," follow:

Nobody ain't shoppin'
Fur his stockin'.
Nobody ain't catch no turkey,
Nobody ain't bake no pie,
Nobody laid nothin' by—
Sammy don't got nothin' hid
Fur his mammy's little kid.
Seems like ever'body's ~~shoppin'~~
An' er crushin'.
Crowdin' shops an' jaunmin' trolleys,
Buyin' shoes an' shirts an' toys
Fur de white folks' girls an' boys;
But no hobby-horse ain't rockin'
By his little wore-out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin', recollect,
He don't spec'
Nothin'—it's his not expectin'
Makes his mammy wish, oh laws!
Fur a po' folks Santy Claus,
Totin' any kind er toy.
Fur his mammy's honey-boy.

(Copyright, 1926, for The Constitution.)

NEGRO POETS' PROGRAM GIVEN AT OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

(Preston News Service)

Columbus, O., Nov. 26.—Prof. Herbert A. Miller's class in sociology at Ohio State University ushered and the Choral Quartette composed of Mrs. Sadie J. Wooten, Mrs. Mamie Davis, J. A. Taylor and W. P. Hopson sang Sunday afternoon at the Chamber of Commerce when the Race Relations committee of the Columbus Urban League had its meeting. Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes, the two famous poets of New York City read their own selections. Prof. Frederick C. Detweiler of Den-

son University and Chief Harry French made the principal addresses for the occasion. This meeting was open to the public.

DEC 20 1926

Negro Wins Recognition As Poet and Playwright

The tenacity of the negro in his fight for recognition is exemplified by the career of Salem Tutt Whitney, well known actor and poet.

Mr. Whitney was born at Logansport, Ind., to which his father migrated from Kentucky immediately after the Civil War. There the elder Whitney married and raised a family of six boys and six girls. Preaching in those days was not very profitable, and the head of the family, a Methodist minister, was compelled to wield a whitewash brush to feed his brood.

Made Poet Laureate

From the environment of the two-room house where the family of fourteen were quartered, Salem Tutt Whitney passed by slow stages into the world of letters. He learned the alphabet from newspapers fastened to the walls in lieu of wallpaper. At 14 he embarked on his first poetic attempt, and that year was chosen poet laureate of West Side High School at Logansport.

In 1895, when he was 16, Whitney began his theatrical career, singing as a baritone with a traveling quartet. Two years later he took charge of a wandering band of minstrels, raised the personnel to thirty-five, and called his company the Famous Troubadours.

Producer and Playwright

"The Ex-President of Liberia" was the title of his first attempt at play writing. It was a musical comedy, produced by his own troupe. Later he took up with the original Smart Set Company, and later became the star of Black Patti's Troubadours.

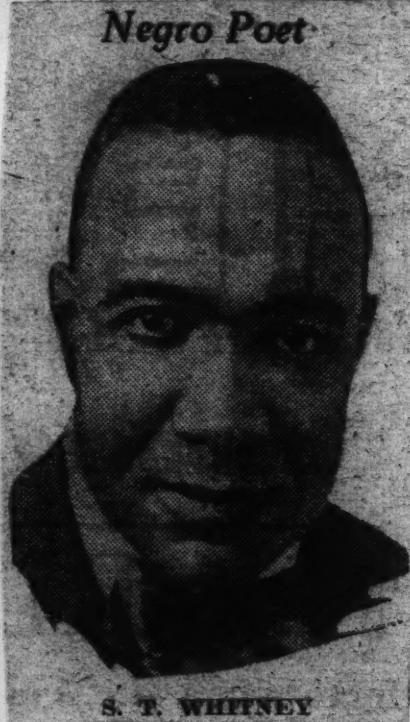
His two best songs of that period were "What's the Use" and "No Matter How Good You Treat the World, You Never Get Out Alive."

Whitney has had a hand in the writing of fourteen musical comedies and thirty sketches, the most successful of the former being "Oh, Joy," which enjoyed a Broadway run.

His poems have been recently published by the Colored Poetic League of the World in a book bearing the title "Mellow Musings."

Prefacing the poems is an interesting sketch of Mr. Whitney's life, written by his son, L. Baynard Whitney, a reporter on the Chicago Defender.

Negro Poet



S. T. WHITNEY

NEW YORK CITY WORLD
JULY 11, 1926

Keeps Home of Late Negro Poet as Shrine To Her Son

By Lester A. Walton

DAYTON, July 10.—One of the show places of Dayton is a small, two-story frame dwelling which stands unimpressively at No. 219 N. Summit Street. It is the home of Paul Laurence Dunbar, who, at his death in 1906, was internationally known as the poet laureate of the Negro race.

Each day white and colored folk visit the Dunbar homestead and pay homage to an American poet whose praises were sung without qualification by William Dean Howells, James Whitcomb Riley and other outstanding contemporaries. Upon entering one's attention is attracted to a tab-

let on which is written:
Home
of
Paul Laurence Dunbar
1872 1906
"Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His Great Compassion
Gave me a gift of Song."
Erected by Boy Scouts
of Y. M. C. A., Troop No. 30,
June 27, 1921.

The two most potent forces keeping green the memory of Dunbar are his printed works and his mother. The former are the younger, for it was Mathilda J. Dunbar who, in bewildered fashion, saw her son emerge from an obscure elevator boy to a conspicuous figure in the realm of letters. Some copies of "Oak and Ivy," Dunbar's first book, may have become yellowed with age, but the incidents attending the poet's early years as a writer are fresh and vivid realities to his most ardent admirer of eighty.

Mother Interesting

Mrs. Dunbar is an interesting character. After talking with her five minutes the visitor readily understands to whom the poet was indebted for his keen sense of humor. Like the poet, she is temperamental—creatures of moods. In company with J. A. Green, Executive Secretary of the Fifth Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A., Dayton, and A. L. Holsey, secretary of Tuskegee Institute, I made a pilgrimage one afternoon to the homestead.

Mrs. Dunbar was alone. With

quiet dignity she received an introduction. Then suddenly she began to upbraid Secretary Green for bringing visitors without first telephoning her. Although neatly attired in a black and white dress, her white hair done up with care, she explained she did not want to receive us "looking like Chloe."

Her petulant mood disappeared as quickly as it came, and after poking trash, she suggested that I throw fun at the "Y" worker, asked if we it in the ash can or burn it. Why I would like to see "Paul's loffingholt." didn't. I don't know. But just think! Receiving unanimous assent the old woman took a bunch of keys from a hiding place and, without assistance, went upstairs.

After a wait of a few minutes we were summoned to the "loffingholt" where Dunbar spent the last days of his life. On one side of the room are books. On another are shoes and clothes his mother has kept and displays with unfeigned pride. One of the suits was worn when Dunbar was graduated from the Central High School. Others bespoke affluence of the poet in his heyday.

A tea set, which occupies a prominent position near the front window, was first made the subject of Mrs. Dunbar's conversation. It was given Paul, she said, by friends abroad. Whenever members of the gentler sex called invariably the tea set was put into use.

"Why did Paul always invite the ladies to have tea but never the men?" she asked humorously.

After the visitors had assigned different reasons she said: "I think he was partial to the women."

Poet's Early Days

As we sat in the "loffingholt," as Dunbar had named his den, our hostess told in dramatic fashion of the early struggles of her son, and how his first works barely escaped being thrown into an ash can.

"When Paul was graduated from Central High School we lived on Ziegler Street," she related. "He was unable to get the kind of job he wanted because of his color and had to run an elevator. One day he came to me and said: 'mother, I am going to write a book.'

"I did not answer him for I did not understand what writing a book really meant, and thought he was talking something foolish. The second time he told me of his intentions I acted as if I did not hear him, but when he came the third time and spoke of writing a book, I asked: 'Just what do you mean about writing a book?'

"He explained he had written something he wanted printed, and that for \$125 the U. B. Publishing Company would get out his 'Oak and Ivy.' Spoke about becoming a poet, but I did not know what a poet was.

"I think to this day what a narrow

escape Paul had from being a poet, at least, as soon as he had hoped. I kept in a box under an old sofa some papers belonging to Paul. I thought they were something connected with his school work. No value was put on them by me.

"One day a neighbor came and spied the box. She asked what was in it and I told her some of Paul's papers. She suggested that I throw them away. Why I would like to see 'Paul's loffingholt.' didn't. I don't know. But just think! Receiving unanimous assent the old woman took a bunch of keys from a hiding place and, without assistance, went upstairs.

"One day a neighbor came and spied the box. She asked what was in it and I told her some of Paul's papers. She suggested that I throw them away. Why I would like to see 'Paul's loffingholt.' didn't. I don't know. But just think! Receiving unanimous assent the old woman took a bunch of keys from a hiding place and, without assistance, went upstairs.

"Paul was unable to raise enough money to get his book printed. He came home greatly discouraged after his talk with the publisher. There was a white man by the name of Mr. William L. Blocher who learned of Paul's ambition and had the book printed.

"One morning during the Christmas holidays a wagon drove up in front of our house and an expressman delivered several boxes. I opened them and there were the books about

which Paul had dreamed night and day. My, he was a happy soul. We didn't eat all day.

Sells His Own Books

"Paul asked everybody riding on the elevator to buy his book. Some thought \$1 was too much for its size. He used to tell them he was not selling the size but what was in the book. Within two weeks he had realized \$128, and was able to pay back the money advanced. From the rest of the sales we bought many good things for ourselves, and, as Paul said in one of his poems, we had a most scrumptious time."

Dunbar never forgot the kindness shown him by Mr. Blocher, whose picture has a place of honor in the "loffingholt." When he wrote "Oak and Ivy" Dunbar was not twenty-one.

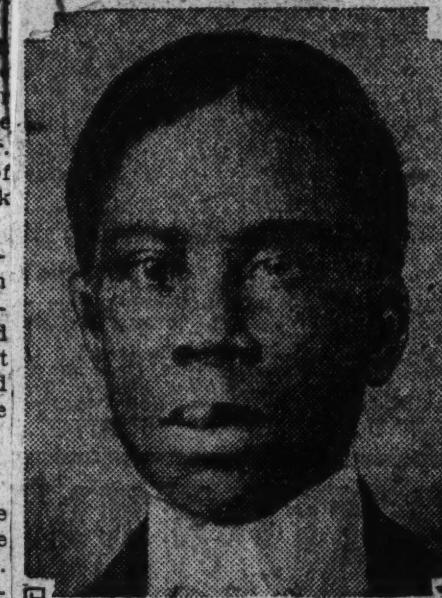
Mrs. Dunbar was born a slave and when young was deprived of the most elementary schooling. She later learned to read and write. Her exact age she does not know. Possessing a vigorous mind and unusually agile for her age, her chief physical disability is her sight. She is almost blind. Her chief sources of revenue are from royalties on Dunbar's books and voluntary contributions from printed souvenirs carried away by visitors. Everybody registers in a large book.

On June 27, the fifty-fourth anniversary of Paul Laurence Dunbar was celebrated at the homestead by the Dunbar Memorial Association. Among the poet's lines recited were:

"Go on and up! Our souls and

eyes
Shall follow thy continuous rise;
Our ears shall list the story
From bards who from thy root
shall spring,
And proudly tune their lyres to
sing
Of Ethiopia's story."

Dunbar's Early Days Recalled by Mother



PAUL L. DUNBAR



Mrs. MATHILDA J. DUNBAR

I'll sweep them off the sea
We may be gone for a year or more,
But we'll have a permanent peace.

We'll stick to the French through
thick and thin
Both through sleet and snow
We'll whip the Kaiser in end
And free little Belbem sure

The Kaiser told his aero pilots
With everything so handy
To fly all over Belgium then
And drop the children poison candy

He called the sub his master strok
Tho the U-boats are the name
Now sink even a life boat
And the Lustiamia do the same.

Uncle Sam said this will not do
I'll sweep them off the sea
With my destroyers and chasers too
The Kaiser will hear from me.

The Kaiser called the Crown Prince in
For whipping America is no fun

We are several millions strong
We will go and get the Kaiser
And it will not take us long
— Samuel C. Overstreet

General Persing said
And now she has lots of colored
soldiers
Who can fight just like a Hun

A Prayer for Ethiopia

By George Leonard Allen

God of the ages! Ruler of the spheres,
 Who, in Thy power, beholdest from above
 Man's little follies, frailties and fears,
 Gazing on all alike in kindly love,—
 Thou who upon our sorrows lokest down,
 Loving alike both sun-kissed folk and fair,
 Black folk and red folk, yellow folk and brown,—
 We who are dark breathe unto Thee this prayer

Like as our fathers, 'neath the lash's sting,
 Yet to Thy faith and to Thy precepts clung,
 And, through the paths of sorrow journeying,
 Still unto Thee their songs of sadness sung,
 Grant, Lord, that we, oppressed by countless foes
 'Neath the foul curse of prejudice and wrong,
 May unto Thee still carry all our woes
 And to Thy name still lift our hearts in song!

O may we e'er, when stern Oppression's surge
 Like waves of ocean o'er our souls hath gone,
 Feeling within our hearts true Manhood's urge,
 Still, with a courage born of faith, fight on!
 May Ethiopia, throughout all the years,
 Steadfast and true to all Thy precepts stand,
 Rising triumphant over all her fears,
 Led on forever by Thy mighty hand!

LUMBERTON, N. C.

The October issue of *Palms* is a ^{editorial on "The Negro Renaissance," by Walter White, and one on} negro poets' number. The poems in it are: "Tree Design," by Arna Bontemps; "Motherland," by Alonzo Cullen in the editor of this issue of *Palms* and the poets whose work is represented are all negroes: "Song of the Sinner," by George Dyer; "Song of the Angels and Apostles," by William Stanley Braithwaite; "Grave," by Waring Cuney; "Linen to a Nasturtium," by Anne Spender; "Song of the Grapes," by Countee Cullen; "Poems," by Lewis Alexander; "Three Poems," by Claude Faustus; "Two Poems," by W. E. B. Du Bois; "My Love," by Bruce Conner; "Three Poems," by Gwendolyn Bennett; "Magnolia," by Helene Johnson, and "Two Poems," by Langston Hughes. There is an

A Call to Ethiopia

Christian Advocate
BY GEORGE LEONARD ALLEN

9-23-26

Ethiopia, arise!
 And sound your battle cries,
 For freedom's light hath dawned to snatch
 The blindfold from thine eyes!
 Awake, thou wast maimed and blind,
 March forth to victory, 26
 And leave thy dark past far behind—
 Thy God is calling thee!

Ethiopia, awake!
 Come forth thy place to take,
 For through the night of stress and storm
 The morning light doth break!

March on, till by our God's great might
 We shall triumphant stand,
 Led forth from slavery and night
 By His almighty hand!

O falter not, and lose not hope,
 For yet will come the hour
 When Ethiopia's sons shall rise
 In grandeur and in power!
 When colored men on every hand
 Shall freedom's joys have known,
 And Africa, our Mother Land,
 Shall come into her own!

We've sung the patriot's battle song
 When hope was but a spark;
 Yet must we suffer hate and wrong
 Because our skins are dark!
 Black heroes sleep 'neath skies of blue,
 Who paid the bloody price
 For freedom, yet no freedom knew—
 A noble sacrifice!

Ethiopia, rise and stand,
 True to your God's command;
 Though we're murdered, burned, destroyed,
 Enslaved in freedom's land!

Awake! March on in hope sublime
 For life and liberty,
 Till all thy sons in every clime
 Shall evermore be free!

O God, who by Thy power and might
 Hast led us on our way
 From war's alarms and slavery's night
 Into the light of day,
 Protect us in Thy chosen way
 Until our day be done;
 Keep us forever Thine, we pray,
 Until the vict'ry's won!

THE BIRTH OF THE MOB

(By Edgar Bailey—Kansas City Call)

Christian Recorder
 The breath
 Of the mob; I sigh
 And the wretched white,
 And the black, both die!
 11-4-24
 My breath
 Is hot
 With seething hate,—
 I laugh at the hand of God and fate
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 I torture and bruise,
 With a reckless care;
 I breathe at his door—he withers there!

I am
 The breath
 Of the mob; I sigh—
 But pass the gate of
 The rich
 Man by!

The breath
 Of the mob; I'm hate—
 I poison the cup,
 Of the church and state!

I stalk
 The streets
 With flag unfurled;
 I double the misery of the world.
 Why think ye then, that
 I care for a sob?

I murdered the Christ—'twas I, the mob!
 I lashed
 His back,
 With the chastening rod,—
 And shook my fist, in
 The face
 Of God!

A Song Of Hate

RALPH MATTHEWS

The hate I bear is by you, fairer brother, forced upon me.
I am by nature no revengeful soul,
And now in spite of mischief you have done me,
I would forgive, forget, I would not scold.

Afro-American
What have I done. ~~Because~~ I am black, that you should loathe me thus?
You trampled me, did I fight back or show my animus?
Where for your hate?

I was content among my native haunts, but you ~~trampled~~ ²⁻¹³⁻²⁶ me.

The worst you have, your peers, your taunts are all you've ever granted me.
Who knows but that I am a prince robbed of my lineage by your greedy hand.

A kingdom, by some Providence I might now rule had not I been so rudely snatched from my native land.
And since I was removed into this colder clime the ~~Men~~ that you have done is greater still.

Was not my mother party to the crime, of mixing blood, and that against her will?

I am not black, nor am I white, part slave part free, I have no place.
Like thieves that stole forth in the night, your fathers robbed me of my race.
And now you hate.

My songs, that from my bondage grew, have been distorted into tuneless things;

The comfort in them, that my fathers knew, has been cast off to suit your passing whims.

With all these things that you have done, I won't relent, you are forgiven.
I would displace this prejudice, and be content to make my peace in heaven.

But you, not satisfied with robbing me of all my earthly goods,
I find, you still compel;
And with your hate, which in my heart begets a similar kind,
Are forcing me to make my bed in hell.

The American Negro Enters Literature

By Jim Tully

The New Negro
Societal Review
March 1926
New York

THE last two years have brought the beginnings of a new literature in America—that of the negro. Many white men from time to time have drawn a more or less one-sided picture of the dusky race. Always in literature, heretofore, the negro has existed as the white man's marionette. Too often, he has fallen into the hands of narrow and hate-ridden writers. It has been the negro's misfortune either to be overdrawn by those who dislike him or to be sentimentalized by those who appreciate his good qualities. For a white man, the negro's personality is hard to capture. The first requisite in the delineation of character is sympathy and understanding, and when the average white writer understands so little of his own race, it is hardly to be expected that he would understand the negro.

"The New Negro"⁽¹⁾ is a direct challenge to the young white writers of the nation. In it are more than two dozen names of negro authors, many of them showing splendid promise. A partial list of the contributors includes Countée Cullen, Jean Toomer, Walter F. White, Jessie Redmon Fauset, Langston Hughes, Alain Locke, Stanley M. Braithwaite, and W. E. Du Bois, the brilliant and sensitive educator.

Countée Cullen⁽²⁾ is the son of a Methodist minister who lives in Harlem. He was born in 1903. If there is a more promising poet in America, I do not know his name. Those people who feel that genius dips back into the centuries will have a hard time explaining this twenty-two-year-old boy. Countée Cullen is a supreme master of Beauty. For instance this poem:

FOR MY GRANDMOTHER

This lovely flower fell to seed;
Work gently, sun and rain;
She held it as her dying creed
That she would grow again.

His mood changes into the grandeur of words with

IN MEMORY OF COL. CHARLES YOUNG

Along the shore the tall, thin grass
That fringes that dark river,
While sinuously soft feet pass,
Begins to bleed and quiver.

The great dark voice breaks with a sob
Across the womb of night;
Above your grave the tom-toms throb,
And the hills are weird with light.

The great dark heart is like a well
Drained bitter by the sky;
And all the honeyed lies they tell
Come there to thirst and die.

No lie is strong enough to kill
The roots that work below;
From your rich dust and slaughtered will
A tree with tongues will grow.

⁽¹⁾ THE NEW NEGRO: Edited by Alain Locke. 446 pages. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. \$5.

⁽²⁾ COLOR. By Countée Cullen. 108 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It has been my good fortune to live among all the races that cluster in America. The negro is the only race in the group who tears the curtain from antiquity for his images of beauty. Without Cullen's unconscious knowledge of the weird and beautiful folk-lore of the negro, which I often feel is the most real poetry we have, he could not have written the lines quoted above. But the tragedy of young Cullen is that he should have to write



DU BOIS HEYWARD

INCIDENT

Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.

Here is the bud of a poet that promises to bloom into one of the rarest flowers in the garden of American poetry, and the tragedy of it is that his splendid young soul should be full of such little bitternesses. I would not be as one who prattles platitudes to dark men who are forced to suffer the insults of inferior white people; for I, at least, understand their resentment. But if Cullen wishes to be bitter, I would have him magnificently bitter. No mendicant of words would I have him at the tawdry gates of life . . . but a screecher of defiance at the ignorant white dawdlers who feel superior to him.

Professor Du Bois feels that the only way the negro can gain social justice is by bitterness and propaganda. If this be true—and I am not one to doubt him, save in the realms of Beauty—we shall have some interesting reading in the next ten years.

In the same book there are other poets whose work does not fall below Cullen's—Claude McKay, Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer and James Weldon Johnson. Lack of space alone forbids quoting them—not their lack of merit. I grope for the names of young white American poets to compare with them in promise. In fact, I would especially call attention to the States of the South. Are the dark men to be the literary masters of that section? Certainly there is much of prophecy in Langston Hughes's lines:

I've known rivers,
Ancient dusky rivers:
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

There is nothing like suffering and persecution to make the soul grow deep. And these men, who have suffered so greatly, should within a few more years be able to grasp the feeble literary torch from the whites and hold it high above.

A short time ago two novels by negroes came from the press. They were of unusual merit. The first, "Cane"⁽³⁾ by Jean Toomer, was sketchy and irregular . . . a string of uneven pearls. The second, "There Is Confusion,"⁽⁴⁾ by Jessie Redmon Fauset,

⁽³⁾ CANE. By Jean Toomer. 238 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.

⁽⁴⁾ THERE IS CONFUSION. By Jessie Redmon Fauset. 297 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.

was a bigger piece of work. These novels, themselves above the average, were soon to make way for the greatest novel yet written by a negro in this nation, "The Fire in the Flint,"⁽⁵⁾ by Walter F. White. In that book we have the very souls of black folk.

When Walter White learns to blend reality with perspective, he will go a far way on the road of literature. He is so true a writer that he makes me feel I am a penniless wanderer in the South again, for I shared the bread of black folk when fear of arrest drove me from my own kind. Here is his description of a Southern town:

It was . . . reasonably rich as wealth is measured in that part of Georgia—rich in money and lands and cotton—amazingly ignorant in the finer things of life. Noisy, unreflective, their wants but few and those easily satisfied. The men, self-made, with all that that distinctly American term implies. The women concerned with only their petty household affairs and more petty gossip and social intercourse. But beyond these, life was and is a closed book. Or more, a book that never was written or printed.

White is a master of emotion and pathos, that rarest of combinations when the heart is hot.

"Porgy,"⁽⁶⁾ by Du Bois Heyward,

⁽⁵⁾ THE FIRE IN THE FLINT. By Walter F. White. 300 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

⁽⁶⁾ PORGY. By Du Bois Heyward. 196 pages. New York: George H. Doran. \$2.

a white man, is interesting as a study in contrast with "The Fire in the Flint." Heyward's novel is woven with tenderness and beauty, and reaches the high peaks of poignant art. Heyward is much of a poet with a searching, analytical mind.

These books are written with absolute honesty. White is a man with rebellion in his soul—the rebellion of pity—the rebellion

white feelings

And the lily white throne of God.
Earth's whitest poets come at my bidding
And sing sweetly to me
Their epics and romances of forgotten ages.
And philosophers with thoughts whiter than snow
Throng my coach
And reason with me of life, death, and eternity
I laugh at the insolence
Of your wood and steel
Trying to imprison my soul.
Know you not
My soul is a winged thing?
While you ride my body,
I ride winds, stars, and a million suns.
When will altar, sword, nation
Be militant enough
To cast you aside as junk
A growing, robust Freedom discards?
When will college, church, and court
Seal thy eternal doom
As an old world cancer
Eating away the new world's heart?"

Because my mouth
Is wide with laughter
And my throat
Is deep with song,
You do not think
I suffer after
I have held my pain
So long.

Brothers of the Black Rebellion—
do not hold your pain any longer. If
you must have rebellion, have the
rebellion of Milton.

THIS poem was awarded first prize in a poem contest conducted by the Boston Chronicle. Mr. Miller is pastor of St. Mark's Church in Boston, and his is a keen analysis of the black and white problem.

JIM CROW CAR

BY CLIFFORD L. MILLER

"The delight of the devil
When he wishes to mock
The Democracy of America.
So you run the track to humiliate me,
As I'm not white
Until I feel
I'm one with the jackal of the jungle.
My soul is unyielding to your segregation,
That cannot segregate.
Strong enough your walls to keep me in my place?
Though your walls can be as thick as armour plate
It shall not separate me from white thoughts,

Art and Literature

Langston Hughes, author of "The Weary Blues"—a book of poetry, has been awarded the Witter Bynner Prize for his *Five Poems*. Mr. Hughes is a student at Lincoln University. The contest has been held annually since 1922, and is open to undergraduates in an American college or university. The judges for this year's contest were Rose O'Neill, Vachel Lindsay and Witter Bynner; the prize was \$150.

Waring Cuney, also of Lincoln University, received honorable mention in the same contest.

* * *

Archibald John Motley, Jr., well-known painter in America, has received possible mention in the Parisian magazine *Le Figaro* and *Le Figaro du Beau*. Mr. Motley has exhibited at the Gallery of Art in Illinois and at the Art Institute of Chicago. In 1923, his picture, entitled "A Mulatress," received the Frank G. Logan prize of \$200 and also a medal of honor. His "Syncopation" was awarded the Joseph N. Eisendrath prize of \$200.

* * *

Charles Gilpin has been assigned the part of "Uncle Tom" in the film production of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The film is being made by the Universal Film Corporation. In June, 1921, Mr. Gilpin was awarded the Spingarn medal for achievements in 1920.

WORKS ON NEGRO ARTISTS SHOWN IN PARIS

Paris, France, Aug. 14.—(By A. N. P.)—The Galerie Mamelet, Paris, has organized a "Negroes in Paris" exposition which seems likely to become an annual affair.

Paintings by Kypn, Lebasque, Loutreuil, Marjour, and others have been exhibited and to these will be added some of the works of Pierre Sicard, Madrassi, Germaine Casse, and German Germaine Casse.

ART AND PROPAGANDA

Quite a number of more or less talented Negroes in these United States are devoting their time and energy to the creation of literature. This is highly desirable and commendable, aside from frequently being lucrative. Of late this movement has been celebrated by the encouragement of magazine editors (white and black) and the aroused interest of the white literati and dilettanti, many of the latter being ~~now~~ surprised that a person of Negro descent could write a story even passably well. "How odd," they said (or thought), "a Negro capable of writing well!"

Some of this literary output has been read by white critics and writers, and in reading their comments, a disposition to decry propaganda is frequently noted. Even some of the Negro writers* * * won, doubtless, by the arguments of the white literati * * * are clamoring for the elimination of all propaganda from stories by Negroes about Negroes. Duboise Heyward and Julia Peterkin, well-known white writers who reside in South Carolina, have recently come out against propaganda in Negro literature. White publishers too, with an eye to sales, unquestionably favor those stories free from evidence of the outraged feelings of the authors or of special pleading for the Aframerican. So soon as the Negro writers learn what the white publishers want and will accept—many of them already know—there is no doubt about the sort of stories they will write and

must write if their output is to be sold. Here, as elsewhere, it is a case of "he who pays the fiddler calls the tune."

After all literature, like the other arts, is parasitic. It depends for its sustenance upon the aristocracy, and their more cultured servitors. This class is traditionally opposed to social and economic change because they are already on top. Thus propaganda from the underdog—the oppressed class—is anathema to them. We are always told by those who support the arts that propaganda has no place in art; that the artist's attitude must be objective and sophisticated; that is to say, he must not show bias unless it be in favor of the upper class. Hence in Negro stories, what is most attractive to white readers and critics * * * and consequently to publishers—is the exotic and bizarre. Backwoods dialect must be put in the mouths of urban Negroes; to the majority of characters the moral code must be unknown; "racial heritage" must be stressed, and a stark Russian climax heavily swathed in gloom is generally preferred.

But at the present stage of his development, the American Negro needs propagandists more than pure artists. The artist reaches only the smug and satisfied upper class while the propagandist stirs the masses. And it is the masses that we want stirred. History teaches us that it is unrest of the masses that brings about social changes and not the transient tears of a few emotional individuals in the upper classes. A group of people segregated, disfranchised and jim crowed—a group suffering from so many economic, social and cultural handicaps, has certainly a greater need of propagandists than of pure artists. The Negro masses need to be roused from their lethargy and indifference and the white masses need to be galvanized into seriously thinking over the social and economic consequences of the ills from which they allow their black brethren to suffer. We need more capable Negro men and women to seer with white hot words the conscience of white America and rouse from ignorance and indifference the masses of black America. We need the service of these talented people, not in singing sorrow songs or depicting the cheap, squalid, raucous life of unsanitary slums with a sad tint of hopelessness and futility; but we need them to cogently reveal the reasons and remedies for our ills to the end that the group, enlightened and encouraged, may emancipate itself from its present condition.

NEGRO HOUSECLEANER WINS AWARD FOR OIL PAINTINGS; OTHERS GET PRIZES FROM HARMON FOUNDATION

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—The Harmon Foundation announces the first of a series of annual awards to Negroes of American residence for outstanding creative work during the past year, in various departments of activity. Jurors of five, specialists in the type of work being considered, passed on the entries in each division.

In fine arts, the first award went to Palmer C. Hayden, a housecleaning jobber in Greenwich Village, for five oil paintings of water scenes. While making his living doing odd work in general cleaning he has devoted his spare time for several years to painting, and previous to this award his

work was unknown except to a small group of friends. Hayden was born in Widewater, Va., is 33 years old, and lives at 29 Greenwich avenue, New York. The second award in this class went to Hale Woodruff, 26, of Indianapolis, for five paintings.

James C. Evans, 26, of Miami, Fla., won in the field of science for two theses for a degree from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The second prize was won by W. A. Daniel, 31, Atlanta, Ga., for a social study, "The Education of the Negro Minister."

In education, middle-age walked away from youth. Virginia Estelle Randolph, 51, of Hanover county, Va.,

won with an original plan of adapting rural school programs to needs of Negroes in country districts in the Southern States. Arthur A. Schomburg, 50, of New York, was second for his collection of literary material on Negro life and history.

The well-known poet, Countee Cullen, 23, New York, took first prize in literature for his volume of poems, "Color." The second award went to another well-known writer, James Weldon Johnson, New York, for editorial work on Negro spirituals.

In business, the first award went to C. C. Spaulding, Durham, N. C., for work in developing a life insurance company for Negroes and other financial enterprises. A building contractor, A. A. Alexander, Des Moines, Iowa, came second.

In religion, Max Yergan, 34, Raleigh, N. C., won first award, with the second going to Bishop John Hurst, 63, Baltimore.

The single award of \$500 for the person, white or colored, making an outstanding contribution toward relations between the two races was given to Will W. Alexander, 42, of Atlanta, Ga., executive director of the commission on interracial co-operation.

The jury in the department of music held that no original creative work was submitted worthy of an award.

STAR
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
DEC 8 1926

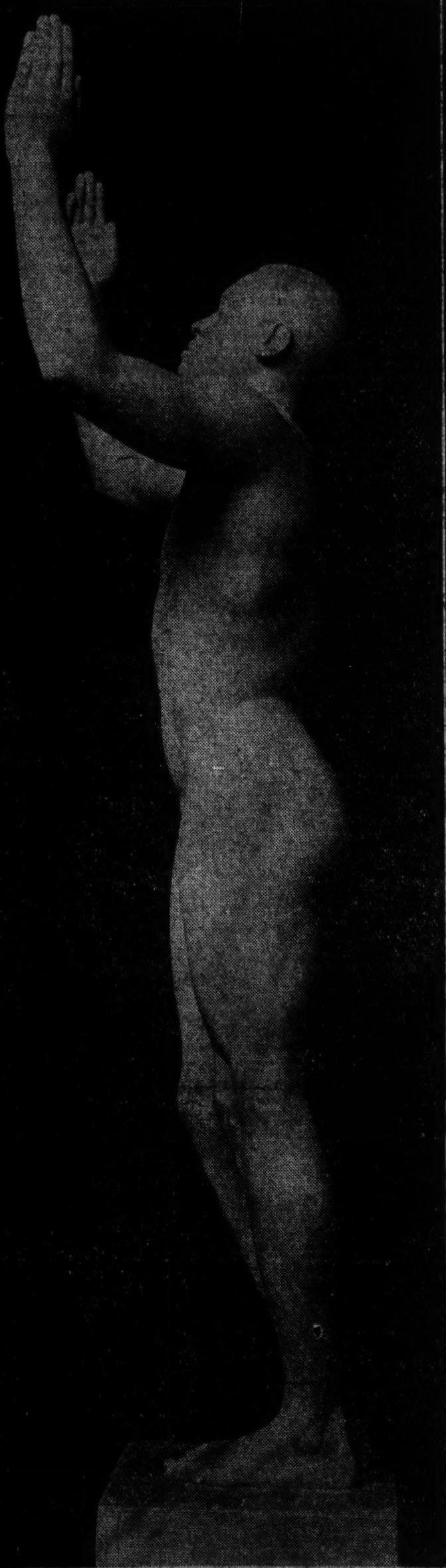
ART PRIZE GOES TO LOCAL NEGRO

Hale Woodruff, Negro, 26 years old, 450 North Senate avenue, has been awarded second prize by judges acting in a contest for the Harmon Foundation and the commission on the church and race relations of the Federal Council of Churches. Woodruff was given second prize in recognition of outstanding creative work in the fine arts division of the foundation, receiving a cash award of \$100 and a bronze medal.

Woodruff submitted five paintings, of which four were landscapes, which the judges deemed worthy of recognition. First prize of \$400 and a gold medal, in this same division, was awarded Palmer C. Hayden of New York.

A total of \$3,000 in cash, in addition to the medals, was distributed by the foundation in recognition of the outstanding original awards were made in the fields of literature, fine arts, science and invention, education and business, industry and religion.

Robeson In Marble Statue Worth \$20,000



PAUL ROBESON

Statue done by Antonio Salemme of New York City is full life size and when cast in bronze may be sold for \$20,000. Took one year to finish work; Robeson posed four months. Statue shows Robeson in "healing" pose, illustrating his famed spiritual qualities.

By FLOYD J. CALVIN

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—In the studio of Antonio Salemme, on the top floor of No. 46 Washington Square South, in the heart of Greenwich Village, stands a striking, artistic and beautiful statue of Paul Robeson, now generally acclaimed as the Race's greatest actor, done in plastic marble. The statue, when cast in bronze, will be worth \$20,000, and it is expected that some of the Negro colleges or universities will inaugurate a campaign and purchase it to grace a corridor or auditorium. The statue was only recently completed and has been acclaimed by artists and a few prominent individuals as a masterpiece of sculpture. It took over a year to carve and mold it to perfection and Paul himself posed for four months.

Antonio Salemme, the artist, a young Italian, only 34 years, regards the statue as his best work, and frankly says it is the thing on which he expects to achieve his reputation as a sculptor. He has had exhibits in New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco, but, as he says, they were only "academic" exhibits, which have helped him to become widely known in academic circles. The Robeson statue, however, he says, "is the net result of all my artistic experience. It is the highest achievement of my art, and the thing of which I am most proud. I think Paul is a beautiful man, and I really took pleasure in doing the work. It was not done for propaganda or anything like that. I saw him play in 'Emperor Jones' and was struck with his fine appearance and asked him if he would pose for a statue. After several weeks thinking it over he finally consented to pose. The work was interrupted by his trip to London, but on his return it was completed. I devoted my best efforts to the statue and this is the result. I had no idea when I started just what I would do with it. I only knew I had a wonderful subject and I wanted to do a great work. After the work was completed some of my friends suggested it would be just the thing for one of the Negro colleges or universities. A committee is working on plans of that nature now. I think it would be an honor to the Negro race to have the work placed at one of the important schools where it could be an inspiration to others. And I think Robeson is a fine and great enough man to inspire others. He is one of the most beautiful men I ever saw. His physique is marvelous. He also has wonderful spiritual qualities and that is why I wanted him to pose with his hands upraised; it shows great healing qualities. I am proud of the work and my friends all tell me it is the greatest thing of my career."

Mr. Salemme was born in Gaeta, Italy, an old Roman town and the home of Cicero, Virgil and Horace. One of Cicero's old castles is still standing in the town. He came to America at the age of 11 and studied at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. His patron, a wealthy New York banker, sent him to Rome where he studied seven years, after which he spent 31 months at the front in the war. He then returned to America. The statue is six feet two inches, the exact height of Robeson, and was made altogether by exact measurements of Mr. Robeson, so that it looks like Paul himself when one forgets the whiteness of the plaster.

NEGRO ARTIST WINS PRIZE FOR PAINTINGS

P. C. Hayden Receives Harmon Foundation Award—Earns Living as a Cleaner.

WINNERS IN OTHER FIELDS

Best Work by Negroes in Science, Education, Literature, Business and Religion is Recognized.

For years Palmer C. Hayden, a negro, has been cleaning houses and washing windows to make a living, and during his spare time has gone back to his room at 29 Greenwich Avenue to dabble in oil colors and paint coast and river scenes which appealed to him. Yesterday he received the first prize in fine arts from the Harmon Foundation and the Commission on the Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches.

Only a few of Hayden's friends have known of his artistic efforts. He painted for the joy of it, and not because he hoped to win any great appreciation of his efforts. But when five of his paintings were submitted to the Foundation, depicting water scenes near Portland, Me., Haverstraw, N. Y., and other nooks, the jury decided that he had done unusual work for a man with so little training and subject to such a handicap of limited opportunity.

The judges who awarded to him the first prize of \$400 with a gold medal, were William A. Boring, director, School of Architecture, Columbia University; Francis C. Jones of the New York Academy of Design; Laura Wheeler, artist and teacher; Grosvenor Atterbury, architect, and William E. Harmon of the Harmon Foundation.

Mr. Hayden is 33 years old, and was born at Widewater, Va. The second prize of \$100 and a bronze medal went to Hale Woodruff, 26, of Indianapolis, Ind.

These were only two of the awards of \$400 and \$100 with medals made to negroes who had done outstanding work in various fields during the year. The other prizes went to the following:

James C. Evans, 28, of Miami, Fla., graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, first prize in science for two theses presented for the bachelor and master degrees in science.

W. A. Daniel, 31, Atlanta, Ga., second prize for his social study on "The Education of the Negro Ministers."

Virginia Estelle Randolph, 31, Hanover County, Va., first prize in education for her plan of adapting rural school programs to the needs of negroes.

Arthur A. Schomburg, 50, New York, second award for his collection of material on negro life and history.

Countee Cullen, 23, New York, first prize in literature for his volume of poems, "Color."

James Weldon Johnson, New York, second prize for editorial and interpretative work on negro spirituals.

C. C. Spaulding, 52, Durham, N. C., first prize in business for his part in the development of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company for negroes.

A. A. Alexander, 39, Des Moines, Iowa, a building contractor, second award.

Max Yerger, 34, Raleigh, N. C., first prize

Chair, who is Executive Director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, who is original, creative, work in music, art, literature, business, and religion is recognized.

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DEC 19 1926

Former Elevator Boy Becomes Foremost Model of Negro Race



HUNTER
in POSES
of
PIRATE
and
SUPPLIANT



Morris Hunter is Most Sought After of Race
By Leading Artists

By Lester A. Walton

This will serve to introduce Morris Hunter, America's premier Negro model. Because of humble origin, the abridgment of opportunities and handicaps innumerable, the careers of most Negroes who hurdle obstacle after obstacle and ultimately achieve success are full of interesting tales of romantic endeavor. The life of Hunter is no exception.

Nine years ago he was an elevator operator in a New York apartment house. Up to then his existence might be likened to the character of work at which he was employed—a series of ups and downs—with particular emphasis on the downs.

A "Fairy Godmother"

Then there appeared upon the scene a "fairy godmother" in a woman of his race who was posing in

studios. Hunter, being the possessor of a fine physique and a facile face, the young woman suggested that he, too, become a model. And he did.

Hunter first posed for a portrait study before a class of 100 at the Art Students' League. He made good from the start. To-day he is the most sought of all Negro models. Painters, illustrators, sculptors and art students clamor for his services.

Charles Dana Gibson, Frank Godwin and Dean Cornwell are some of the noted artists and John Flanagan and Onorio Ruotolo among the noted sculptors for whom Hunter has posed. The art schools where he has been a

model include the School of Applied Art, Rochester, N. Y.; Yale School of

Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn.; Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; Hartford Art School, Hartford, Conn., and Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

Hunter is kept busy posing for magazine covers, illustrated magazine stories, illustrated fiction published in book form, calendars, illustrated fashion, cigar, cigarette and soap advertisements. Not only does he pose for Negro types, but he is available as a character study, posing as an Arab, Turk, Mexican bull fighter and Hindu.

The opinion is unanimous among artists and sculptors that Hunter has unusual powers of facial expression. He is just as adept in posing as a sheik of the desert with grave countenance and callous look as when representing a happy-go-lucky Negro with an expansive smile and shiny teeth. Furthermore, he has a keen sense of the dramatic.

In art circles he is said to be of perfect physique. He is five feet 11 inches and weighs 165 pounds. His power of endurance is extraordinary. There are days when he poses from fourteen to sixteen hours.

Of Hunter the following estimate is given by Clifford M. Ulp of the expression.

Of the Art Students' League of New York at No. 215 West 57th Street, where Hunter got his start, he praises the kindly consideration shown him at all times. The executives and students could not have accorded a model higher respect and appreciation, he says.

The Negro model posed for the statue designed by Daniel Chester French which stands as a war memorial at Milton, Mass., bearing on its base two lines from McCrae's poem, "In Flanders Fields."

In the novel, "Tom-Tom," recently published by Harper & Brothers, and written by John W. Vandercrook, is a picture of "Tom-Tom" by Margaret Metzger Vandercrook, wife of the author, which was posed for by Morris Hunter.

Some of the poses which won for Hunter unstinted praise were:

Dean Cornwell's illustrations of "Desert Heale," a serial in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, written by E. Maude Hull, author of "The Sheik;" Frank Leyendecker's illustrations of the Turkish guard and advertisements appearing in the Saturday Evening Post of the Willys-Knight car; Walter Biggs's illustrations of "Christmas Morning on a Southern Plantation;" Harry Fisk's cover for Complete Story Magazine entitled, "Son of the Sun;" Stockton Mulford's illustrations to J. Allan Dunn's "Plunderer," published in Complete Story Magazine.

of illustrations in McCall's Magazine

Also Ezra Winter's murals, "A Cotton Picker," made for the Monroe County Bank Building, Rochester; Dealatos Valentine's illustrations of two stories by Octavus Roy Cohen; Mead Schaffer's illustrations of "Moby Dick" and "Typee," by Herman Melville; also Mead Schaffer's series and his illustration of Frank T. Bullen's "The Cruise of the Cachalot;" Frank Godwin's "Friday" in Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Charles Dana Gibson's pen and ink drawing of "The Last Round," appearing in Life.

Other artists for whom Hunter successfully posed were: John A. Hailey, George W. Gage, Dalton Stevens, Douglas Duer, Herbert M. Stoops, Al-

fred M. Simpkin, Saul Tepper and Henry S. Watson.

Hunter owns a large and valuable wardrobe. As many of his characters breathe the life of the Orient, the model has a large collection of costumes and draperies from Tunis, Morocco, Damascus and the Holy Land. They are of the finest texture and of brilliant colors.

A DENTAL CLINIC

Negro physicians and dentists of Harlem co-operate with the Harlem Tuberculosis and Health Committee by examining children in the community seeking aid. At the committee's offices, No. 202 West 138th Street, a dental clinic is conducted daily by dentists who volunteer their time to take care of children's mouths. On Tuesday of each week a physical examination clinic is held, when physicians examine the children and tell them how to keep well.

All cases examined are referred by the field worker to a clinic or hospital, where the defect may be corrected. If malnutrition is found, the child is admitted to the health class of the Harlem Tuberculosis and Health Committee, which is conducted every Thursday. In this class children are taught "how to buy health from a health store." Miss Mabel D. Keaton has charge of the class.

The Harlem committee works under the direction of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, at No. 244 Madison Ave.

MASONS BUY ART WORK



William E. Scott, noted artist, shown completing finishing touches on mural decoration being prepared through the personal request of Robert W. Grafton, prominent white Masonic leader of Fort Wayne, Ind. The canvas portrays a conspicuous place in the Fort Wayne Masonic temple. The figures in decorations are nearly life size and very rich in color. Other paintings depicting General Washington at Valley Forge and the Crusaders in their pilgrimage to Jerusalem were included in the sale.

Defender Photo.

MASONS BUY ART WORK. William E. Scott, talented pupil of Henry Tanner, shown completing a painting depicting Washington at Valley Forge. This work of art, whose figures are life-size, will be hung in the Masonic Temple at Fort Wayne, Indiana. A few years ago this same artist painted the mural decorations for the newly built and magnificent courthouse of this same city.



WINS FAME



ROSCOE WILLIAMS

A Canadian train porter who has never seen the inside of an art school, has already gained far more than a local reputation as a sculptor. Roscoe Williams, who takes tips on the Canadian National Railway for a living, makes busts that sell as high as \$50, and they are accepted by persons with real standards of art as having merit. He has also a flair for cartooning, and prominent dailies have used his work. He can model in wood or clay from ordinary photographs, and recently completed a bust of Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National railway, which has been exhibited in Vancouver, Winnipeg and Montreal. Costumed cowboys, Hindus, Chinese and Indians have been favorite subjects.

Makes Models Of Mud

Westlake, La.—His name doesn't matter, nor is color important; his birth-place is of no particular consequence either, but happens to be Cameron Parish, La. Although uneducated he's gifted with the ability to make, from the common or garden variety of mud, little figures of all sorts of wild and domestic animals, cowboys, etc., etc. They are "cute" and true to life.

This artist had never seen a railroad train till he was about 18 years old, for Cameron Parish has neither rail-road nor telephone line.

Underwood and Underwood

Young Race Model Is Used By Leading Art Schools And Artists

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—(Courtesy N. Y. Age.) One of the most sought models used by such artists as Dean Cornwell, Frank Leyendecker, Meade Schaeffer, Fred Gosselin, Robert Robinson, George W. Gage, Walter Briggs and in constant demand by leading art institutions of the country, including the Art Students League, New York City; the Yale Art School, New Haven; the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, the Hartford Art School, the Mechanics Institute Art School, Rochester and others, is a young colored man, said to have the most perfect physique of any professional model to be found in America.



—Courtesy N. Y. Age

A Character Pose

He is Maurice Hunter, who lives at 215 West Fifty-seventh street, and who has the distinction of having his figure painted and sculptured in more different poses than are used for any other male model. In fact, although Mr. Hunter is black in complexion, it is no unusual happening for the artists to use form and face, giving to his skin the Caucasian similitude when the occasion demands.

Poses For Illustrators

Readers of the leading American illustrated magazines, whose covers and inside illustrations are supplied by the aforementioned artists, have

scanned pictures painted from Mr. Hunter's posing under any and sort of conditions—in one, a turbaned, rifle bearing Arab, or an assegai armed African, yet again for a Caucasian fashion model. For he has posed for



—Courtesy N. Y. Age

His Physical Development all of these pictorial presentations. In fact, in one illustration used by the Cosmopolitan magazine a group of a half-dozen black barbarians, led by a white captain, all of the figures were posed by Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Hunter has also won a place in the cinema fold, having worked on divers films with the Famous Players-Lasky Co.

Born in Dutch Guiana

Born in Dutch Guiana, Mr. Hunter came to America in his twelfth year some sixteen years ago. When old enough to leave school he became first a waiter, then an elevator operator in a big New York hotel. Chance contact with an acquaintance who had done some posing led the young Dutch subject to try that line of effort. There are many models with perfect physique, but it is said by artists that few combine the physical proportions with a sense of dramatic value to the same extent as Hunter. He has an instinctive ability to assume the pose and the expression desired, a quality for which artists and art schools are willing to, and do pay heavily. He speaks four languages—Dutch, German, Hindoo and English.

NEGRO'S ART LIVES IN HIS WROUGHT IRON

NEW YORK CITY TIMES

AUGUST 8, 1926

Old Balconies, Grilles and Doorways of New Orleans Are Eloquent Tributes to the Joyous Craftsmanship of Slaves Who Worked at the Anvil—Collectors Delight in Their Pieces

WHILE scanning the horizon for debatable achievements of "the talented negro" appropriate to his race, W. E. Burchardt Du Bois quite overlooked the first Afro-American art—the famous old wrought iron of New Orleans. It is solid and tangible proof that the negro brought with him into his slavery the ancient art tendencies of Africa.

Without any race consciousness about it, these gracious iron balconies, these craftmenlike grilles and charmingly designed lunettes wrought by slave labor have won their expensive place in the world of collectors, antique dealers and connoisseurs. Far from making any "to-do" over their work, the individualities of the dark-skinned craftsmen who wrought the heavy bars of iron into beautiful and sensitive line have been sunk in obscurity by years of forgetfulness as impenetrable as the mists of antiquity that hang low over Africa. Only in the realm of our imagination may we come upon them—experiencing the artist's pure joy of creation.

Did they sing songs as they wrought? There must have been songs, because the negro found songs for the rhythm of every labor. Did the rhythm of the hammer on the anvil strike new syncopations to his sensitive ear, unlike the anvil songs of Europe? The rhythms and the songs, too, have faded into the silence of forgetfulness. So forgotten are these craftsmen that northern connoisseurs dismiss the idea with a smile.

"Well, maybe some of the cruder pieces," they admit, "under white supervision. But it's preposterous to think that ignorant negroes could take a hybrid collection of French and Spanish motifs and fuse them into an art expression of their own, simpler than anything that was being done in Europe. No, no, there were European craftsmen on that job."

Without White Direction

Thus is the cause of the first Afro-American artist dismissed without hearing. The only flaw in the argument is that there were no white craftsmen in New Orleans at the time when the best of the iron was wrought. It was only after the War of 1812 restored the sea to America that the immigration of German artisans was to begin—an immigration that was to culminate around 1830 with riots of white artisans, because all skilled trades and crafts were monopolized by negroes. To quote Booker T. Washington: "The Southern white man did business with the negro in a way that no one else has done business with him. In most cases, if a Southern white man wanted a house built he consulted a negro mechanic about the plan and about the actual building of the structure. If he wanted a suit of clothes made he went to a negro tailor, and for shoes to a shoemaker of the same race. * * *

In such economic soil grew this first flowering of Afro-American art.

The negroes were the smiths. Every plantation had to have its smiths, for the plantation existed in an age of iron. From wagon wheels to bolts, from plowshares to horse-shoes, from locks to iron grave crosses in a stoneless country, the Louisiana plantation could not run a day without the blacksmith. Each master blacksmith had his learners—a relationship not so different nor more oppressive than was the apprenticeship system of Europe in the golden age of handicraft.

Craftsmanship is not usually considered a by-product of democracy and of the rights of the young generation. And if you do not think that those negro master smiths knew how to get the work out of black boys without the help of a white overseer, you need only wind up some ancient ante-bellum negro, trained to work in the old régime, on the evil ways of a trifling young generation.

There is another ante-bellum con-

dition that must also be realized before we can recreate our blacksmiths from the filings and shavings of history and set him against the red, glowing fires of his background. Not all the apprentices trained in the "industrial school" of the plantation were needed on that plantation. A particularly likely young blacksmith could be sent into New Orleans. Indeed, one of the sources of revenue of the Southern planter used to come from the wages paid to him for the work of his artisans.

The plantation did not waste its talent in the cotton field but trained it into carpenters, wheelwrights, brickmasons, engineers, seamstresses or housekeepers. Never was talent and flair more scientifically turned into specialization. And if the whole system sounds rather like Rossum's Universal Robots to twentieth century ears, there were mitigating legal circumstances never admitted by the abolitionists and probably never heard of by the poets and novelists who wrote so freely of tearing families apart and sending dusky brides "down the ribbon."

There was a black code that protected the slave in his legal rights, and these were many. The legal right that bears directly on our art of wrought iron was that the slave had the right to buy his freedom for the set price of \$500.

The Chance of Freedom

The black code gave him the right, and the social and ethical code gave him the opportunity. The master's work took only so many hours out of his day. The hours left were his own time. On the plantation he could raise a garden, or eggs for pin money, as farmers' wives do today. In the big house he could amass tips from visitors. As an artisan in the city he could work overtime in the same way. And rueful enough were the feelings of the master when an artisan for whom he had refused \$3,000 bought himself for \$500. Of course it was the exceptionally val-

uable and talented slave who had the courage to save up \$500 over the years to come out of Africa—Africa of that primitive art whose discovery, a century later, was to stimulate the genius of Picasso and Matisse and create a cult of negro sculpture in an orgy of adjectives.

Of Unknown Origin

Tantalizing it is to wonder whence came the black craftsmen who wrought so well and so permanently in New Orleans. Did their fathers come from the Ivory Coast, where the art of Africa was most primitive, most hugely creative? Came they from Bushongo, where the portrait sculpture of long dead savage kings seized upon characterization in character's intensest moments? Came they from the Sudan, where the influences of civilization had been percolating throughout the millennium—where old Egyptian idols of 2000 B. C., conventionalized, traditionalized, have, as it were, gone back to nature? Secrets of vital importance, these, to the believers in the negro's indigenous talent.

All we know is that, when opportunity came, training and talent were ready for the emergency.

Probably the blacksmith was given an engraving to follow—or more likely, since books were precious and blacksmith's hands grimy, he was shown the engraving. Possibly the amateur gentleman-architect had done some sketching in Provence or in Palma—in both locales the general style of our Vieux Carré architecture prevailed. Sketching was a pleasing accomplishment of the period when a gentleman went on his travels. The practical builders of the eighteenth century, whose eye and hand were purified by handicraft, managed to achieve the abstract beauty of proportion without any more official architectural drawings.

What the negro blacksmith did was to take the designs—the gorgeous curves and high modeling of the Roccoco and the ultra-sophistication of the classic revival—and translate them into terms of pure smithing. There is a strangely haunting quality, too, of twelfth century Gothic that pervades the

As for the flame of talent, it was

workmanship. For there are certain curves and spirals, perpendiculars and junctions, that iron, given the same swathing technique, whatever the century, falls into naturally. So it is that we find many of the old medieval motifs reappearing after a break of centuries.

In Europe, since the closing decades

of the thirteenth century, decorative wrought iron had passed out of the domains of pure smithing—for the very practical reason that Europe had passed out of the age of iron and into the age of steel. The armorer and the locksmith had got hold of the essential industries that used to be monopolized by the blacksmith. Smithing, once deemed worthy of Thor's high companionship when swords were wrought upon the anvil, deteriorated into a matter of shoeing horses. The iron to be wrought went to the armorer or locksmith, who brought to the business all the finesse of their intricate crafts.

Heat they applied only in the preliminary stages. The greater part of the work was done on cold iron by file and saw. The Oriental metal workers of Venice and Spain got into the game, adding to wrought iron the wiles of damascening and brass work and goldsmithing. Ornaments were cut out from sheet iron. Statuettes were carved out of the solid. Iron crackled and glowed with exquisite leafage washed in gold.

The achievement of this first Afro-American art is that it took an over-civilized craft, that had run its course because it had reached the ultimate of conquest over material, and over a span of forty years did to iron only what blacksmiths could. Do not misunderstand: If the fine iron workers of France, following the whims of architectural fashion, could achieve a finesse that our Afro-American art never even dreamed, our dark-skinned New Orleans smiths had technical achievements of their own—just because they were smiths.

The Design Is Bold

It is only the blacksmith in constant practice who can work quickly enough in wrought iron to achieve final results before the white heat has faded to red. Hence the tendency of purely wrought iron to boldness of design.

Nor were there any modern mechanical aids to lessen the technical problems and to rob the designs of the delights of irregularities. Every curve was beaten out free-hand by eye, instead of beaten out around the curve of a model as is the standard

way with the commercial "ornamental iron work" of our current elevator period. Every junction was riveted or strapped or fused and beaten at white heat, instead of fused cold with electricity.

Yet our muscular black artists were as innocent of periods as if they still buried their spears in the jungles of the Congo. Spanish renaissance, French Gothic and roccoco motifs were thrown together at random—but charm and naïveté are the result, instead of hodgepodge. The periods are blended happily because only the lines and the curves were exacted of the iron that are legitimately of the smithy. "Iron is sweet stuff, if you don't torture her, and hammered stuff is all pure, truthful line with a reason and a support for every curve of her," says Kipling.

It would have been a satisfactory ethnological experiment had the wrought iron of the negro blacksmith continued uninterruptedly for a century. To other art periods of iron, fate has allotted at least a century for development. It was not to be. Past on the blacksmith period was to press the mechanical period of cast iron, flooding the cities and plantations with manufactured articles. Skilled German artisans were to pour into New Orleans, fighting grimly for foothold against competing slave labor.

A losing fight in most trades, in iron they brought with them the latest German methods of mechanical labor-saving devices. The foundries inevitably took the economic place of the smithies. Jolly fat Teutonic angels of cast iron began to decorate knockers and gardens. New Orleans fashions shifted to the lacey cast-iron galleries that are a charming period in themselves and quite another story.

The first Afro-American art can fairly be said to have ended in 1830—as all "decorative" art seems to end when it becomes exotic, unrelated to life and industry. Is it nature's provision, lest decoration disappear from the earth and its honorable place be cluttered up with "trimmings"?

But now again the world moves in a wrought-iron age of architecture. One can hardly walk down a block anywhere in New York without realizing how dependent the modern fireproof apartment house or business house is on wrought iron in doorway and gate and balcony. And even though most of the iron has the stamp of standardizing mechanical methods on its craftsmanship, nevertheless the modernist French school of iron wrought by handcraft

methods is a healthy flowering in economic soil.

H. B. L.

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY art—especially the art which has not yet wholeheartedly accepted the new adjustment to the revived ancient and honorable tradition of art for practical utility—the art which clings to

the convenient nineteenth century fiction of art for art's sake—Art, with a big A, is taking its annual fling in the country. For Art, the country usually means a decayed seaport on the New England coast or a not too rural village where living is still (even in the eighth year of the era which made the dollar the supreme measure of value) relatively cheap. To that extent, at least, Art is practical. Rightly looked at, indeed, Art for Art's sake is a trade or business, like the manufacture of lipsticks, and as such has to be practical. Such art and lipsticks are each

luxuries with a wholly artificial value. But a lot of people must have them. It is advertising that has turned the trick—created the demand—in each case. Which is another reason, aside from the temporary escape from the high cost of city living, for Art's Summer migration to the tall timbers—so called even if these tall timbers are no more than domestic village elms or the barnacle incrusted piles that support sagging wooden piers in dead old harbors. Ramshackle fish houses upon these piers can usually be turned into studios with an unmistakable atmosphere. Inland, barns are the thing.

The point is that you can hold art exhibitions in the country—meaning under the desirable elms or in seaside places frequented by vacationists—when you can no longer hold

you painted in your city studio last Winter or somewhere else the Summer before when you were feeling like it.

So, at least, curmudgeonly people say who dislike Summer art exhibitions and avoid Summer art colonies. Such persons, by the way, include a certain number of artists. But let that pass. All sorts are artists—or think they are, and even persuade a reasonable number of sensible people to accept them as such. What we are getting at in our innocent, muddling sort of way is no more than a simple assertion of a fact.

The Open Session

That fact is that now is the open season of Summer art exhibitions. There are so many of these Summer art exhibitions up and down the New England coast that for the persons whose business it is to look art exhibitions in the face—in order to let other people know what is in them—it is quite impossible to visit half of the list. A fair critical estimate of the combined artistic achievement represented by them all is obviously out of the question.

Woodstock, Lyme, Mystic, Silvermine, Newport, Gloucester, Provincetown, Marblehead, Stockbridge—to name only a few—has each its show about this time—or has just had it. Each has its group of painters. The members of each group conscientiously exhibit. Prizes are given. There is often quite a local stir with tea on varnishing day. The routine of life under the elms or of life along the sands and among the

them in the big city. You can even get more attention, often, for these country art exhibitions in the big city papers than you can get for art exhibitions in the season for such things in the big city itself. You can exhibit at these exhibitions pictures that you cannot get exhibited in city exhibitions. You can spend a lot of time amusing yourself under the elms or by the sea under pretext of painting pictures especially for these exhibitions. Usually they are

pictures with local color or follow the prescription of a certain "school" addicted to summering in the region where the exhibition happens so fortunately to be held. Landscapes are highly favored. Or, if you want to spend your whole time loafing—"a-taking of your *dolce far niente*," if you prefer to be so exquisitely nineteenth century about it—you can exhibit just as well a picture which

fish houses or beside the brooks or within the Colonial surroundings affected by the more sophisticated and prosperous art colonies—this routine is agreeably interrupted. Dead monotony is ruffled into fluttering activity. A lot of people who are bored with doing nothing in particular have an excuse for getting particularly busy.

The pictures have to be collated, even if they do not have to be painted. They have to be more or less selected, even if there is no formal jury. They have to be hung. The prizes have to be awarded, which means that judges have to be chosen—a diplomatic task. Publicity has to be provided for. A committee or somebody has to try to see that each Summer exhibition gets into at least as many papers as every other Summer exhibition.

In short, everything has to be done just as seriously as if the thing were real. And yet everybody must suspect that it isn't real—that it's only play or mostly so—like so much of the other serious work of Summer.

When it is over about all that remains is that the So-and-So art association has held its some-such exhibition. Which means that a very pleasant absence from the city, more or less communally enjoyed by a group of worthy people who live in studios in town or work at art or study art or can't stay away from art or who cannot do anything, not even art, and who make art the goat—that this blessed absence from the city is rather better than half gone.

A Human Manifestation

That is a pity on account of the fresh air. It is not so much of a pity because the temptation to take art seriously—when there is really nothing serious to do—is a subtle temptation. The fact that nothing useful can be done with the art makes it equally easy to work at it with unflagging enthusiasm or to neglect it for conversation.

Behind the whole manifestation is something delightfully human and old fashioned. In a sense it justifies—or, at any rate, explains the point of view of the quaint outsiders who assert that Summer art exhibitions take the place of the annual church fair in those primitive communities where painters are not artists, but members of the housepainters' union in good standing.

H. I. B.

**CLAIMS WROUGHT IRON IS
SLAVE'S CONTRIBUTION
TO AMERICAN ART**

New York City, Aug. 26.—According to research expert of this newspaper, American art is that of the old wrought iron of New Orleans which "is solid and tangible proof that the black man wrought with his slaves the ancient art tendencies of Africa." Without any race consciousness about it, the gracious iron balconies the craftsmanlike grilles and charming lunettes wrought by slave labor have won their expensive place in the world of collectors, antique dealers, and connoisseurs. There were no white craftsmen in New Orleans at the time when the best of the iron was wrought. In most cases, if a southern white man wanted a house built, he consulted a black workman about the place and about the building of the structure. If he wanted a suit of clothes he went to the same kind of a tailor, and for shoes to a shoemaker of the same race; because all skilled trades and crafts were monopolized by these former slaves following their liberation.

**PAINTINGS OF NEGROES SHOWN
IN PARIS**

Paris, France, Aug. 14.—(By the Associated Negro Press Foreign Service)—The Génie Africain, Inc., organized "Negroes in Paris" exposition which seems likely to be an annual affair.

Paintings by Kvapil, Lebasque, Loutreuil, Mambour, and others have been exhibited and to these will be added some of the works of Pierre Sicard, Madrassi, Germaine Casse, and German Germaine Casse.

**Paintings of Negroes
Shown In Paris**

(By the Associated Negro Press)

Paris, France, Aug. 18.—The Génie Africain, Inc., has been organized a "Negroes in Paris" exposition which seems likely to become an annual affair.

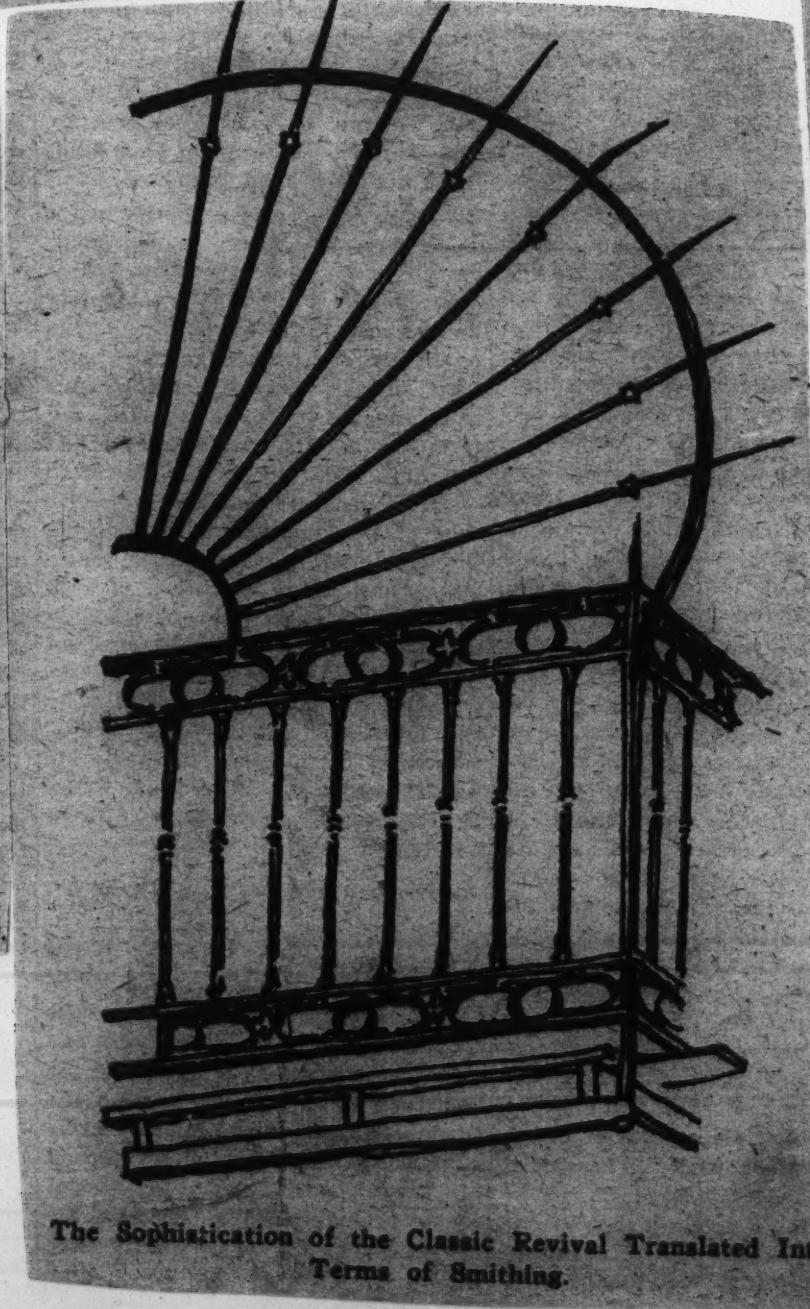
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New York City Times
A Graceful Lunette. 8-8-26



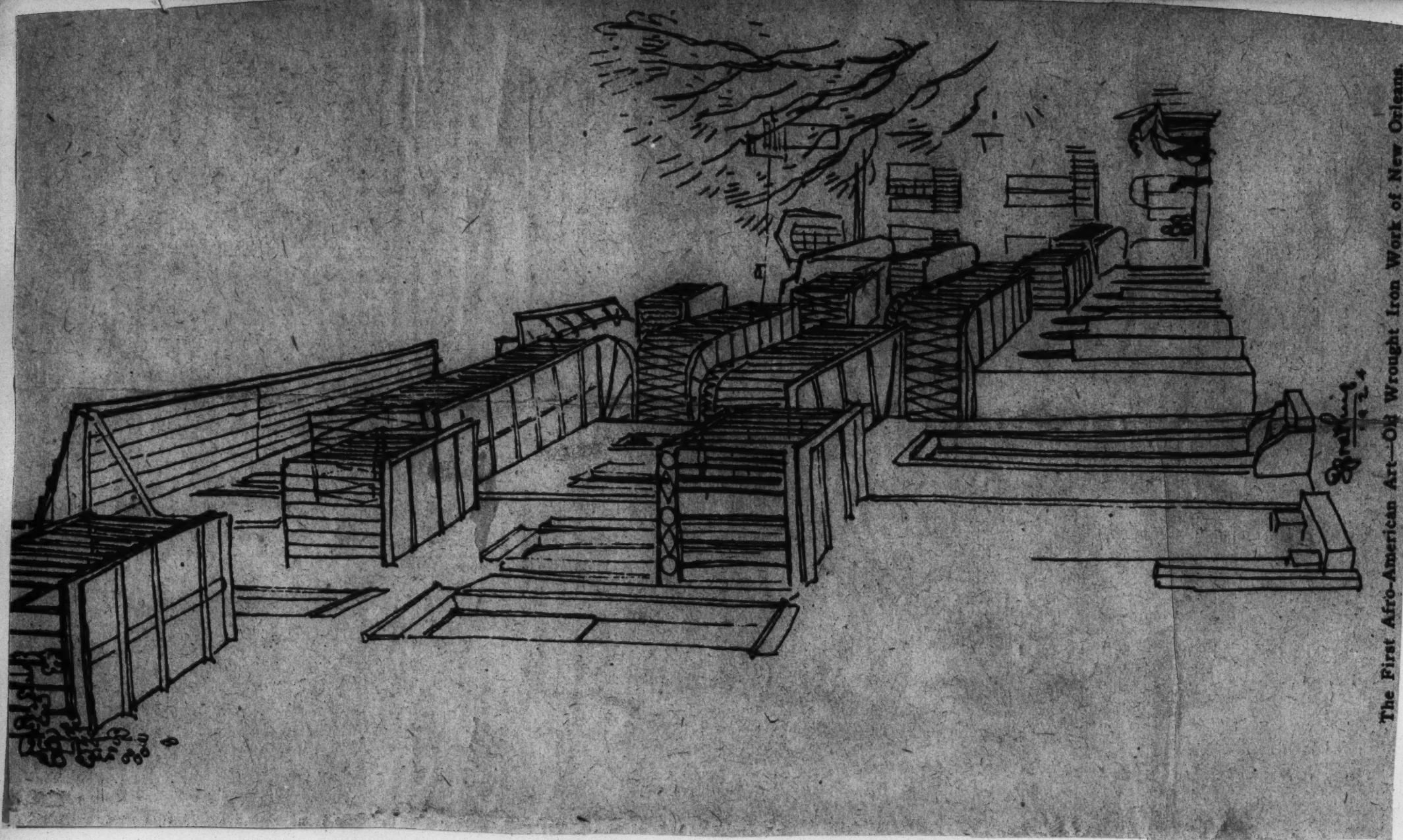
A Strangely Haunting Gothic Quality.



The Sophistication of the Classic Revival Translated Into Terms of Smithing.



A Medley of Periods Happily Blended.



The First Afro-American Art—Old Wrought Iron Work of New Orleans.

Art-1926

Atlanta, Ga. JOURNAL
APR 8 1926

Atlanta Will See Art Masterpieces From Metropolitan

An exhibition of 33 canvases, lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, will be shown in the Carnegie library branch at Atlanta university Sunday afternoon, beginning at 3 o'clock, and at the same hour on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 18.

Painters represented are Bastien-Lepage, Chase, Cole, Greuze, Hopper, Israels, Marieschi, Mauve, Raeburn, Reynolds and Wyant.

This exhibit is circulated by the American Federation of Arts, and was brought to Atlanta through the efforts of the teacher in the department of painting at the university. The Kappa Omega chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority, a local organization of negro women, is sponsoring the display at considerable expense. Small admission fees are charged on week days. On Sundays only those who have attended previously will be admitted.

Negro Artists' Work In Joint Exhibition

Cloyd L. Boykin and Palmer C. Hayden, Negro artists of Virginia whose first impression of art was in the fields and woods, gave a joint exhibition in the Civic Club, 10 West 12th street, *New York City*.

Boykin, who was graduated at Hampton Institute, studied art in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts under Philip Hale, and at London University. "The Wood Chopper," "Spring in the Forest" and "The Bather" are distinguished for their style and original treatment. There are ten portraits of Walt Whitman, one of Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, a sketch of Dr. R. R. Moton and a portrait of John D. Rockefeller, sr.

Hayden's landscapes, "Boothbay Harbor," "Haverstraw" and "Up the River" are considered the best of his fifteen paintings.

The exhibition closed April 15.

VALUABLE WORK OF ART IS PRESENTED TO ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

There was placed in St. Paul's Episcopal Church last Sunday, a Memorial in the shape of a Dossal, curtain for the altar, presented by Miss Mable Brooks, of Atlanta University, in memory of her mother, Eliza Wallace Brooks.

This Dossal, a work of art and beauty, is made of very costly fabric on which the colors of the church's seasons are so woven and interwoven as to blend in perfect harmony. The center holds a cross on a background of gold. At the top, and seeming to be a part of the very fabric itself, are the words "Jesus Hominum Salvator" and at the foot of the cross, the beautiful inscription that marks it not only a thing of art and beauty but of love.

Miss Brooks is a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, and also of the Arts Institute of Chicago. She is a member of the American Federation of Arts, the Solons of America and the Society of Independent Artists. At the exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists, in the Hotel Waldorf Astoria, last month, the Dossal was exhibited and attracted the attention of the distinguished Frenchman, M. Le Conte Chabron, who is an art critic to "The Revue of the True and Beautiful," a French magazine of arts and letters. Some idea of the value of this work of art may therefore be gathered from the following letter to Miss Brooks, in reference to her exhibit:

In the course of his trip to America our art critic, M. Le Conte Chabron, has described to us the interest he took in visiting, in New York, the exposition of the Society of Independent Artists. He noticed there your exhibit and expressed his intention to speak of it in one of the next issues of "The Revue of the True and Beautiful".

We should like to accompany this report with some notes on the biography of the author, her

artistic ~~abilities~~ methods and preferences, in order to allow of a better understanding of her work.

We shall be very thankful to you therefore to kind give us the information which you could trust to us, cuts from papers, photographs, reproductions, etc., in short, all that would be helpful in completing the information of our editor.

We beg, Madame, that you accept our anticipated thanks.

Le Secretaire De La Revue Du Vrai et Du Beau, 6 Rue Stanislas, Paris.

COLORED ART EXHIBIT HEAVILY ATTENDED

During last week more than a thousand colored school children and a great many adults attended the exhibition of oil paintings now in the Carnegie library of Atlanta university.

The exhibition will be open to the public three days this week, the 19th, 21st and 24th, beginning at 3 o'clock each afternoon. On the afternoon of Sunday, 25th, those previously in attendance will be admitted without charge for a final view.

The collection consists of more than thirty canvases loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York,

representing as many of the leading artists of America and Europe. It is being shown here under the auspices of the Kappa Omega chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha, a colored sorority.

ART BY YOUNG PAINTERS FROM THE SOUTH SHOWS MASTERY, CRITICS AVER

Works Of O. Richard Reid Exhibited
At Waldorf Astoria. Cloyd Boykin
And Palmer Hayden Paintings
Displayed

NEW YORK, April 28—Colored Americans are gaining recognition in the field of art. Several young painters have blossomed out recently and are bidding for a place among the country's leading artists. Among those who have attained prominence are three young men from the south: O. Richard Reid of Florida, and Cloyd L. Boykin and Palmer C. Hayden, both of Virginia.

O. Richard Reid has completed two portraits for the exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists at the *Waldorf-Astoria*. He has worked his subjects in the *Impressionist* style.

way through the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts as a waiter, coming to Philadelphia to study from his native town of Jacksonville, Fla., twenty-eight years ago. His exhibits will

be a portrait of Fannie Hurst, writer, and Lester Walton, journalist.

Reid's style is conservative and academic and his work is characterized by thorough technique with skillful brush work and modeling that has won the approval of outstanding artists. Paderewski was one of those to praise his works.

Cloyd L. Boykin and Palmer C. Hayden are at present giving an exhibition in the Civic Club. The former graduated from Hampton Institute and studied art in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts under Phillip Hale and at London University. "The Wood Chopper," "Spring in the Forest," and "The Bathers" are distinguished among his paintings for their style and original treatment. He has ten portraits of Walt Whitman, one of Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, a sketch of Dr. R. R. Moton and a portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

Palmer C. Hayden's landscapes, "Boothbay Harbor," "Haverstraw" and "Up the River" are considered the best of his fifteen paintings.

ATLANTA, GA., Constitution

MAR 28 1926

ART COLLECTI TO BE EXHIB. BY NEGRO WOMEN

Thirty-three fine canvases loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will be put on public exhibition in the Carnegie library of Atlanta university on April 10 for a period of two weeks. The collection is being brought to Atlanta by the Kappa Omega chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority, a local organization of negro college women. It is circulated by the American Federation of Arts, and was secured for the showing here through the efforts of Mable Brooks, art teacher of Atlanta university, who is a member of the federation.

The exhibition will be open to the public at 3 o'clock next Saturday and at the same hour on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday the two weeks following. On week days admission fees will be charged. On Sundays there will be no charge but only those who have previously attended will be admitted.

ART HAS OFFERED NEGRO BROADEST OPPORTUNITY

NEW YORK, April 28—The annual report of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, made public Saturday, has said that the present issue con-

fronting Negroes today was that residential segregation, through agreement of property owners in some parts of the country to refuse to rent or sell to Negroes. On the other hand, the recognition of increasing recognition of Negroes as creative artists.

"One of the most significant changes that has taken place regarding the Negro in the country," it said, "is the recent change of attitude, we might say, national change of attitude, toward Negro culture and art. Today the most important periodicals in the country are open to Negro writers. The greatest publishing houses bring out the works of Negro authors. Negro singers and musicians fill the finest concert halls in the country. Colored singers are soloists with the most famous orchestras."

COLOR LINE IN ART

Art represents the highest form of human endeavor. It mirrors a state of mind that is removed from the sordid things of life, and to be real art it must reflect a spirit of sacrifice—must show a conscious altruism on the part of the artist. Art is also born of a great suffering; through it one may sense the pitiability of a soul in distress, of a race's despair, of even a nation's woe. Those are reasons why art is universal in its appeal.

In America, a country of divergent interests, widely separated activities and varying traditions, where there is bound to be a diversity of customs and groups, it is presumably natural toward the same goal, there is quite a pronounced intolerant attitude toward art and artists of our Group. For a time it was declared by a certain class of savants that the black man was incapable of producing anything worth while in the field of art, consequently he was refused admission to institutions where he could develop his talents, if he possessed any. He was kept so busy trying to get a fair showing in competition with the white man that he had no time in which to take art seriously. Those who were hardy enough to attempt anything, especially in painting, were so severely scoffed at and criticized that they took the first opportunity to leave the land of their birth.

Examples of this nature can be found in Henry O. Tanner, a painter, who was born in America, but, because of his country's indifference, because of the impossibility of getting proper instruction in this country because of his color, was forced to take up his abode in France. He has taken up his citizenship in Paris, where he has resided for 20 years. Today he is recognized throughout the world as an artist of first rank—but also as a Frenchman. Roland Hayes, the tenor, born in America, hailed everywhere as a true artist, has also announced his intention of making his home in France, coming to America only on concert tours. Charles Gilpin, playing successfully in "Emperor Jones," a few years ago was forbidden to go farther south than Richmond, Va., because he was playing with a white cast.

And on down the line there are numerous instances where the color of a man's skin was the deciding factor as to the success of his esthetic endeavors. How can any nation lay claim to greatness whose citizens allow such petty, prejudiced influences to interfere with their appreciation of an honest effort in the realm of art and the motif which underlies it?

GETS PAINTING CONTRACT FOR SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

E. S. Conway, Jr., a product of the Washington public schools who operates a sign painting studio at 1340 U Street, N. W., has been awarded a contract for the art work for the United States Post Office exhibit to be displayed at the Sesquicentennial in Philadelphia. The exhibit is in the form of a massive book of sixteen leaves, each seven by twelve feet. The work will in all probability be viewed by millions of people. The young face artist was awarded the contract over ten competitors for the very substantial contract.

ORANGE N. J. COURIER
APRIL 23, 1926

Exhibition of Winslow Prints at Orange Library

The series of exhibitions inaugurated by the Orange Free Library in conjunction with the centenary celebration of the National Academy of Design and displaying prints of the masterpieces of famous artists has proved a great attraction all winter. The exhibit next week will cover the work of Winslow Homer, American painter. The following sketch gives a brief description of his life, a list of his famous paintings and the varied sources of his inspirations:

WINSLOW HOMER
1836—1910.

By Mary Agnes Lord

Winslow Homer was born in Boston, Mass. His boyhood days were spent in Cambridge, then a country village. His chief delight was in outdoor sports, particularly hunting and fishing.

At nineteen he entered the employ of a lithographer where his great talent for drawing enabled him to do the most difficult part of the work, making title pages for sheet music and portraits.

Two years later he made drawings for Ballou's magazine and for Harper Brothers.

In 1859 he set up a studio in New York and decided to learn to paint in oils. He took lessons from Rondal for a month and then attended night classes of the school of the National Academy of Design.

In 1861 he went to Washington for Harper Brothers to report pictorially Lincoln's inauguration. About this time he painted "Home, Sweet Home," "The Last Goose at Yorktown" and "Zouaves Pitching Quoits."

In 1864 he was made an associate

member of the National Academy of Design and in 1865 he became an academician. During the year of 1865 he painted "Prisoners at the Front."

Immediately after the close of the Civil War he painted a series depicting the life of the Southern negro, seeking to portray a dramatic picture of the development of the negro. "The Cotton Pickers," "Watermelon" and "The Visit of the Mistress" and others.

In 1867 and again in 1882 Mr. Homer went to England, to Cornwall where he made sketches of the fishermen and the coast.

The summer of 1881 he spent in Gloucester, Mass. He made many trips into the Adirondacks and to Bermuda where he made sketches and paintings in water color.

But the rugged New England coast attracted him more and more until finally he made his permanent residence at Scarborough, Maine. His studio on the edge of the cliff at Prunt's Neck, where he lived almost the life of a hermit, withdrawn from the association of other artists, he devoted his life to painting.

He dwelt among the high dark rocks, beneath leaden skies in the midst of wind and moisture from the breaking waves. Through a big window he looked out upon the rough waters of a seething sea, the grandeur of which entered his soul and the work it inspired is the greatest for originality and impressiveness in American art. Winslow Homer ranks among the greatest of the world's marine painters.

His best known works are "Eight Bells," "The Fog Warning," "All Well," "The North-Easter," "A Voice from the Cliffs" and "The Maine Coast."

WASHINGTON D. C. POST
JUNE 13, 1926

FORMER LOCAL WOMAN PLANS NEGRO EXHIBIT

Laura Wheeler to Arrange Booths and Color Effects at Sesqui.

DORA COLE IS DIRECTOR

To plan arrangement of booths and color effects in the negro collective exhibit at the sesquicentennial in Philadelphia, Laura Wheeler, formerly of this city, the sister of Mrs. Alice Wheeler McNeill, new member of the board of education, has been obtained by the exposition management. She studied art in Paris, and has been a magazine illustrator for several years.

Her work will be featured in connection with presentation of a pageant, "Loyalty's Gift," July 12 in the main auditorium. The pageant, intended to appeal to the sympathetic understanding, in a number of striking episodes, will seek to portray a dramatic picture of the development of the negro. Negro spirituals will form an integral part of the presentation.

With the exception of "The Star-Spangled Banner," every detail of production will be the work of men and the coast.

The summer of 1881 he spent in Gloucester, Mass. He made many trips into the Adirondacks and to Ber

rector, Dora Cole Norman, sister of the late Bob Cole, who played the leading female role in Eugene

O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings," when it was produced by the Provincetown Players.

The medical division of negroes. Scenery is being prepared from suggestions made by the

association of other artists, he devoted Imogene Howard and a group of trained nurses. A clinic will be con

ducted. Commercial education of

negroes will be featured under di

rector, John P. Turner, assisted by Miss

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Black Art in Bizarre Carven Masks, Fetishes and Idols.

Those Who Like That Sort of Thing Find an Aesthetic Charm in Primitive Negro Sculpture

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE.

By Paul Guillaume and Thomas Munro. Forty full-page illustrations, from the Barnes Foundation Collection and a map. Printed in aquatone. 124 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$6.

By ARTHUR STRAWN

ABOUT twenty years ago a strong new influence in the form of primitive African sculpture began to assert itself in contemporary art circles. Prior to that time the bizarre carven masks, fetishes and idols of the primitive negro were known only to the occasional missionary, who viewed them with pious horror, the explorer who found them "curious" and the ethnologist who was concerned with them only for the associations they might reveal.

Then a few people in Paris, interested in contemporary art movements, began talking of negro sculpture. A small group of painters and sculptors who were trying to produce certain new effects in their work suddenly discovered that similar effects had already been achieved in the carvings of the primitive African. Examples of the negro art began to find their way into the great metropolitan museums; art collectors spared no effort to acquire pieces and dealers quickly saw that the growing demand for genuine specimens of these comparatively rare carvings would soon fetch tremendous prices.

In enthusiastic eulogies the more liberal of the modern art critics declared that these carvings, which to the uninitiated might appear as misshapen and abortive attempts at representation, were in reality a highly developed art form with characteristics of a pronounced individuality and esthetic charm. And now many of our contemporary leaders in music, painting and literature, as well as in sculpture, acknowledge that they found their inspiration in the creations of these black craftsmen.

What is there, then, in these odd little wood carvings to account for their phenomenal rise from obscurity to their present high position in art in the short period of twenty years? What kind of man was the artist who made them? What part did these carvings play in the life of the primitive negro? What makes

their relation to the work of artists of today?

It is these significant and inclusive questions which Paul Guillaume, one of the first collectors to champion the new art in France, and Thomas Munro, who wrote the text, have set out to answer. And let it be said now that they have been answered with remarkable charity. Although Dr. Munro, who is

Barnes Foundation Professor of Modern Art at the University of Pennsylvania, enriches the volume with occasional generalizations, the book is primarily an objective study. When he advances an opinion it is labeled as such and the reasons for offering it are presented. There is no dogmatic demand for agreement. And because of this urbane manner in which personal criticism is offered and the completeness of its analysis of the history, characteristics and contemporary significance of African sculpture, the book should prove of inestimable value not only to those attracted or repelled by negro art, but even to the uninformed person who is curious to know what it is all about. Nor has its format suffered from any lack of skilled attention. Printed on antique woven paper, with large illustrations done in the new aquatone process, with canvas back and batik cover, the book might well decorate a fas-

because the African is often helpless, crude and clumsy in civilization, or because his primitive ancestor developed no durable intellectual culture, no technique of applied science or logic of abstract reasoning, that he never could feel sensitively or create anything graceful, delicate, dignified or beautiful.

Negro sculpture is the product of countless generations untouched by the white man's civilization. It flourished in West Central Africa until about 1800. Since then it has steadily declined, principally, we are told, through the effects of civilization, although a spontaneous decline in creative ability may have been a contributing element. Evidence, however, to support this latter contention is lacking, says Dr. Munro. Civilization's fatal effect on the production of primitive African art was the inevitable result of several circumstances. For one thing, "negro sculpture was an integral part of a certain mode of existence that had always been more or less the same.

It was not a pursuit detachable

from the fetishist religion, from the

tribal organization with its village

gods, their priests and ancient rit-

uals. In destroying these things,

civilization destroyed the art itself,

and the direct assaults of idol-burn-

ing missionaries added only the fin-

ishing stroke." With one exception,

the book might well decorate a fas-

tedious library.

We are cautioned at the start of the art of the fetich maker." This exception was the volume not to be prejudiced in the mixing of the black culture of advance against African sculpture. Southern Nigeria with the white culture by assuming that the negro of to-ture of the fifteenth and sixteenth day, whether in Africa or America, century Portuguese colonists, which is the same as his sturdy ancestor produced a distinct hybrid form in untouched by the processes of civil-sculpture, although not a great one.

The new rhythms which the modern negro is contributing to mature come from the Ivory Coast, the crooning melancholy of his from Gabun on the sea, and from "blues," his hilarious jazz which the back-country regions of the American scene, these may or may never come from French Southwest Sudan, the upper and Guinea, Dahomey, Benin and Camerun. The production of highly developed art work, on a large scale, was the work of the semi-nomadic tribes, or those of a comparatively settled agricultural life in park land or on the fringe of the forest, rather than of the nomadic tribes, whose

wanderings left comparatively little time for such pursuits.

Although the African expressed his esthetic impulses by the singing of ritual chants, symbolic dancing to the sound of drum, pipe and stringed instrument, and by the telling over of marvelous stories of ancestors and the spirits of the forest (some of which have found a prominent place in Batouala), the most important of the negro's art creations are his masks and fetishes.

once that a negro statue is far from both nature and the human ideal.

But if the African sculptor does not attempt to make a literal portrait, fashion an ideal conception of a figure or tell a story of some sort, just what is his esthetic contribution? Why, simply the creation of a design, based on the human face or form, "utterly and freely distorting the natural shape of the body into arbitrary forms, emphasizing and enlarging here, diminishing there, rounding, flattening or elongating at will" for the sake of the desired effect.

From our traditional Greek and Florentine sculpture there are two sorts of pleasure to be derived. One, the pleasure of the story the statue tells or the desires it awakens; the other, the more purely esthetic pleasure based on an appreciation of

"graceful, flowing lines . . . alternate swellings and hollows of smoother surfaces, the firm equilibrium of masses constituting the parts of the body." In other words, our traditional sculpture is a compromise between subject matter and pure esthetic forms, the latter predominating in the better works. The esthetic value of negro sculpture, on the other hand, lies in the fact that it is chiefly concerned with the creation of a beautiful and original form, without ever hesitating to sacrifice literal qualities of the subject matter for the sake of the design sought. But whether the pleasure to be derived from the "story-telling" is better than that from negro sculpture, Dr. Munro makes no attempt to say. His concern is with pointing out their aesthetic differences and leaving the rest to personal taste.

However, in marking the effect of African sculpture on modern art, it is observed that El Greco, Chardin, Gauguin and Cézanne, long before negro art was known, did not hesitate to distort for the sake of achieving a rhythmic design, even at the cost of misrepresenting actuality. But the discovery of these primitive statues gave contemporary artists a new urge in the direction away from "realism" and toward design. Such artists "make the subject easily recognizable, sometimes interesting in itself, as in Matisse's Oriental women and Picasso's harlequins. But at the same time they freely alter its natural characteristics in order to reveal a pattern or a distinctive quality of line or color."

But, concludes Dr. Munro, negro art has done more than to serve as the acknowledged inspiration for many modern schools and for such well-known artists as Modigliani and Soutine in painting and Archipenko, Brancusi, Epstein and Lembruch among sculptors. Any observer can see at

than any particular design. This has helped to liberate the artist from Renaissance traditions, yet given him a concrete basis to build upon. If African art does that it does more than to give the modern artist the courage of the primitive negro's convictions. It opens a new vista

By two main contributions negro sculpture has thrown a ferment into modern plastic art that must inevitably go on working. These are a general method of building a natural object, and the method of actual designs it achieved. Potentially the method is more important

Bushongo Fetich, Congo, Fourteenth Century.

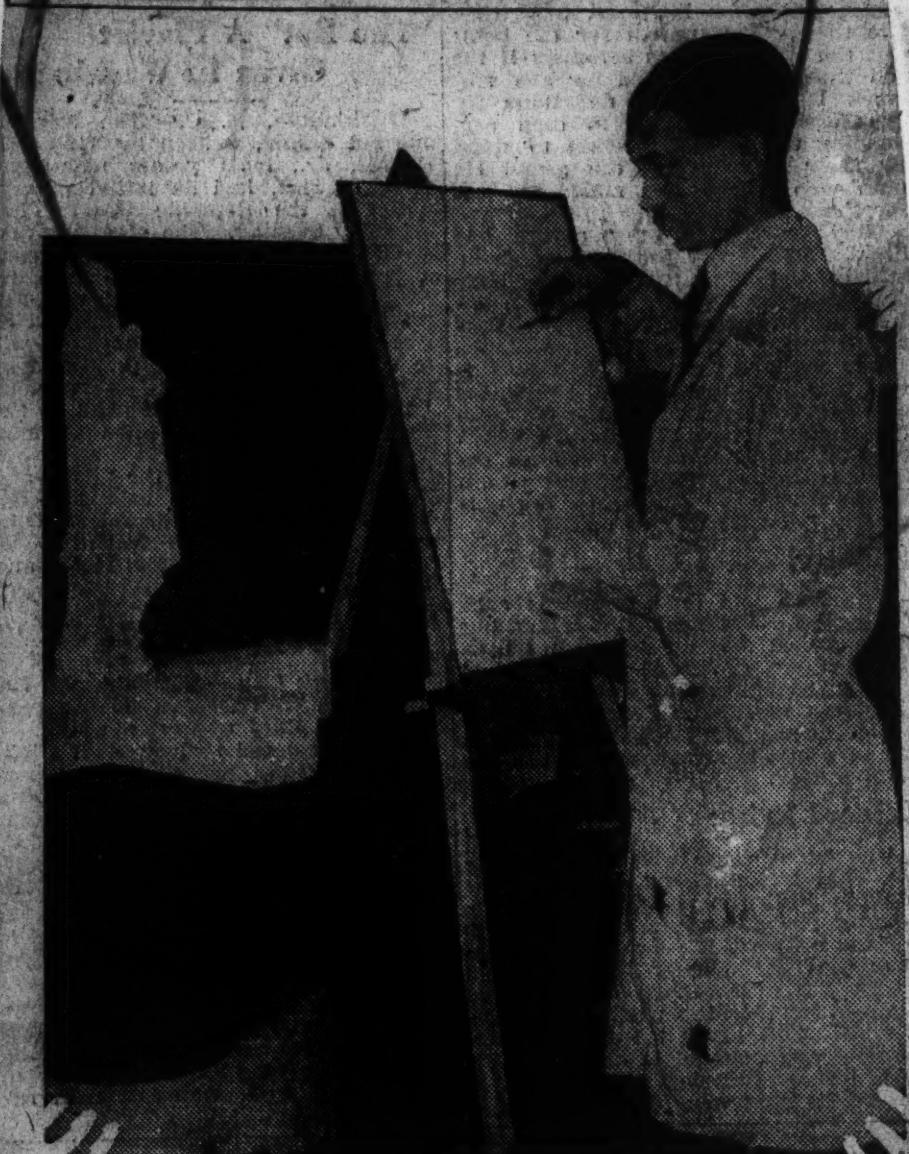


Right—
Congo Figure
Supporting Table.
Seventeenth
Century.

Left—
Dan. Yabouba
Mask, Ivory Coast
Twelfth Century.

RCA

Boston U. Prize Artist



Boston Francis Syphax, of Washington, D. C., a sophomore student at the Art School of Boston University Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Syphax is the first colored boy to win distinction in art at Boston University, and won first prize.

Photo shows him at work in the school. He participated in the annual mid-winter competitions at the school.

Underwood Photo

AFRICA GIVES WORLD LATEST TYPE IN ART

Carved Statutes Of Uncivilized Natives Bring \$10,000 A Piece In Europe

SAY FIRST HUMANS CAME FROM AFRICA

Adam And Eve Black-Black Savages Founders Of Civilization

"People never realize that Adam was black and that Eve was black and that black people of Africa started the arts just as they started everything else."

So says Paul Guillaume, one of the best known authorities on art in Paris, in a new book on Negro art recently issued.

Guillaume's theory is that the blacks mixed with the white barbarians and infused them with life into them. Thousands of years passed and the regenerated whites conquered their white masters and forced them to flee to the unknown regions of the earth to escape slavery. The blacks have left the eth-traces of their presence in the north and in the east of Africa in the form of the Sanites and the Chamites. The ages have split these peoples up into divisions and tribes and forced them into settled localities. In the northwest of Africa we now find the population of the Nigers, the Bobo, Dioulasse, the Aigui, the Gouros, the Dan and many others. Below the equator and in the southwest are the M'Fangs, the most beautiful of the Pahouins, who are almost as fair as the Anglo-Saxons. On the equator, but at a distance from the coast, are the pastoral races of the Bushongos, the Bambulas, the Gwenbis, the Bakale, the Yunga and the Bangonga.

Each of these tribes has built up an art peculiar to its religion and

customs. To classify the work both as regards ages and tribes, it is necessary to combine a knowledge of African folk lore and fetish legends with the technical data that have been gathered by the explorers. Not the least important of the technical accounts is the manuscript written by the Portuguese adventurers who penetrated into the heart of the Benin country in the fourteenth century. This manuscript was only discovered in 1912, but it has already proved of capital importance in the identification work.

The work of the modern painters, sculptors and even musicians, according to the French critics, is simply the work of an African emotion in a new setting.

Dr. Alaine L. Locke, professor of Philosophy at Howard University, speaking at the art exhibit at Douglass high school recently declared,

"The few pieces of African art that found their way to Paris and the other capitals of Europe, and for years gathered dust on the top shelves of antique shops, disappeared a few weeks after the modern 'connoisseurs' discovered the similarity between the art of their disciples and the art of the Negro. The demand became enormous."

The French have staged any number of buying expeditions into the heart of Africa, bringing back idols and statutes carved by African natives from hard tropical woods. Larger pieces of statuary have been known to sell for as much as \$10,000 each.

Frank Haviland, an American artist, who picked up a four inch African statue several years ago for a dollar, refused \$1,500 for it last year.

The largest collections of Negro art are in Europe where the late Bakst, De Diaghilev, Edouard Ke Keling, John St. Audrey, Mme. Napierowska and Lord Breners are ranked as the greatest enthusiasts. In America, Dr. Albert C. Barnes, of Philadelphia, is reported to hold the largest collection.

All of the African art is not confined to painting and sculpture, there are bronzes from Benin which rival the best in the world. Intricate weave of cloth and cotton materials and decoration of common household utensils including pottery indicate an artistic sense not exceeded by any primitive peoples.

ART EXHIBIT WILL ATTRACT OVER 50,000

Many Branches Of Creative Art Represented By More

Than 150 Entries

OIL PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE STAND OUT

Work Of Augusta Savage And Tanner Paintings Get Wide Acclaim.

With more than 158 entries representing a wide field of creative and esthetic art, the first art exhibition of the Baltimore Federation of Parent Teacher clubs was opened Tuesday at the Douglass High School.

A preview attended by a large number of invited guests preceded the formal opening and by the closing hours of Tuesday night, members of citizens including school children, had attended to warrant an estimate that 5,000 people would attend the works of art during the week.

Officers Jubilant

Mrs. Laura D. Wheatley, president of the Parent Teacher Federation, who first conceived the idea of an art exhibit, and her associates were jubilant Monday night when the last exhibit placed showed that the most wonderful collection of Negro art ever shown in this country had been brought together.

Mrs. Joseph B. Mason, chairman of the committee which collected the exhibits, as well as Prof. Harry T. Pratt, who helped in the financial arrangements, stated that they were highly satisfied with the showing.

Sculpture Stands Out

The most massive presentation at the show is made by 22 pieces of sculpture entered by Miss Augusta Savage, who is attending the affair in person. Miss Savage's work is attracting wide attention.

The paintings of Henry O. Tanner and the architectural drawings of J. A. Lankford of Washington, said to represent a million dollars worth of structures already completed or in course of construction, were also among the entries soliciting unusual comment.

The Oblate Sisters of this city have also on exhibit a piece of tapestry representing the Lord's Supper around which crowds stand in admiration if not wonder at the remarkable technique.

The Tanner collection includes five paintings. One of these, the study of a child who has laid aside his wagon as he gazes in wonder at some sheep approaching him, is appealing and catches the fancy. It is done in oil. Two others are studies of sea life.

Many of a more domestic turn of

Baltimoreans Promote Successful Art Exhibit

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 10 (AP)—An exhibition of Negro art by Negro artists is the unique way in which the Baltimore Federation of Parent Teacher Clubs contributed to community inspiration and progress January 18-31. The Board of School Commissioners granted the use of the electrical room of the new Douglass High School for housing the exhibition. The project also had the endorsement of Superintendent Weigle, Supervisor Wood, Director of Art, Leon L. Winslow, the authorities of the Baltimore Museum of Art, and other agencies interested in the development of Fine Arts.

Architectural Drawings: J. A. Lankford, Washington, four pieces; Robinson Hillard, Howard University, three drawings.

Cartoons: Watson, of the **AFRO-AMERICAN**, 31 pieces.

Pen and Color Sketches: Nina Yolande Dubois.

Potter: Leroy Taylor, 12 pieces.

China: Mrs. Kelly Miller, 20 pieces.

Photos: Selections by Batty of Tuskegee, Glenquarles Studio of Baltimore, MacBeth, Baltimore, Wright, Baltimore, Lane, Baltimore, and Scurlock, Washington.

There is no authentic portrait of the Madonna. On the northern coast of Africa, in Algiers, is a church known as "The Black Madonna." Standing above the altar is a unique statue which represents the Holy Mother, above which is inscribed: "Notre Dame, D'Afrique, priez pour nous, et pour les musulmans," which when translated, means "Our Black Lady, pray for us and for the Mohammedans."

Fifthy handmade lace and fine art needle-work, silk tapestry, wool tapestries, pottery, ceramic art by Mrs. Kelly Miller of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Cleckson and Kraske were also interesting features of the exhibit.

An outstanding feature of the exhibit was 197 pieces of Brazilian Balance Craft by Terreous L. Douglas of Chicago.

There were finished portraits in oil, a large group of impressionistic studies and a touch of the modernist paintings on view.

For the whole community, but particularly for youth, the exhibit was highly informing and stimulating. To ancient art, Negroes made a notably rich contribution, as the Negroid remains in Egypt constantly being unearthed testify. But to modern art, contributions of excellence by Negro artists are just about beginning to be made. This is the first time in Baltimore that significant works of art by Negroes have been gathered for exhibition.

About 50,000 people of both races

attended the exhibit. Children attended by schools, under the care of teachers.

The idea of the Negro Art Exhibit was conceived by Mrs. Laura Dickerson Wheatley, wife of Dr. Edward James Wheatley, one of Baltimore's prominent physicians. Mrs. Wheatley is president of the Baltimore Federation of Parent-Teacher Clubs, which is an organization of over ten thousand members. Mrs. Sara Boling Mason, wife of Dr. Joseph B. Mason, Chiropractor, assisted Mrs. Wheatley in promoting the exhibit.

It is interesting to note that a piece of art needle-work handsomely framed which won a silver medal in 1850 at the first Industrial Exhibition held in the State of Maryland, was loaned to the exhibit by Solomon DeCoursey of Baltimore.

Black Madonna Worshipped In Algerian Church

There is no authentic portrait of the Madonna. On the northern coast of Africa, in Algiers, is a church known as "The Black Madonna." Standing above the altar is a unique statue which represents the Holy Mother, above which is inscribed: "Notre Dame, D'Afrique, priez pour nous, et pour les musulmans," which when translated, means "Our Black Lady, pray for us and for the Mohammedans."

The statue which represents the Holy Mother as a black African woman has occasioned considerable comment among American tourists who fail to recognize the fact that the question of outward form is of less concern than the meaning of the Madonna as we find her delineated for the people and the Church, for religious orders, and for the warriors who in the days of chivalry charged upon their foes shouting a name which has been the universal synonym of gentleness and peace. Madonna worship has had a wonderful influence on womankind, and, according to St. Augustine, it was for the consolation and elevation of woman that Christ was born of a woman.

FALSTAFF HARRIS

Made his advent on October 25th, 1894, at Washington, D. C. His primary and secondary education were afforded by the public schools of that city. Early in life he exhibited the talent for art and his parents immediately began the development of this talent. Falstaff was placed in the Washington School of Art, under the direct tutelage of Will H. Chandlee, who took profound interest in his youngest student.

Graduating from the Armstrong Technical High School, Harris, upon the advice of the faculty, proceeded to enter the School of Fine Arts at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he spent three successful years study. Walter Scott Perry, director of the school at Pratt, said of Harris, "A student, highly talented, and a serious plodder." At the end of these three years in 1916, our art student was found entering the

College of Fine Arts at Syracuse University. Here he completed one year and after a recess answered the call for soldiers during the World War.

During the war Harris served overseas as chief topographical draftsman at the 167th F. A. Brigade headquarters. However, before going to France, his war medal was awarded by matrimony in the personage of a charming and talented young woman of Auburn, N. Y., Miss Evelyn Diggs. It was she who after the turmoil and exhaustion of warfare re-awakened in her husband the spark of ambition.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris went to Washington after his war serv-

ice and there for two years he taught drawing in the Washington public schools. Then back to Syracuse University where with his wife's encouragement and sacrifices he attempted to finish his course. The first year of his return was crowned with the success of winning the Leavenworth prize but the second was curtailed in March by the severe illness of their two babies.

Mr. Harris is now advertising artist at B. F. Keith's Theatre here in Syracuse.

It was his experience on the Washington Bee, the race's oldest newspaper, that prompted the publishers to secure him to edit Chatscript and he accepted, hoping to build up a journal that would be commensurate with the office of art editor.

NEW YORK CITY SUN
MARCH 4, 1926

PAINTINGS BY NEGRO

Former Waiter Displays Two Portraits at Exhibition.

Two portraits by O. Richard Reid, negro artist, who worked his way through the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts, are to be shown at the exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists, which opens to-morrow in the Waldorf-Astoria.

One is of Fanny Hurst, the writer. Reid is 28 years old and was born at Jacksonville, Fla. His studio is at 42 East Tenth street. While at Philadelphia he worked as a hotel waiter and porter to finance his studies. His work is said to have been praised by Paderewski and other sitters for the students there. He has been represented frequently at the exhibitions of the independent artists.